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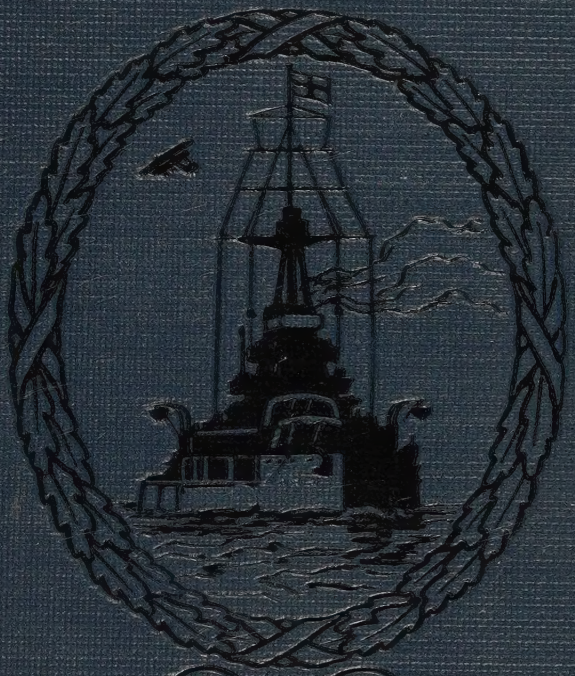

Volume VII

THE AUTUMN CAMPAIGN 1916

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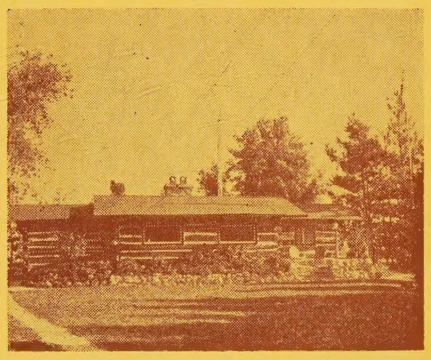

Leslie Miscampbell Frost

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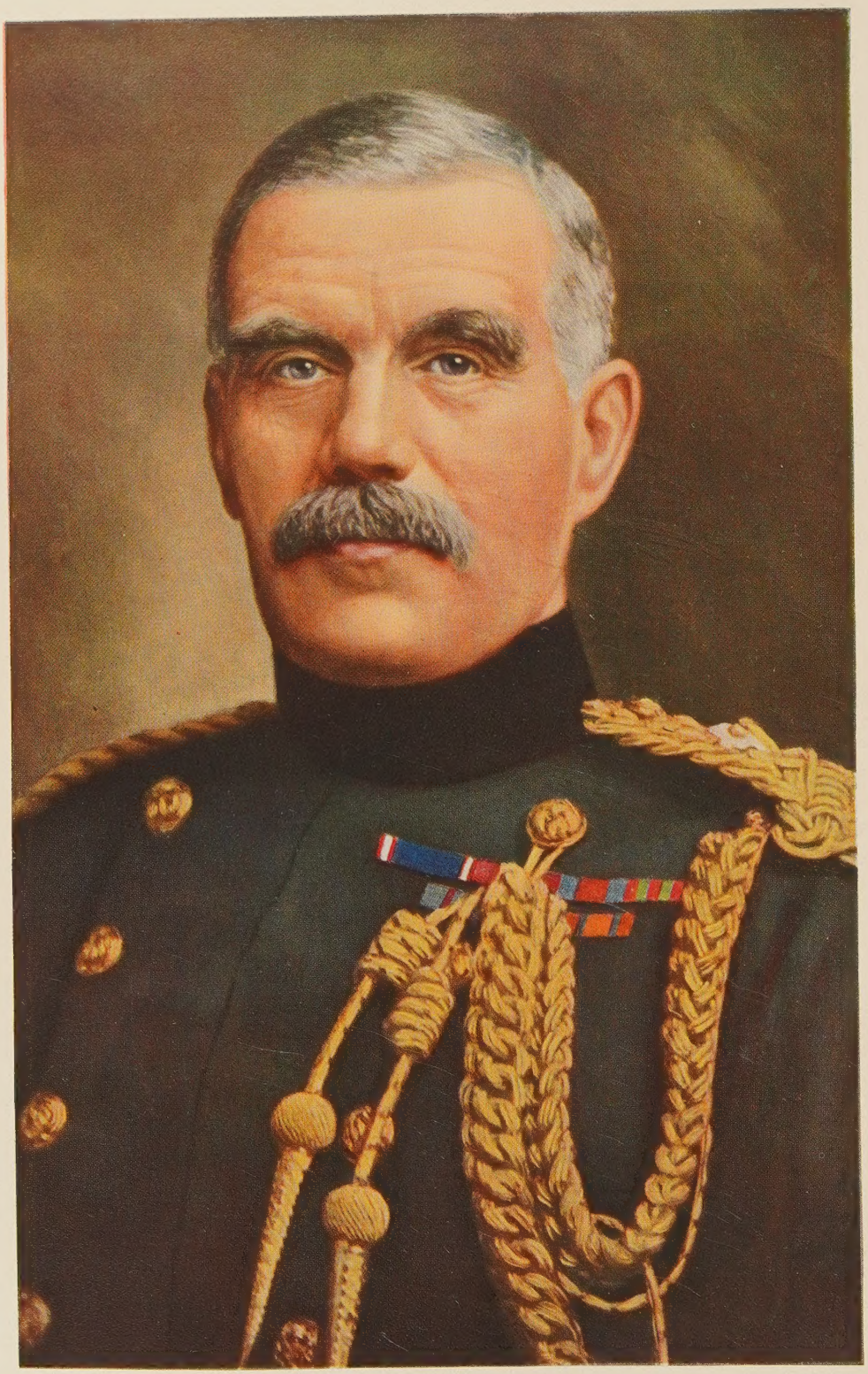

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GENERAL SIR WILLIAM ROBERT ROBERTSON, K.C.B., K.C.V.O., D.S.O.,
Chief of the Imperial General Staff.

Frontispiece

THE WAR
ILLUSTRATED
ALBUM DE LUXE

The Story of the Great
European War told by
Camera, Pen and Pencil

EDITED BY

J. A. HAMMERTON

CHAPTERS BY

MAX PEMBERTON, ARTHUR D. INNES, M.A
HAMILTON FYFE, BASIL CLARKE
EDWARD WRIGHT, GOMEZ CARRILLO

1,120 ILLUSTRATIONS

VOLUME VII.

THE AUTUMN CAMPAIGN OF 1916

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Editor's Note to Volume VII

THE period of the Great War covered by this volume eclipses, in its manifold interests and the dramatic course of events, all those preceding, excepting only the quickly changing features of the war's first phase, when the Hunnish hordes were pouring across Belgium, carrying all before them with fire and rapine. In my introduction to Volume VI. I remark that, for the first time, unmistakable evidence of the overwhelming forces gathering for the Victory of the Allies is then discernible. Here, in the pages that follow, we can see the hand of doom writing with increasing vigour and clearness the verdict of failure and defeat against the barbarian nations that let loose the terrors of war in 1914, hoping for a cheap and easy victory.

HOW changed is the scene from our first volume, when the Huns were swarming through the golden cornfields of Belgium, and pouring into the rich industrial lands of Northern France! Here we see them withering under the dreadful pounding of the new British artillery in those glorious battles of the Somme, staggering from obvious inferiority, losing 38,000 prisoners in five months, and many square miles of ground so strongly entrenched that they had boasted it to be absolutely impregnable. Although it is true that "the Great Push" of 1916 did not succeed entirely in breaking through the German lines, it is incontestable that the main objects of the Somme offensive, as outlined by Field-Marshal Haig in his famous despatch, were fully attained, and that this, the greatest feat of arms in the history of the world until that time, must rank as a glorious British success.

THE Great Push of 1916 presents four quite distinct phases, which are observed in the editorial arrangement of this volume. The reader can follow clearly in picture and story the development of this most tremendous battle, or string of battles, from the opening attacks which extended from Gommecourt to the south of Péronne, launched on July 1st, and continued until the taking of Longueval on July 28th. La Boisselle, Contalmaison, Bazentin, Pozières, and Delville Wood are some of the battle names made for ever famous in those days. The taking of Guillemont and Ginchy, from August 18th to September 9th, represents the second phase of the offensive, and then six days later began the great September advance, when Flers, Martinpuich, Courcelette, High Wood, Thiepval, Combles, and many another place-name of France became immortal in the annals of British bravery. It was then, too, that the "Tanks" made their first appearance, and brought such a picturesque and interesting element into the strange war of trenches and poison-gases.

THE fall of Combles, on September 26th, was the crowning achievement of this great advance, as that military centre had been considered of such importance by the German High Command that when it was taken during the 1914 invasion the Kaiser had a medal specially struck in honour of the event, and the last degree of German ingenuity had been exercised in the effort to retain its possession. Weather difficulties now held up the offensive until the victorious battle of the Ancre on November 13th, when Beaumont-Hamel and other important enemy positions were recaptured. All these intensely interesting movements are admirably illustrated in the official photographs and other pictorial records contained within the pages of this volume.

THE French offensive, which continued harmoniously with the British, and resulted in the Allies entering Combles together, as well as the brilliant recapture of Douaumont and other positions in front of Verdun, setting the seal to German failure in that quarter, are also fully represented in picture and story.

The volume is further noteworthy as containing a full pictorial record of the brilliant achievements of the Italians in their great offensive on the Isonzo and the Carso. The fall of Gorizia was their first definite feat of arms of enduring importance, and the striking illustrations we are able to give of the Italian campaign will enable readers to form some opinion of the tremendous difficulties against which these valiant allies had to battle.

WERE we also see the continuance of Brussiloff's drive in the Volhynia and Bukovina, with the capture of Stanislau, and the Germans in retreat from the Strypa—a movement that was soon held up, and unfortunately, except for the advance in the Carpathians, no further Russian successes fall to be chronicled in this period. The tragedy of Rumania overshadows all events on the Eastern front, and here it may be followed from the Rumanian declaration of war of August 27th, to the fall of Bukarest on December 6th. Naturally, it is not possible so fully to illustrate the events in Rumania as those along the Western front, owing to the swiftness with which the Germans overran that hapless country when once Mackensen had perfected his plan of campaign, the whole people being put to flight, and the national life for the time being all but destroyed. In the Balkans we have interesting material in the re-occupation of Monastir, though but little of the war against Turkey, saving the successful engagement east of the Suez Canal near Romani.

NAVAL occasions are also remarkably few as compared with earlier volumes of THE WAR ALBUM. There was a growing intensity in submarine frightfulness, and a few happenings of no great consequence at sea, the most notable changes being the elevation of Admiral Beatty to the chief active command, and Sir John Jellicoe to the position of First Sea Lord. Happily, in the period covered, we are able to register one of the most pleasing features of 1916 in the doom of the Zeppelin as an instrument of frightfulness. This has added to the picturesque contents of the volume certain items which, in the years to come, will evoke even greater interest than they do to-day. Finally, home events, Government changes, and many other matters that go to the making of a mirror of these times will all be found faithfully recorded or graphically depicted somewhere in this volume, which the Editor believes will be deemed by his readers in no feature less interesting, and if anything more attractive, than any of the series to which it belongs. J. A. H.

303470

Table of Contents

Principal Literary Contents

	PAGE
The Moving Drama of the Great War: VII.—The Autumn Campaign of 1916. *By Arthur D. Innes, M.A.*	2169
Storming the Bazentin Hills. *By Edward Wright*	2187
The Battle for the Ridge. *By Max Pemberton*	2210
General Sir Henry Rawlinson, K.C.B., C.V.O.	2228
The Taking of Guillemont. *By Max Pemberton*	2230
The Capture of Ginchy. *By Max Pemberton*	2238
Lieut.-General Sir W. P. Pulteney, K.C.B., D.S.O.	2246
The Glorious Twenty-Fifth. *By Max Pemberton*	2248
The Battle of the "Tanks." *By Max Pemberton*	2254
With the Cockneys in High Wood. *By Corporal T. Ball*	2258
A True Story of the "Tanks." *By Lance-Corporal Harry Rayner*	2265
Night Cruising in a "Tank." *By Max Pemberton*	2268
The Battle of the Abbaye. *By Max Pemberton.*	2277
The Taking of Thiepval. *By Private W. Brooks*	2281
The Fight for the Warrens. *By Max Pemberton*	2283
Lieut.-General Sir Thomas D'Oyly Snow, K.C.B.	2286
Britain's Day at Beaumont. *By Max Pemberton*	2292
General Sir Henry Sinclair Horne, K.C.B.	2298
The Taking of Regina Trench	2300
Anzac and Africander in Action. *By Edward Wright*	2310
General Sir Herbert Plumer, G.C.M.G., K.C.B.	2328
How I Got into Rheims During the Bombardment. *By Julius M. Price*	2331
France Triumphant at Verdun. *By Max Pemberton*	2353
General Sir Robert Nivelle	2360
The Russian Drive into Galicia. *By Edward Wright*	2362
The Russian Soldier's Faith in the Unseen. *By Hamilton Fyfe*	2370
Italy's Triumph on the Isonzo. *By Dr. James Murphy*	2375
On the Road to Trieste. *By Max Pemberton*	2380
Why Rumania Joined the Allies. *By Robert Machray*	2397
Watched and Tracked. *By Basil Clarke*	2402
The Greatest Butcher of the War. *By Basil Clarke*	2406
M. Venizelos	2428
The Turkish Rout at Romani. *By Edward Wright*	2434
The Fight of the Flaming Ship. *By Max Pemberton*	2464
A Spaniard's Impression of the British Front. *By E. Gomez Carrillo*	2502

List of Maps

Large Scale Map of the Area of Victory in the "Great Push" of 1916	2186
Area of General Cadorna's Triumph on the Lower Isonzo	2374
Relief Map of Gorizia and the Carso Plateau	2377
Map Indicating the Area of the Rumanian Campaign	2396
General Map of the Balkan Operations in the Autumn of 1916	2410
Map of Egypt and the Sinai Peninsula	2434

Special Full-Colour Plates

General Sir William R. Robertson, K.C.B.	Frontispiece
General Cadorna	Facing page 2200

Monochrome Colour Plates

On the Homeward Journey: Conveying Wounded from Collecting Posts to Dressing Stations	Facing page 2169
Under the Blue Cross: Wounded Horses Being Conveyed to the Veterinary Hospital	2185
"The Campbells are Coming!" Brave Pipers Playing Highland Regiments to Victory	2217
The "Tanks" in Action. The Western Juggernaut Tacking Over the Mud Wastes	2265
The Hour Has Struck. British First Line of Attack in the "Great Push"	2281
Canada's Great Day at Courcelette	2329
How the Italians Drove the Austrians out of Burning Asiago	2377
Jolly Jack-Tars as "Handymen"	2424
British Armoured Cars in the Caucasus	2440
'Twixt Sea and Sky. British Airship Towed by Warship	2453
Air Sickness: Incident with the Royal Flying Corps in France	2464
Coaling the Fleet During a Gale	2505

The Autumn Campaign of 1916

PAGE

Within a Hundred Yards of Thiepval Village 2171
British Troops on Their Way to Lesl œufs 2172
Moscow's Welcome to British Troops 2173
Wiltshires Advancing Towards German Parapet . . . 2180
Anti-Aircraft Guns in Action 2182
Canadian Red Cross Contingent in France 2183

"The Great Push" of 1916—I

Opening Battles of the Somme

Munitions and Guns Move Up Along the Somme . . . 2189
Before and After Going Over the Top 2190
With Britain's King on Fields of British Victory . . . 2191
King George Follows the Great Offensive of 1916 . . . 2192
Royal Interest and Soldierly Zeal 2194
Men Who Laid the Foundations of Victory 2195
The Doom of Ovillers by British Bombardment . . . 2196
Righteous Retribution in Birch Tree Wood 2197
In Captured German Trenches at Ovillers 2198
The Sprig of Shillelagh and Shamrock So Green . . . 2199
House-to-House Fighting in Fortified Pozières . . . 2201
Two Phases of Victory at La Boisselle 2202
Through Roads and Meadows Ploughed by Shell . . . 2203
An Unlucky Star in the Firmament of "No Man's Land" . 2204
Hauling, Digging and Mining Along the Somme . . . 2205
Work of the Supply Section in the "Great Push" . . . 2206
Briton Resorts to Fists in Lieu of Bayonet 2207
The Courage of Dumb Animals 2208
Reaping Two Harvests from the Fields of Somme . . . 2209
Germans Carry British Wounded from the Field . . . 2211
Wounded Lance-Corporal Subdues Five Boches . . . 2213
Great Guns! Sure Shield of Advancing Infantry . . . 2214
British Wounded and Youthful German Captives . . . 2215
Forty Huns Surrender to Four Yorkshiremen . . . 2216
Glimmers of Kindness Amid the Cruelty of War . . . 2218
British Howitzers Move Forward in France 2219
Reserves and R.A.M.C. in the Fighting Zone 2220
Rules of the Road Where the Allies Join Hands . . . 2221
Run to Earth! Enemy Trapped in Deep Dug-out . . . 2223
Watching at the Front and Working at the Base . . . 2224
Litter of War Left in the German Lost Lines 2225
PERSONALIA OF THE GREAT WAR—GENERAL SIR HENRY RAWLINSON, K.C.B., C.V.O. 2227

"The Great Push" of 1916—II

Victories of Guillemont and Ginchy

The Epic of Ireland in the Victory of Guillemont . . . 2231
Fun, Fighting and Ambulance Work at Guillemont . . 2233
Laurels for the Men of Erin 2234
Victory in Flood Over the Crest of the Ridge 2235
Gold Stripes from Guillemont and Guns for Ginchy . . 2236
Stamping Out Tell-Tale Flares in a Night Attack . . . 2237
The Epic Story of the Somme 2240
Official Photographs from Spreading Fields of Victory . 2241
The Capture of Falfemont Farm 2242
Fate of the Prussian Guard at Falfemont Farm . . . 2243
PERSONALIA OF THE GREAT WAR—LIEUT.-GEN. SIR W. P. PULTENEY, K.C.B., D.S.O. 2245

"The Great Push" of 1916—III

The September Advance and the "Tanks" in Action

Labour and Leisure in the Western Advance 2250
Fun and Frolic After Fierce Fighting 2251
Arduous Artillery Work Under a Broiling Sun . . . 2252
The Power of the Pick in the Effort for Victory . . . 2253
Mysterious Monsters on the Muddy Somme 2256
Bringing Back a Trophy from High Wood 2259
Behind a British Barricade at Lesl œufs 2260
The Two Extremes of Courage on the Field 2261
Valiant Victors of Morval and Montauban 2262
Crouched for the Spring in Trench and Brake 2263
General Weather Commands over the Somme 2264
Going Out to Attack and Going Up in Support 2266

PAGE

With the Heroes of Martinpuich and Thiepval . . . 2267
Ebb of the Tide of Invasion from Picardy 2269
Triumphant Tommies' Trophies from Thiepval . . . 2271
With the Crown Camera Men on the Somme 2272
Scenes of Valour When the Big Guns Lift 2274
Foot and Horse Advance as on Parade 2275
"The Guards Have Passed This Way" 2276
Britons at Home in Dug-outs of the Foe 2279
Taking a Trench at Thiepval 2280
Storming Schwaben Redoubt 2282
PERSONALIA OF THE GREAT WAR—LIEUT.-GEN. SIR THOMAS D'OYLY SNOW, K.C.B. 2285

"The Great Push" of 1916—IV

The Storming of Beaumont-Hamel and Beaucourt

Ceaseless Pageant of British Gun-Power 2288
On the Ridges of the Somme 2289
A Royal Inspection of Stalwarts from Erin 2290
Derelicts that Line the Way from Beaucourt 2291
Near Beaumont-Hamel After the British Victory . . . 2293
Five Thousand Captives Counted on the Ancre . . . 2295
After St. Pierre Divion: Rest Well-Earned 2296
PERSONALIA OF THE GREAT WAR—GENERAL SIR HENRY SINCLAIR HORNE, K.C.B. 2297

Sons of Empire in the War

Canadians on the Somme Remember Ypres 2301
Sir Samuel Hughes Inspects Maple Leaf Veterans . . . 2302
Exits and Entrances on the Stage of Battle 2303
From the Golden West to the Sombre West Front . . . 2304
Canadians in Training and First-Line Veterans . . . 2305
Canadians Answer the Signal on the Somme 2306
Back from the Firing-Line by Road and Rail 2307
Imperial Fighters Most Feared by the Prussian . . . 2308
Wattle and Maple with the Rose La France 2309
Anzac Valour in Flooded Trenches at Fromelles . . . 2311
Solid Souvenirs of British Prowess on the Somme . . . 2313
Highlanders and Anzacs: Where the Battle Rolls . . . 2314
Shells Galore and Some New Colonial Warriors . . . 2315
Australian Premier Visits Anzacs in France 2316
New Zealanders in Fine Form South of the Ancre . . . 2317
Rest and Recreation Amid the Glades of War . . . 2318
Crack Shots in the Making Near the Trenches . . . 2319
From Pacific Shores to the Stormy Somme 2320
Gallant South Africans Conquer Kilimanjaro 2321
Through Scorching Sand and Yawning Drifts 2322
Great British Activity in Tropical Africa 2323
With General Smuts' Forces Nearing the Goal . . . 2324
German "Harbour of Peace" in British Possession . . 2325
Tracking the Fugitive Foe in Africa and Egypt . . . 2326
PERSONALIA OF THE GREAT WAR—GENERAL SIR HERBERT PLUMER, G.C.M.G., K.C.B. 2327

For the Glory of France

One Hour Before the Dawn of Victory 2330
Up to the Somme Front and Back from the Yser . . . 2333
New French Recruits to Advancing Batteries . . . 2334
Bombs Before Bayonets: The Last Fifteen Yards . . . 2335
The Battery's Half-Holiday from its Strenuous Work . . 2336
An Irresistible Wave All Blue and Steel 2338
French Ironclads on the Somme Canals 2339
Chivalry of France Spurring Ever Forward 2340
Guns, Shells and Men in Flaming Picardy 2341
Through Wicked Wire Across the Pock-Marked Plain . . 2342
Organising Terrain Won at Sailly-Saillisel 2343
Incidental Duties in the Great Somme Effort . . . 2344
German Legions Reach Verdun in Bondage 2345
Verdun the Glorious 2346
Monster Mortar Hurling Defiance at the Huns . . . 2347
Where the Tricolour Flies in Splendid Triumph . . . 2348
Douaumont Fort Recaptured by General Mangin . . . 2349
Welcome Refreshment for Heroes of Verdun 2350
From City Boulevard to Battlemented Hill 2351
With Our Dauntless Ally on the Meuse Heights 2352
Outposts in the Valley and on the Heights 2355

PAGE

Battle Music: Roar of Guns and Ring of Spades . . . 2356
With the French Parrying the Thrusts at Verdun . . 2357
Through the Verdun Inferno to the Prison Camp . . . 2358
PERSONALIA OF THE GREAT WAR—GENERAL SIR ROBERT NIVELLE 2359

Along the Russian Fronts

Tsar Plans Victory for His Country 2361
Russian Leaders and Men in the Hour of Victory . . . 2363
With Brussiloff and His Redoubtable Russians . . . 2365
With the Tsar's Forces on the Field of France . . . 2366
Cossacks Rout Germans at the Point of the Sabre . . 2367
Where All the Eagles were Fighting Together . . . 2368
Brussiloff's Hammer Blows in Bukovina 2369
Homely Little Incidents Along the Russian Line . . . 2372

With Italy Victorious

Italian Infantry Advancing on the Isonzo Front . . . 2373
How Italy Advanced on Her Way to Trieste 2376
Italian Territorials Make Headway in Albania . . . 2378
The Victor Enters the Stronghold of the Foe 2379
Via Victrix: Italians on the Way to Gorizia 2381
Gates of Lombardy Locked and Barred to Austria . . 2383
Vivid Pictures of the Great Italian Offensive . . . 2384
Grim War at Close Quarters in the Alps 2385
In the Track of the Italian Progress 2386

With the New Belgian Army

Courage and Calm 2387
Liveliness on the Yser 2388
Belgians in Khaki and Steel Casques 2389
The War Along the Belgian Dunes 2390
New Belgian Guns to Hasten Day of Reckoning . . . 2391
Where Dune and Ocean Flank the Western Line . . . 2392
More Belgian Troops to Swell the Rising Tide . . . 2393
Belgian Armoured Cars: Precursors of the Tanks . . . 2394

Eclipse of Rumania

Stirring Incident in Rumania's Desperate Fight . . . 2399
King Ferdinand at the Rumanian Headquarters . . . 2400
Rumanian Royalties and Representative Men . . . 2401
Rumania's Valiant Effort to Hold the Enemy . . . 2403
Rumanians' Vain Defence of Their Fatherland . . . 2405
With Rumania Struggling Against the Foe 2407

Events in the Balkans

Getting Busy at Salonika 2409
More Russians Take the Field in the Balkans . . . 2411
Latin Legions Land on the Greek Coast 2412
Zouaves and Serbs Storm a Balkan Crest 2413
Outposts of the Allies in the Balkan Field 2414
France and Serbia Jointly Punish Bulgaria 2415
Serbia Strikes Hard Against Her Aggressors . . . 2416
Scenes in the Victorious Advance to Monastir . . . 2417
Men Who Mattered in the Policy of Greece 2418
Regenerators of Greece in Council at Canea . . . 2419
Mustering to Advance in Macedonian Marshes . . . 2420
Teuton Triumphs Which Serbia Sternly Avenged . . 2421
Greek Volunteers for the Army of the Allies . . . 2422
Italy Joins Her Five Allies in the Levant 2423
Greek Army Corps to Fight With the Allies 2424
Shining Salonika. The Sombre Town of Visegrad . . 2425
With a British Bombing Party in the Balkans . . . 2426
PERSONALIA OF THE GREAT WAR—M. VENIZELOS . 2427

Against the Turks

Camels Travelling to the Front by Train 2429
Desert Duel Between Airmen and Horsemen 2431
In the City of Sindbad Under British Occupation . . 2432
General Townshend and Staff at Kut-el-Amara . . . 2433
To Romani and Back with Ottoman Prisoners . . . 2435
Imperial Camel Corps Ride Down the Turks . . . 2437

PAGE

Bedouins Surrender to British Forces in Egypt . . . 2438
Incidents in the Conquest of the Senussi 2439
Empire Warriors Rest and Recuperate at Cairo . . . 2440

Behind the Enemy Lines

Large Guns and Small Dogs to Austria's Aid 2442
Germans Counter Their Own Method of Attack . . . 2443
Kaiser and Crown Prince on the Western Front . . . 2444
Fruits of Kultur Revealed by the Camera 2445
German "Civilisation" Reintroduces Slavery . . . 2446
German Place in the Sun for Moslem Prisoners . . . 2447
Austrian Army Retreats from Lower Isonzo 2448
Teutons Fighting Three Hereditary Foes 2449
Deutschland, Deutschland, Unter Alles 2450
The Crafty Submarine Liner Returns to Port 2451
King Tino's Legion Lost in the Fatherland 2452

The War by Sea and Air

The Argus Eyes of the Fleet 2453
Under the French Ensign in the Mediterranean . . . 2454
Ready, Aye Ready! to the Last Hammock Cord . . . 2455
The Allied Naval Effort from Sea to Sea 2456
Hero of a Hundred Fights. Britain's Star Flyer at the Front . 2457
Falling Like Lucifer, Flaming Through the Skies . . . 2458
The Shattered Fragments of the Fated Ship 2459
The Stricken Couriers of Teutonic Hate 2460
One Crew Captured and Two Consumed by Fire . . . 2461
With the Royal Flying Corps Zeppelin Strafers . . . 2462
With the French Flying Corps Over the Front . . . 2463
Crashing to Earth a Meteor of Smoke and Fire . . . 2466

Golden Deeds of Heroism

British Soldier Rescues Wounded Comrade 2467
Decorated for Valour: More of Britain's Brave Sons . . 2468
Wounded Hussar Saves Officer in Wheelbarrow . . . 2469
Coveted Cross for Devotion to Duty and Comrade . . . 2470
Supreme Self-Sacrifice of Stretcher-Bearers 2471
New Members of the Great Company of Heroes . . . 2472
Sixteen Britons: The Bravest of the Brave 2473
An Enemy in Their Midst at Dead of Night 2474
The Last Alarm of a Hapless German Sentinel . . . 2475
Decorated for Valour: More of Britain's Bravest . . . 2476
One British Soldier Routs Twenty Germans 2477
For Manly Heroism and Womanly Devotion 2478
Removing Ammunition from a Flaming Gun-pit . . . 2479
More British Heroes of the Cross of Courage 2480
Rally to the Music of the Huntsman's Horn 2481
One Englishman Takes One Hundred German Prisoners . 2482
Fusilier Rescues Wounded Captain Under Fire . . . 2483
Superb Indian Soldier Saves the British Line 2484

Records of the Regiments

The Watch on the Somme 2485
The Norfolks 2486
Dancing a Highland Fling in Face of the Enemy . . . 2487
The Royal Dublin Fusiliers 2488
Royal Welsh Fusiliers' Gallantry at Givenchy 2489
The Scots Guards 2490
Anzacs and Scots Guards in the Land of Gaul . . . 2491
The Manchesters 2492
Grenadier Guards Take a Turn with the Pick 2493
The Fifteenth Hussars 2494

World-Wide Echoes of the War

"Good-bye, Old Man!" 2495
Women and War Service at Home and Abroad . . . 2496
Practical Womanhood in War-time Pursuits 2497
Soft-Hearted Fighting Men and Some of Their Pets . . 2498
Three Great Generals and Heroes of Mons 2499
The Faithful Quadruped Goes on War Service . . . 2500
Lull After Battle: Pictorial Notes of War 2501
In Lovely Lucerne After Trenches and Prison . . . 2503
The Roll of Honoured Dead 2505-2514
Diary of the War 2515-2520

ERRATA.—On page 2298 it should have been stated that General Horne's Corps took Mametz (not Montauban), and that he was appointed to the command of the First (not the Second) Army.

To face page 21.9

ON THE HOMEWARD JOURNEY. R.A.M.C. MEN CONVEYING WOUNDED FROM THE COLLECTING POSTS TO THE ADVANCED DRESSING STATION.

The Moving Drama of the Great War

VII.—The Autumn Campaign of 1916

Progress of Events in all Theatres of the War from the Opening Battles of the Somme to the Fall of Bukarest

Written by

ARTHUR D. INNES, M.A.,

Author of "A History of the British Nation," etc.

THE opening of the battle of the Somme on July 1st, 1916, definitely marked the entry of the war upon a new stage. It had been in progress now for two years, all but five weeks, and still there was no sign of a decision. From the German point of view, the outstanding fact was that still—except in Africa—no territory belonging to the Central Empires was in the occupation of the Allies save small fragments where Austrians and Italians were facing each other; whereas the Austro-German front had behind it in the east a huge block of Russian territory bounded by an approximately straight line from Riga to the Bukovina, and in the west the greater part of Belgium, with a substantial slice of France; while Serbia was in Bulgarian occupation. The German looked at his war-map, and could not understand the obstinate folly of the Allies in refusing to recognise him as already the victor. The opening of the great battle, on the other hand, meant precisely this—that the German, so far from being the victor, was in the toils which would tighten and tighten until the power of further resistance should be crushed out of him—unless he should first make unconditional submission.

We speak of the "Moving Drama of the War," not because it is full of dramatic incidents and tragic happenings, but because it is one vast drama, one great tragic action, the most terrific that has ever been played upon the world's stage; having for its motive the fundamental motive of tragedy as conceived by the Greeks, the creators of literary drama—what they called *Hubris*, the arrogance which dares to assert its own will and power in defiance of the will and power of the Eternal Justice; upon which follows Nemesis, the doom of all such insolence since the world began. Yet first the evildoer enjoys his brief illusion of triumph, before he hears the sound of the beating of the Avengers' wings, remorseless and irresistible, heralding the climax of the drama, the outpouring of the wrath of the Gods.

A Summary of the Moving Drama

How had the drama been played so far? It had opened with the great onslaught, long prepared, suddenly delivered, which was to lay the foe prostrate and helpless in a single month—three months—six months at the most. At the end of the first month the Germans were at the gates of Paris. Then they were hurled staggering back in the battle of the Marne till they halted on the lines which for long they were to deem impregnable; whence they made their second onslaught directed to Calais. That onslaught was held up at Ypres, in the fourth month of the war; and then began the long period of deadlock in the west, where for nineteen months every offensive, by whomsoever delivered, was held up. Only fractional modifications occurred in the lines, which from Belfort to Ostend were virtually the same in December, 1914, and June, 1916, and along the Italian-Austrian frontier from the time when Italy threw in her lot with the Allies. In the west, staying power had already become the decisive factor in the struggle. If an early decision was to come, it must be in the east.

It did not come. The Dardanelles expedition was a heroic effort to achieve it on the part of the Allies, doomed to failure from the day when the grand surprise failed by a hair's breadth. The Germans sought to achieve it by the great offensive against Russia, which opened in May, storming across Galicia and Poland through June and July, till it was brought to a standstill in September, the decision still unachieved. In the same month the Allies again sought a decision in the west, only to realise that their hour had not yet come. And on the top of the failure came the treason of Bulgaria and the double-dealing of King Constantine, which delivered over Serbia to the fate of Belgium, but was in no sense a decision—though it seemed indeed an earnest of success for the powers of evil, a demonstration of victory achieved, a promise of triumph approaching.

The Great Riddle of the War

Berlin, perhaps, conceived that by sweeping back the Russians it had, in fact, so far achieved a decision that Russia was off the board for an indefinite time, and the Central Powers had their hands free to force a decision in the west before she could again enter the field. In February they opened the attack round Verdun, an attack which beggared all precedents, not only in its hurricane violence, but in its persistency. At the end of the first week it was held up; at the end of the seventh it was not indeed exhausted—far from it—but it had proved the invincibility of the French resistance, proved that only by sheer exhaustion of French men and material could the line be broken; and it had not proved that such exhaustion was near at hand. It had left unanswered the great riddle—which of the two, attackers or defenders, would outlast the other?

Throughout April, May, and June the Germans sought to find the answer by a perpetual hammering, which never ceased, but only fluctuated in its violence and reached the height of its intensity at midsummer. And still the answer to the riddle was unrevealed, though in the last days of June the French had given ground on the north-east of Verdun.

In May, a Teutonic offensive of a similar character had developed on another front, the Austrians making a fierce thrust through the Trentino, threatening the flank of the Italian communications with the Isonzo front through the Lombard plain. During June, however, this onslaught too had been held up and pushed back. Moreover, just when the thrust was reaching its most advanced point, events ominous for the Central Empires were initiated on the southern Russian front between the Pripet Marshes and the Bukovina. The Russians, instead of being off the board, were proving that they had been utilising the winter and spring for a most effective recuperation; and through the month the Austrian lines, depleted for the Trentino adventure, were being swept back towards Lemberg with unprecedented captures by the Russians of prisoners and war material. Here, and here alone, was there a sign so far of a direct offensive on the part of the Allies, while it was still possible to believe that the German offensive before Verdun, now in its fifth month, would yet increase in intensity and attain its immediate objective.

But very different was the definite answer given to the riddle when the British and French guns spoke upon the Somme. They spoke, and the message they gave was this. For eight long months the allied western line had stood firm against every shock; for eight long months no counter-attack had developed, even with the object of relieving the enemy pressure upon Verdun. But during those months Britain had been accumulating

armies behind the fighting-line, amassing munitions, not adding to, but multiplying her production of guns and shells, piling up the supplies not only for herself but for her Allies; drawing also closer and ever closer the net which cut off the enemy's supplies from over sea, reducing them to almost exclusive dependence on their own resources. France had limited herself strictly to the sheer necessities of defence.

How the Allies Gathered Strength

The Allies, so far from being exhausted, had been gathering strength, and the hour had come when that strength was to be put forth—not indeed for the delivery of a knock-out blow, but in a gripping, crushing pressure not to be relaxed. The sound of the beating of the wings of the Avengers of the Gods was in the roar of the guns upon the Somme.

From Nieuport on the Belgian coast the western front ran south with many curves, now this way and now that, for a distance of one hundred and twenty miles—roughly speaking—till, towards Compiègne, it bent almost at right angles and ran east to Verdun, one hundred miles away. Somewhere along that long stretch of line some five miles south of the Somme, where it was faced by the German position at Estrées. The general direction of this line was from north-west to south-east. Between the Ancre and the Somme the Germans occupied rising ground, of which the crests ran almost east and west from behind Thiepval to behind Combles; ground thick with woods and sown with villages, fortified to the utmost perfection of trench construction.

The crests, it may be said, formed the German third line; as long as they held them they had the advantage that their observers could see where their shells fell, whereas from the British, the falling of their own shells was concealed by the undulations of the rising ground. But when the British should master the crests, they in their turn would have the advantage of observation in the next phase. Meanwhile, they had to depend for successful observation upon the skill and courage of the airmen. The terrain over which they had to advance was of extraordinary difficulty, but the French on their right were not at the same disadvantage, the ground in front of them being both lower and comparatively open.

But while the forward pressure on this small section covered the immediate course of the advance

BRITISH GENERALS IN FRONT.—British officers have no notion of being anywhere but in front, and these two generals, with some of their Staff, were well within "decisive" range of the enemy field-artillery. Left: A Staff officer found a horse-shoe and presented it to his general, who appreciated the point. (Official photographs.)

everyone knew that the Allies would sooner or later attempt some sort of offensive.

The British front had long held the section, running from a point just north of the Ypres salient southwards, with the Belgians on their left flank up to the sea. During the earlier stages it had extended only for some thirty miles; then it had been doubled, till it reached down to the Loos area; then it had been again extended almost to the Somme. The general expectation was that an offensive, either German or British, was to be looked for somewhere on the British front. In the last days of June it appeared that very heavy bombardment was going on along this whole section, and much reconnaissance work. But what all this portended no one could guess with certainty until the character of the new phase of operations was revealed by the actual advance which began on July 1st.

Broadly speaking, the line of development was a continuous thrust along a front of no more than fifteen miles by the British right wing and the French left. This front, at the beginning, ran from the point where it crossed the Ancre some five miles north of Albert, where it was faced by the German position at Thiepval, to

contemplated, it was necessary to reduce to a minimum the enemy's power of effecting further concentrations in order to resist it; necessary, therefore, to engage him heavily on other points of the line, and to maintain a continuous threat along the greater part of it, so that he should not venture to weaken greatly his forces elsewhere. Hence the activity displayed from time to time on other sectors, as to which it was constantly impossible for the enemy to judge with certainty whether its object was merely the creation of a diversion or the delivery of a mortal blow.

Opening Stages of Somme Battle

In the early morning of July 1st the long bombardment suddenly gave place to a general advance of the whole Franco-British line from Thiepval to Estrées, and the breaking into the German first line. At the two ends, Thiepval and Estrées, the Germans held fast; between Estrées and the Somme the French swung forward till they were so close to Péronne, though separated from it by the canal and the river, that hasty commentators talked of the immediate fall of that town. But its immediate capture was not in the programme.

Here there was no sensational objective, no proclaiming to the world that the "great fortress" of Péronne or of anything else was about to fall; no desperate effort to crash through at whatever cost. But within the week, not only had Estrées been occupied, but the whole line north of the Somme had been carried as far forward as was desirable, until the corresponding gains north of the river should be made. The number of prisoners passed back at the close of the 5th July had already reached the total of 94 officers and 5,724 other ranks.

On the further bank, too, the French made rapid progress; but with characteristic generosity they recognised that the slower advance of the English was due to no faults of officers, soldiers, or organisation, but to the greater difficulties which had to be overcome, and a heavier concentration of resistance. There was furious fighting at Fricourt, at Mametz Village, and then in the Mametz Wood, before those first line positions were fully mastered by the British.

The advance paused only for breathing time and the consolidation of the ground gained, and no ground was gained without hard fighting. Nearly every system of trenches was won and partly lost, and won again, perhaps more than once or twice, before it finally passed into British possession; but our men were never permanently driven out of a position which they had once reached. In the second week they mastered Ovilliers and Contalmaison.

The Somme and Verdun Contrasted

The resemblance to the German operations before Verdun was not in actual fact so marked as the difference. Before Verdun the French had for a week drawn back a weakly-held line, before greatly superior forces, till it rested upon a strongly-held line; they had been content to make the Germans pay the price of advance; it was only when, at the end of that week, the enemy broke into a position which at the moment was of vital importance, that the French delivered a costly counter-attack which saved the situation. But on the Somme the counter-attack in force was the inevitable sequel to the British attack, and it was as invariably followed by a new attack and the final retention of the position.

On the last day of the second week, July 14th, the storming of the second line began; the third week saw the capture of the Bazentin-le-Grand and Bazentin-le-Petit and the entry into Longueval, into Delville Wood, of which Longueval is in effect a corner, and into the wood of Foureaux, more familiarly entitled the High Wood, a third line position. And all the time the artillery was crashing far away to the north at Ypres, while raids in the Loos area and at that former scene of furious combat, the Hohenzollern Redoubt, kept the German lines in constant unrest.

Regiment after regiment had been adding to its laurels

The cooks sample their own stew. Scene in the camp kitchen after the regiment had dined from the rough, but wholesome, fare on the military menu.

Within a hundred yards of Th epval village. Two British soldiers watching the enemy's movements with an ardour and intelligence admirably suggested by the photograph.

or achieving new glories; the Dominion troops holding their own with the best. Of the Canadians and Anzacs much had already been heard; now it was the Newfoundland Regiment which distinguished itself, as it had indeed already done in Gallipoli; and now it was the South Africans. Highland troops broke into Longueval on July 14th; next day the South Africans carried the advance into Delville Wood. On the 18th an eight hours' bombardment made chaos of the newly-constructed trenches, driving the South Africans back upon their Scottish comrades, and after the bombardment came the massed infantry attack, wave upon overwhelming wave, pressing the depleted line back by sheer weight into a reserve trench; yet even these masses were hurled back by a desperate counter-charge, and the ground was held.

Relentless Hammering of the Enemy

Afterwards it had to be temporarily abandoned, but by that time the critical moment had passed. The heroic defence had served its purpose, and in due time the whole position was again made good. Yet this great fight for Longueval was merely an episode, matched by other episodes in which English, Irish, Welsh, and Australian troops played their part with a like contempt for danger and death, a like defiance of all odds, a like grim endurance. It stands simply as a sample of what British troops were doing in those days in every part of the field—not as a glorification above their fellows of the particular regiments engaged.

The pressure towards the ridge, still held by the Germans, continued relentlessly from day to day. It was a process of hammering the enemy out of his positions, pushing at times beyond the lines which could immediately be securely held; so that now and then he recovered a temporary footing in them, but never for long. On July 20th the Germans were driven out of the High Wood, but effected a re-entry on the same night by means of gas. On the Sunday (23rd) an attack was in progress along the whole line from Thiepval to Guillemont; by the evening, Australians and Territorials had driven their way into Pozières, Longueval had been won, but for the most part lost again. On the Wednesday the whole of Pozières had been won, but beyond it the Windmill crest was still in the enemy's hands. Two days later they had been finally driven out of Delville Wood (the Devil's Wood), and out of Longueval; and on the 30th the French, supported by the British on their left, had captured a line of trenches, pushing into the outskirts of Maurepas. No further progress of a definite character had been reported from this area down to August 4th, the second anniversary of the British declaration of war.

On the Verdun front the month had clearly wrought a definite change. Until the opening of the Somme

ON THEIR WAY TO LESBŒUFS.—Striking camera impression by the French official photographer of an interesting scene during the Franco-British advance on the Somme. These British troops are seen entering the roomy motor-waggons which whirled them away to the action which resulted in the capture and occupation by the Allies of the strongly-fortified village of Lesbœufs.

offensive Verdun was still the object of a concentrated German attack; the last days of June had witnessed a German advance, not great, but more pronounced than any since February. The pressure had been relieved by the counter-pressure on the Somme, and though the French had not developed an offensive of a like character, it was clear that they had now become the attacking party, slowly and piece-meal recovering the ground they had yielded to the last great onslaught. The scene of the struggle was round about the Thiaumont Work, and the village of Fleury, which then for some days had changed hands every few hours, finally remaining in German occupation. Now their outskirts were undergoing the reverse process, and after once more changing hands repeatedly had passed, as it proved, permanently into the French possession.

Results of the July "Great Push"

What all the July fighting meant, it must for ever be impossible to conceive for anyone who had not witnessed it with his own eyes; for the simple reason that imagination is incapable of reconstructing anything so wholly outside all experience. Mere figures lose all meaning; language possesses no descriptive terms which can convey even a suggestion of what the men "out there" have seen. In a single week the British exhausted more ammunition than the whole amount in their possession at the outbreak of the war; the Germans had exhausted a proportionate quantity. Acre upon acre, square mile upon square mile, of what once had been smiling fields or leafy woods had become a chaos of shell-craters, mounds, ridges, pits, where dead men lay and the fragments of dead men, buried or unburied in the debris, by hundreds and scores of hundreds. Every inch of the ground had been fought for with a desperate courage. Cannon to right of them, cannon to left of them, cannon in front of them—the heroes of Balaclava faced nothing like what is summed up in the brief familiar message "an enemy attack was completely stopped by our barrage, and nowhere succeeded in penetrating to our lines."

When the trench line had been battered, stormed, occupied, into the trenches that had been rent and torn and wrecked by the deluge of British shells poured the deluge of German shells, while men struggled desperately to repair them into some semblance of protective works. The hand-to-hand fighting with bomb and bayonet was the least part of the furious strife, for all its fierceness while it lasted; that was work in which British soldiers always had the best of it, unless the odds were overwhelming. But the slaughter, such as never was known in war before, when men were mown down in swathes, swept away in sacrificial hecatombs, came when lines and groups, stumbling and racing forward over the belt of open ground, were caught in the tornado of artillery fire and the hail-storm from the machine-guns.

British artillery and machine-guns were now more than on an equality with those of the Germans, which had held at first an enormous and then a slowly diminishing preponderance as the British manufacturing power was brought into play. Presently, when the ridge should be mastered, that new preponderance would have still more decisive effect. For from the high ground the observation posts would have in view a wide range of country in which they could see with exactness precisely what the British fire was doing; till the high ground should be held, only the flying-men could tell what was happening beyond, only the flying-men could direct the fire upon the slopes hidden by the crests.

Ominous Lull in Other Areas

In the meanwhile, it was the enemy who had the advantage of observation, which was only lessened for them by the superior skill and audacity of the allied airmen. But day by day the British were nearing the rampart, though it would not be wholly won until Guillemont and Ginchy at one end, and Thiepval at the other, should be carried.

In Italy, it seemed that the Austrian check had brought about merely a return to the old position of apparent deadlock on the Trentino heights and the Isonzo front. In Russia, the movements between

Riga and the Pripet Marshes had been calculated only to keep Hindenburg from venturing upon a concentration for an offensive at any point, or from releasing troops for the support of the armies in the south. South of the Marshes there had been a comparative lull since the staggering blows and sweeping captures of the early days of the Russian advance.

In the extreme south, Letchitsky's activities since the fall of Kolomea had been restricted by weather conditions; in the northern sector Kaledin's approach towards Kovel was held up. In the centre Bothmer was holding to his lines unyielding. The menace to him lay in the danger of the forcing of his right flank from Kolomea, and of his left flank by the advance of Sakharoff upon Brody.

It was only in this last-named quarter that the Russians, during the latter part of July, continued to make conspicuous progress. On the Stokhod they were in fact forging forward; in the north a fresh stroke was in preparation, but had not been delivered; but Sakharoff struck and struck again, each time driving the enemy back and capturing prisoners, not in hundreds but in thousands.

The Great Russian Drive

This particular series of victories culminated with the entry of the Russian troops into Brody on July 28th; whereof the significance lay in the fact that it pushed deep into the Austro-German defensive line, threatening to pierce it and actually to turn the flank either of Bothmer's army southward, or of that which blocked the way to Kovel northward. This at least was assured, that if Letchitsky thrust up to Stanislau, Bothmer's whole force would have to fall back at last—if it should not already be too late.

Mesopotamia and the Caucasian front were only secondary war areas, though of ultimate importance to Russia and India. To the Central Powers, loss of territory by their Turkish ally was of no moment if they themselves were reft of the hoped for supremacy in the Balkans. In Asia, in fact, Turkey had become to them merely an instrument for the retention of Russian troops in the Caucasus area and of British forces in Egypt, though in its inception the Turkish alliance had perhaps had no very different significance at bottom from that of Buonaparte's great Egyptian adventure in 1798.

The Round-up in East Africa

For Russia, however, the contest in Asia meant the acquisition of wide territories which at any time during the nineteenth century would have excited the utmost alarm and jealousy in British minds. Now the Mesopotamian campaign was at a standstill, and since the capture of Trebizond the tide of Russian successes had flowed very slowly. Nevertheless, the fall of Erzingan, on July 26th, marked a further stage of the gradual conquest; with it went Turkey's hold upon Armenia.

In other regions, the process of sweeping up the vast area of German East Africa went steadily forward. A campaign with a foregone conclusion excites no more than a passing interest in the course of such a war as this, though at other times the British public would have watched it with the liveliest attention. But the hunting down of an enemy whose ultimate fate is a mathematical certainty cannot very greatly move those whose eyes are fixed upon a life and death struggle between Freedom and the Powers of Darkness. The war in East Africa was emphatically a "side-show." In the main show, there remained one section of the stage—the Balkans—where all open activity had for long been suspended. There the Central Powers could not, and the Allies would not, strike again—as yet.

The Germans, however, could not allow the second year of the war to close without giving the world a reminder that the root ideas of civilisation were at stake in this war. They had achieved the capture of a British liner, the Brussels. Some months before, her captain, Charles Fryatt, had been attacked by a submarine; instead of yielding, he had attacked in turn—

MOSCOW'S WELCOME TO BRITISH TROOPS.

A contingent of troops representing the British Army was despatched to Russia, and when they marched through the streets of Moscow crowds turned out and gave them an ovation.

a most unfair proceeding! Now Captain Fryatt was a prisoner. The officers and crew of a non-combatant vessel which resists capture are explicitly entitled under the Hague Convention, as well as by all precedent, to be treated as prisoners of war. But Charles Fryatt was court-martialled as a *franc-tireur*, and "executed."

Opening of Third Year of the War

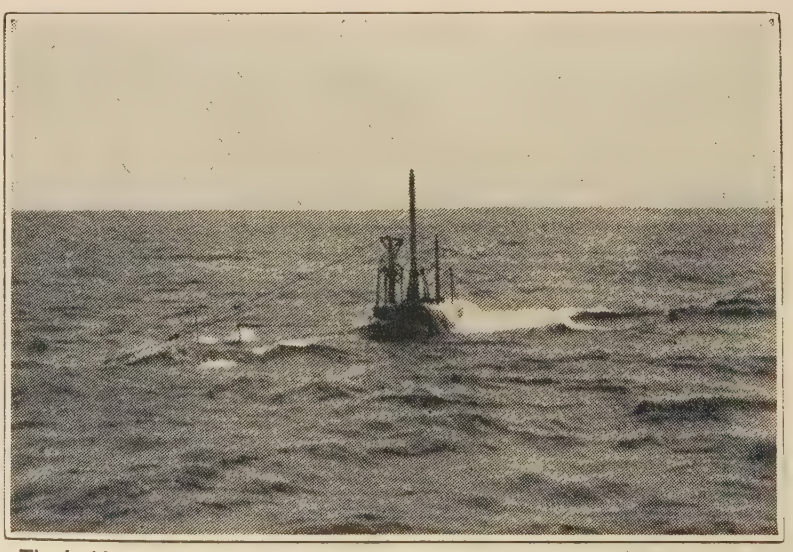
When Edith Cavell was put to death, it was actually possible to plead the letter of the law in excuse for an inhuman and despicable crime; it was not possible to do so in the case of the authorised murder of Captain Fryatt. The outrage called forth from the British Prime Minister the significant pronouncement that diplomatic relations would not be resumed with Germany until its responsible authors had been called to account. Unmistakably, its responsible authors were the supreme Governors of the German Empire. If, however, the German Press represents the German People, they cannot be acquitted of sharing the responsibility with their rulers.

The opening of the third year of the war was immediately productive, not of any decisive blow, but of striking allied successes. The first came upon the front where it was perhaps least expected, the front which in England was the least understood. The nature of the Italian effort was not commonly realised in England, as the nature of the British effort was not realised in Italy. Seeing how common it is for the British themselves to misconceive the enormous value of the work done by the British Navy for the allied cause, it is scarcely surprising that it should not be fully appreciated by all the Allies; and since the Italians were fighting, and had been fighting since their first entry into the war, entirely upon their own frontier, it was perhaps natural that others should not fully realise the service they were rendering, or the nature of the difficulties with which they were confronted.

Austria's Grave Miscalculation

In fact, however, they had for a year held, heavily engaged, powerful Austrian forces which would otherwise have been available in Galicia and the Balkans; and latterly they had tempted the Central Powers into the Trentino adventure which had given the Russian offensive its opportunity in June. Vienna, under the direction of Berlin, had undoubtedly been led to believe that a crushing blow could be dealt through the Trentino which would remove Italy from the board and would release Austrian armies for an offensive in the East. Consequently the Austrians had at first weakened their defensive power against Russia to an extent little short of disastrous, and had then found themselves precluded from remedying their blunder.

It was now to appear that they had been the victims of an even graver miscalculation. The Italians had not only held up the attack through the Trentino, they had prepared a counter-stroke where the Austrians still regarded themselves as holding an impregnable position on the Isonzo front. Had not Italian forecasts repeatedly proclaimed the "impending fall of Gorizia," commanding the main line of Austrian communications with Trieste? Yet the defences of Gorizia still stood as fast as Verdun.



The lurking pirate. Type of U boat semi-submerged on the look-out for a target, preferably a passenger cross-Channel steamer.

Nevertheless, the Italian moment came just when the Austrians had been forced to realise that their own anticipated triumph had broken down completely. The positions dominating Gorizia had hitherto defied attack. On August 6th a brilliantly-planned movement carried Monte Sabatino on its north, and on the south swept up the long Carso ridge, from M. San Michele to Monfalcone. The victory was decisive; Gorizia had become untenable, and on August 9th was occupied by the Italians. Its fall did not mean an immediate entry into Trieste; but it was a great stride in that direction. It offered, moreover, a striking proof of General Cadorna's skill and resource.

At the same moment the Turks were receiving a lesson in the Sinai region. Presumably they were still under the impression that they could make trouble in Egypt, though the British had thrown out a defensive to the east of the Suez Canal, and could contemplate any possible attempt at an invasion with supreme equanimity.

How the Invasion of Egypt Failed

The experiment was tried on August 4th with the natural result. A Turkish column attacked the British positions on a seven mile front, east of Port Said; their flank was drawn off into the sandhills, and was then put to rout by a counter-attack. By the evening of the 5th nearly 3,000 prisoners were in the hands of the British, representing only a small proportion of the enemy casualties. The hottest of the fighting was done by Australian and New Zealand horse, who did brilliant work, and were admirably supported by Yeomanry and Territorials. The whole affair was managed in a masterly fashion, and made it perfectly clear that under existing conditions the "menace to Egypt" was contemptible. Incidentally it emphasised once more the quality of the Empire troops, whose brothers had just been giving the Germans a taste of the same quality in the Devil's Wood.

Meanwhile, not only was Sakharoff continuing the pressure from Brody, but Letchitsky also was renewing on the extreme Russian left wing the activities which, not the enemy but the climate had forced him to suspend for a time. On August 10th he had thrust back the Austrians and occupied Stanislau. The moment had come when Bothmer could hardly hope to escape unless he retired his whole line; the news followed that he was in full retreat to prepared positions behind the Zlota Lipa, still covering Lemberg.

At the Russian centre General Scherbatcheff flung his whole line forward, as a sequel to the capture of Stanislau, but the retreating Austrians were able to occupy new positions which no longer forced a dangerous salient. A degree of mystery attaches to these operations; for it soon became obvious that the forward sweep of the Russians had ceased, from which the clear inference was that the Austrian retreat had not borne the character of a débacle; and yet it appeared from the official reports that Scherbatcheff had taken prisoners to the number of almost a third of the whole force under Bothmer's command according to expert estimates. There was no doubt that the figures of the week's fighting showed most sensational captures both of prisoners and of war material, Scherbatcheff

Their first day out after convalescence. Wounded horses enjoying a dip in a stream somewhere adjoining the headquarters of the Veterinary Hospital behind the lines in France.

alone being credited with more than 50,000 of the former. Whatever Bothmer's losses may have been, the fact still remained that he had extricated his main force from an extremely perilous position ; it had not been enveloped, nor had his line been broken through.

The whole affair was extremely suggestive of the Russian retirements of the previous year—the salients, the pincers which were to nip the neck of the salient, the more or less successful evasion of the pincers, the whole line carried back but still remaining actually unbroken. Still, in proportion to the forces engaged, there had never in the whole course of the Russian retreat been anything to match the huge tale of captures which attended the Russian advance—an average of nearly 40,000 a week during the ten weeks which had passed since the offensive began.

French Mastery at Verdun

Meanwhile, the reports from the Verdun front made it increasingly clear that the real offensive had passed from the Germans to the French. On August 5th the French were in full possession of the Thiaumont work, and again held half Fleury village, which they had captured—only to be driven out again—a couple of days before. A fortnight later the Germans were out of Fleury altogether, and their repeated and determined attempts to recapture it were being repulsed with a thoroughness which meant that the position had at last been secured. In effect, all that the enemy had gained by the concentrated attack at the end of June had now been lost again. He was no nearer to the achievement of the " fall of Verdun " than he had been at the end of the first week of the attack, which had opened just six months ago with high hopes of an immediate break-through and a new rush upon Paris. And now, instead of crashing forward, he was being surely, if slowly, pushed back yard by yard.

On the Somme, too, the forward movement continued, slow, persistent, sure, on the part of French and British alike. The British line now ran a little south of east from fronting Thiepval to fronting Guillemont, a length of some seven miles as the crow flies. Before Guillemont it joined with the French line running south to the Somme and crossing it The British push was north and north-east, the French east and north-east, Guillemont standing at the angle, with Ginchy behind it and Combles behind Ginchy. These three places might be called the joint objective, though the endeavour to reach them was only a part of the effort of the forces generally ; the one had to carry the whole northerly crest, the other the whole eastern line between Combles and the Somme.

So on August 5th the push went north from Pozières —this time it was the Australians and the men of the south-eastern counties who completed the capture of the German second line. On August 11th the French were almost in Maurepas, and were menacing Clery on the Somme. From Pozières to Guillemont by August 16th the British held all the highest ground except at one point between the Foureaux and Delville Woods, and the French had pushed forward the extreme right of their advance south of the Somme, straightening their line. Closer and closer the Allies were creeping towards Guillemont and Maurepas on one side—they were in the outskirts of both—and towards Mouquet (or in Tommies' language, " Moo-Cow," or " Mucky ") Farm, covering Thiepval, on the other. They were pushing round Guillemont towards Ginchy. But it is a far cry from the outskirts of a village or a trench-system to the other side of it.

The fighting-men have a joyous knack of detecting the humours of their situation. We may be permitted for a moment to glance at this lighter aspect of things, for it is commonly due to the characteristic genius of the British Tommy, who engineers a practical joke at the Boche's expense with extreme gusto. He established a conviction in the German mind that the British force, the " New Armies," consists largely of barbaric hordes from their oppressed subjects in the heart of Africa—savages black and bloodthirsty—by a simple device.

The " Brave Gentleman of Colour "

It happened that among the warriors of whom a certain London battalion was composed there was included one gentleman of colour whose courage was equal to the somewhat formidable demand made upon it. Periodically the black face was wont to emerge above the parapet, emit a startling war-cry, and then vanish. The owner of the face was not allowed to retain any local habitation ; every fresh appearance was made at some fresh point ; and so the fable grew—to be

solemnly disseminated by an indignant German Press—that the British trenches were lined with regiments of black men

An episode of a different character was the visit of H.M. King George V. to the front, the more memorable because he was undeterred by the alarming accident of which he had been the victim on a previous occasion. Our monarchs are no longer permitted to take part in war as combatants; but it was not for the want of will to plunge into the thickest dangers that George II. submitted to be restrained from again risking his life after Dettingen, and that George V. to-day must suffer from a like restraint. But the incident was an apt illustration of the unanimity pervading the whole nation, the loyalty of the King to his soldiers as of the soldiers to their King.

Renewed Activity in the Balkans

In the last week of August there were signs which seemed to portend an early renewal of activity in the Balkans, and of a strong movement among those of the Greeks who had been chafing against the restraint put upon Nationalist sentiment by King Constantine's pro-German and absolutist predilections. Bulgars were clashing with Serbians on the section of the allied line held by those indomitable and now recuperated warriors; Bulgars were being permitted to occupy Greek fortresses; Greek officers, in despite of their General Staff, were fighting the invader with a stubborn obstinacy.

From the east came the news that Mush, which had fallen to the Turks, was again in Russian hands. On the Russian front, between the Pinsk Marshes and the Carpathians, the Russian progress had again become slow, though it seemed that they were mastering the passage across the passes into Hungary; yet it was hardly probable that an invasion of Hungary was in immediate contemplation. On the western front the French carried the whole of Maurepas, while the British pushed into the Leipzig redoubt, a work protecting the south-west side of Thiepval. But the apparently decisive event of the day was the declaration of war upon Austria by Rumania, on August 27th.

Rumania had waited her time. There had always been in that country a party passionately eager to join in the war against the Central Powers; and there had been no equivalent pro-German war party. But the control of the Government had rested with a section which was determined to take no grave risks, to keep out of a quarrel the issue of which was doubtful, to forego the advantage which might accrue from audacity rather than chance the possible disaster and the certain peril which would be incurred thereby.

Like Italy, Rumania at the outset had declined to recognise any obligation to support the Central Powers, with whom she was actually allied, in an aggressive war as to which she had not been consulted; but she had claimed that prudence justified her in resisting the sentimental appeal of a Cause which brought with it no secure prospect of success. The forward sweep of the Germans and Austrians through Galicia and Poland in 1915 had effectively prevented her intervention when Italy took the bolder course; but she had not allowed herself to be outwitted by her own cunning like the Bulgarian fox, and had continued to preserve a correct neutrality. This, however, had not prevented her from continuing at the same time to elaborate to the utmost preparations for intervention—primarily with the object of securing for herself Rumania Irredenta, the province of Transylvania—should the opportunity arise.

Rumania Enters the Conflict

In August, 1916, she had become thoroughly convinced that the tide had turned definitely and decisively; that the victory of the Entente Powers was assured; that her own intervention, hastening the end of the struggle and adding to its decisiveness, would secure the reward which might be denied if she tarried longer. An army numbering some three-quarters of a million trained soldiers well munitioned was thus added to the services of the Allies by a stroke of the pen, and Bulgaria, with Turkey, suddenly found themselves placed between the hammer and the anvil. Such was the apparent effect of Rumania's declaration of war.

The innocents at home in spite of the fact that the Huns were within a few hundred yards on the opposite bank of the Aisne. Corner of a French village in occupation of the military and a few imperturbable civilians.

A day later came the declarations of war upon Rumania by Germany, Bulgaria and Turkey, and upon Germany by Italy. Immediately before, Germany had given proof of her own consciousness that all was not by any means well with her by removing General Falkenhayn from the chief command and sitting Hindenburg in his place. The impudent fiction, disseminated officially among the German people after the decisive defeat of Jutland, that British naval supremacy had perished in that great battle, was already dying or dead. The moment was at hand when the Kaiser's willing dupes would learn how monstrously they had been deceived—at least, if they were indeed capable of believing the truth.

The fact that Jutland was not a German but a British victory had been emphasised by minor collisions during July and August; the cutting off of foreign supplies, instead of being relaxed, was growing in intensity; and although a German submarine succeeded in crossing the Atlantic to America and returning in safety, that

quite creditable exploit, and the jubilation which attended it, only proved the practical futility of submarine communication as a channel of commerce.

Defeat of the Zeppelins

Similarly it was impossible much longer to conceal the vanity of German boastings concerning their doings in the third element. In the fighting line there was now no comparison between the achievements of the allied and the German airmen. Zeppelin activities had indeed been renewed in a series of raids upon the East Coast of England, when much imaginary damage had been done to many imaginary "fortresses," and practically no real damage to anything real. These performances received a good deal of superfluous advertisement in the British Press, for the simple reason that they were the only "military" operations which took place over British soil. But Zeppelin raids from first to last had wrought destruction to property less in value than one day's war expenditure, and caused fewer casualties, all told, than many a battalion has suffered in a few hours of fighting.

The culminating point was reached when a fleet of thirteen Zeppelins made its appearance on September 3rd, and the earlier feat of Lieutenant Warneford was emulated by Lieutenant W. L. Robinson, who triumphantly attacked one of the monsters single-handed, and sent it to the ground in flames. To counterbalance which, the thirteen Zeppelins among them caused fifteen casualties.

Women members of the Great Northern Railway Company's engine-cleaning staff attached to King's Cross. The employment of women in this kind of work was a war measure, and, indeed, could only be justified by the entirely abnormal conditions. Their work was stated to be very satisfactory. They adopted a costume which, if not picturesque, was exceedingly practical.

On September 4th the Port of Dar-es-Salaam, in German East Africa, surrendered to the forces of General Smuts. For the completion of the conquest of the last remaining German Colony, all that was left was the rounding-up the remnant of German forces—though that process was still likely to be somewhat tedious and prolonged, unless they should recognise the futility of maintaining a struggle for which there was only one possible termination, and surrender.

The Rumanian Plan of Campaign

Rumania, having declared war, was prompt to act upon a plan clearly concerted with Russia. The Rumanian border marched with Transylvania along the whole west, and with Bulgaria along the whole south. Between Rumania and Transylvania stands the barrier of the Eastern Carpathians and the Transylvanian Alps. Two-thirds of the Bulgarian boundary was formed by the Danube; but on the east and south of the lower Danube (below Rustchuk), between it and the Black Sea, lay the Rumanian province of Dobruja. Only in and from the Dobruja could Rumanians or Bulgarians invade each other's territory without crossing the Danube in the face of an enemy—an exceedingly difficult operation. If the Russians meant to strike at the Bulgars, obviously they would take the now open way through the Dobruja. If the Bulgars wanted to put up a strong defence, their first aim would be to master the Dobruja and secure the whole line of the Danube. Rumania, however, had the Austrian enemy on one front, the Bulgarian on the other. She might divide her forces or might concentrate upon one. In fact, she chose to fling the whole of her main armies upon the Transylvanian passes, while holding the Dobruja with only small forces, and virtually leaving Russians and Bulgars to fight for possession.

For the Austrians in Transylvania, therefore, there was no course open except a fighting retreat; their long front, forming two sides of a triangle, would have to be drawn back upon the triangle's base, covering Hungary. The vigour and precision of the Rumanian attack from end to end of the line permitted no alternative, since the situation on the Volhynian, Galician, and Italian fronts allowed no margin for reinforcing the Transylvanian front. Every pass was forced after nothing more than a brief struggle, and it very soon appeared probable that the complete occupation of Transylvania would be only a question of weeks. Nor did many days elapse before the northern wing of the advancing Rumanians was beginning to be in touch with the Russians in the Bukovina—though it was premature, at least, to regard such contact as preluding a joint invasion of Hungary.

Now both Russians and Bulgars had engagements elsewhere, but both were pushing into the Dobruja: Bulgars from the south, mainly along the Danube; Russians from the north, mainly upon the Black Sea side. The main Bulgar objective was presumably the one great bridge over the Danube at Cernavoda, while the Russians had in view the Bulgar port of Varna on the Black Sea and the envelopment of the Bulgar force on the Danube.

Rumania Between Hammer and Anvil

As a set-off, therefore, to the rapid progress in Transylvania, something of a shock was caused by the news that the Bulgars had captured Turtukai, just over the Rumanian border—one of the few points where the bridging of the Danube was practicable—claiming to have taken 20,000 prisoners. It looked, in fact, as if a fairly strong garrison had been enveloped by a surprise attack in great force. A few days later the more famous but perhaps less important post of Silistria was taken—

having probably been deliberately evacuated before the superior forces. Here, however, it seemed that the Russian approach imposed a check on further advance, for in the second week of September the northern troops were almost at the eastern Bulgarian border, thrusting towards Varna, which was already being bombarded from the sea.

Capture of Guillemont and Ginchy

Meanwhile, farther south, it looked as if the preliminaries of a vigorous allied offensive from the Salonika line were afoot. The French and British had been joined by an Italian contingent; the Lake Doiran region had again been occupied; and on September 11th the British forced the passage of the Struma. It was noticed that the Germans had taken over the general command of the armies of their dependents, which had been conferred upon the redoubtable Mackensen.

On the western front the steady progress of the Allies continued. On September 3rd, by a co-ordinated attack, the British carried the whole of Guillemont and thrust into the outskirts of Ginchy, while the French mastered Cléry and Le Forest and thrust into the outskirts of Combles. The Ulstermen had shown their grand quality before. This time it was the men of Munster, Leinster, and Connaught who taught the Germans the folly of their hope that the Irishmen would be found on their side. Irish regiments have won laurels the world over by reason of their supreme daring and dash, and never have those qualities been more brilliantly displayed than in the capture of Guillemont and of Ginchy, of which a week later, on September 10th, the British were in full possession.

Therefore, as mid-September drew near, the hopes of the Allies ran high, for the true situation in the Balkan regions had not yet revealed itself. And the next moves on the western front raised them higher still. First, between Combles and Péronne, the French thrust forward in a swift attack, crossed the north road, breaking through the German first line, and captured Bouchavesnes on September 13th, threatening the enemy position at St. Quentin, just north of Péronne, on one side, and, on the other, half encircling Combles. Then came the turn of Sir Douglas Haig.

Great September Advance on the Somme

From Ginchy and Leuze Wood to the skirts of High Wood the British were already established. Flers and Martinpuich, Courcelette and Thiepval, still lay in front of them on the line where they had been driving forward; for on the left, between Thiepval and Gommecourt, the Germans had held their ground. On September 15th enough breathing time had been taken since Ginchy, and again the attack developed along a front of six miles. On that day the British entered Flers, Martinpuich, and Courcelette. With earliest dawn began the terrific bombardment which is the invariable preliminary to any advance. The beams of the rising sun flashed upon the aircraft circling above the enemy; eyes, indeed, for the artillery away in the rear, but something more than eyes, too, as not only enemy airmen but enemy infantry and artillery were to find to their cost that day.

A lull in the storm of the bombardment before it burst afresh, which meant that it had lifted and was directed to a point farther forward, leaving the battered first line of trenches clear for the rush of the infantry. And the counter-storm from the enemy's guns drew backward sullenly. Up to the outskirts of Martinpuich the advance thrust swiftly. Then came long and fierce fighting before the Germans were cleared out and the British had dug themselves in afresh in the position they had carried. Before Courcelette the attack had been opened by the Germans, and they carried the first British trench before the moment for the British advance arrived. The counter-attack overwhelmed them, and the troops swept forward. Twice they were driven back before the German first line, but the third wave surged in. Yet it was not till evening fell that Courcelette was fully occupied, and two hours after sundown the dominating positions just beyond it were mastered.

More desperate still was the fighting which at last carried the High Wood, the point about which the fray had rocked most furiously for two months past. And still farther to the right the line was advanced a mile beyond the Devil's Wood and past Flers, and again well forward in front of Ginchy.

In the indomitable valour of the troops there was nothing new. To-day men achieve as a matter of course in the ordinary day's work, without recognition, such feats of valour as in earlier wars would have won for them imperishable fame. Nevertheless, that memorable day had one new feature which illumined the lurid battlefields with a touch of grotesque humour.

The Arrival of the "Tanks"

It was on this day that the new British weapons, the "tanks," made their début—those weird and wonderful armoured cars which were suggestive of nothing so much as the prehistoric monsters which men of science have reconstructed from fossil remains. The secret of their creation had been preserved with a success as astonishing as it was complete until they first heaved their ponderous way, imperturbably heedless of obstacles, into the German lines, shaking the harmless shot and shell from externally placid backs and sides "as a dog that shakes his ears when he leaps from the water to the land." Externally placid only, for from within they poured forth a storm of machine-gun fire which was anything but harmless.

Their doings were joyously recorded in a message from the air, "A tank is walking up the street with the British army cheering behind it." Fantastic, invulnerable, fearful, they inspired the enemy with a new and overwhelming terror, and their own side with a new and overwhelming glee. Although the sphere of their antediluvian gambols was strictly limited, it was hard to say whether within that sphere they were even more funny than they were appalling, or even more appalling than they were funny.

The ensuing days were characterised by violent and repeated counter-attacks, stubbornly and successfully beaten off, rather than by any marked progress in the advance upon the British front, though on the French sector on the Somme and also before Verdun ground was gained. The hardest nut for the British to crack was still Thiepval, on their left, together with Combles, on the French left. It was apparent that a big effort in these quarters was in preparation, but delay was imposed by the unfavourable weather conditions and especially heavy rains. On September 24th there was an effective push forward on either side of Combles, while towards Thiepval the hotly-contested Mouquet, or Moo-Cow, Farm had already at last fallen a prey to British persistence. The capture of Morval and Lesbœufs, hardly won by the British, almost sealed the fate of Combles.

Capture of Thiepval and Combles

Then on September 26th both the nuts were cracked. Combles and Thiepval were wrested from the enemy, and with them Gueudecourt, in front of Flers, on the British right-centre. The capture of Thiepval was, perhaps, the most striking event so far in the whole advance, for its defences had been elaborated to the highest point of perfection, and it had hitherto defied every attack. The Germans, as reported by their officers who fell into our hands as prisoners, had regarded it as impregnable—but nothing is impregnable now, and after very desperate fighting it was at last in the hands of the Allies. And second only to the British problem of Thiepval—if, indeed, we may call it second at all—was the French problem of Combles, solved with a like success. When September closed, the Thiepval-Combles line was securely established.

In all these operations the "tanks" had played their

cheerful part. What they were really like the folk at home could not tell, because anything like an accurate description of their personal appearance was forbidden to the correspondents. All that was certainly known was that they were the queerest thing ever seen on a field of battle. They lounged, they sauntered, they strolled, they waddled; when they were not engaged in ungainly frolics they sat down somewhere and wiped out something. No one ever thought—certainly no one ever spoke—of them, except as live dream-monsters playing about casually until they found something to do which interested them, generally of a devastating character.

The "Tanks" in Action

Now and then they came to grief, perhaps because something went wrong with their internal machinery, more often because they got stuck in mud, apparently about the only obstacle which they could neither flatten out nor surmount. To any sort of direct attack they were impervious; even when disabled, no impression could be made upon them, and when this occurred they could still sometimes convert themselves into temporary forts, from which considerable execution could be done. On the rare occasions when a "tank" had to be abandoned, it was first so dealt with by its crew that to the enemy at least it could render no service.

Combles and Thiepval were names which had acquired a definite meaning in the minds of the British public—Thiepval because its strength had been revealed at the very beginning of the push on the Somme. It was in the German first line; it had been not a remote objective but an immediate object of attack from the outset. But whereas the whole Franco-British line to the south of it and far across the Somme had surged steadily forward to Péronne and the Bapaume road, Thiepval had remained apparently impregnable for nearly three long months. Both of Thiepval and of Combles it was believed that the German instructions had been that they were to be held at all costs as long as there was a man left to fight. Their value was to be measured not merely strategically. It meant that the Germans had not been able to maintain the forces necessary to hold them, and their capture caused an elation which was perhaps excessive.

For as yet there was nothing more of a sensational character within reach, and a repetition of heavy blows was rendered impossible by the weather. The movement from this point became slow, and though the line continued to advance perceptibly, if gradually, the steps in it conveyed little to the ordinary student of the reports from the front. When the British reached Eaucourt l'Abbaye and Le Sars, and the French pressed to the outskirts of Saillisel and Sailly, the attention attracted by these movements was slight.

It was, perhaps, characteristic that the popular interest had been much more excited by Zeppelin raids in England. Hitherto the raids had succeeded in damaging a certain amount of property, killing or injuring some hundreds of civilians, and giving occasion for a good deal of rather pusillanimous clamour among people whose sense of proportion was limited and whose imagination was more vividly affected by the sight of a shell-hole within measurable distance of their own homes than by an engagement in France, which in twenty-four hours cost more in casualties and munitions than the whole of the raids had accomplished since the war began. But if the Zeppelin had achieved any military object at all, it was only that of compelling the authorities to divert a portion of their energies to the problem of dealing effectively with the raiders. Lieut. Robinson's feat, already alluded to, had suggested that this diversion of energy was likely now to be turned to some account.

Three Zeppelins "Bagged"

The suggestion was confirmed when three successive Zeppelin expeditions within ten days resulted in some damage indeed, and some casualties among civilians—men, women, and children—but also in a "bag" of no less than three Zeppelins, of which two were brought down in flames, while the third was so seriously damaged that its crew were forced to make their descent and

British soldier, wounded in the advance, poses for his photograph in a German helmet.

Types of German prisoners captured in the great British offensive movement on the Somme, September, 1916.

Newfoundlander arrives at one of the military hospitals with a bouquet presented to him at the station.

surrender themselves, after destroying their craft. How long Zeppelin attempts would continue if such results were to become normal became a matter for interested speculation. Would the Germans count the game worth the candle, if every time it should be played the candles were to be Zeppelins ?

Ominous reports were now arriving from the East, pointing to unexpected developments in the Balkan area of the war, but their meaning was not yet realised in Britain. Apart from these, it seemed that progress, if slow, was steady, though not without checks. The advance of the Italians on the Carso was in character not unlike that of the Allies on the Somme. Gorizia had not opened the way to Trieste, but the Italians were carrying their work forward with the dogged determination which had become so universally characteristic of all the combatants, whether in attack or in defence.

Germany's New Submarine Campaign

On the other hand, the opening of a new submarine campaign was becoming apparent. Those campaigns had always followed similar courses. Some method of eluding the naval net was discovered, the submarines started a new era of miscellaneous destruction, ships were sunk right and left for a time in the waters which were less effectively guarded, and the process went on until new counter-measures were devised and brought successfully into play and the campaign died down again, not without the silent disappearance of unrecorded U boats.

The new campaign now was signalised by the appearance of a German submarine at Newport, Rhode Island, where she remained only for a few hours, and then passing out of territorial waters began the usual operations against any conveniently defenceless shipping. A curious incident was the polite withdrawal of some American destroyers, whose presence impeded the torpedoing of the Stephano, at the request of the German commander. But the Presidential election was impending. Although a Dutch ship carrying grain—not for the Allies—was one of the victims, no one imagined that in the circumstances the United States Government would see any reason for departing from its accustomed attitude, or would accede to the proposal of the Allies that all submarine craft should be treated as in the category of warships.

French Recover Douaumont

The occupation of Sailly-Saillisel—more conveniently to be spoken of as Sailly, to avoid confusion with the actual Saillisel, a different but neighbouring post which was still held by the Germans—by the French, was followed on October 24th by a successful stroke in the Verdun area. No name had been more prominent in the Verdun struggle than that of Douaumont, unless it were that of the Mort Homme. It had been a very early objective of the attack ; it had been wrested from the French after prolonged battling ; it had been looked upon as the key to Verdun, though in fact it had not unlocked the entry. Hence the recovery of Douaumont was hailed as highly significant of the change that had taken place—the transfer of the offensive from the Germans to the French. Virtually it was a restoration of the main line in front of Verdun.

Just five months earlier the French had actually recaptured Douaumont, only to be forced to abandon it again two days later. But this time there was to be no going back. The effort made by the Germans to hold it and the vigour of the French found their testimony in the capture of some 4,000 prisoners, a number raised above 5,000 in the counter-attacks, whereby the enemy strove in vain to recover the lost ground.

The importance of the gain at Douaumont was brought home a week later by the evacuation of Fort Vaux, which had either been rendered actually untenable or, without Douaumont, was no longer worth retaining. Such an event appealed more to the imagination than the slightly varying fortunes of the Somme battle-front. There advances were made by French and British to Saillisel and the Butte de Warlencourt, but they failed to maintain their grip, at least, in completeness. South of the Somme, however, more definite progress was made in the first week of November, and on November 12th Saillisel was fully occupied.

Two days earlier, in the Thiepval region, the British completed the capture of the notable Regina Trench, a part of which had been seized in a very gallant action by the Canadians a fortnight before. But this was only the prelude to another attack in force, made possible by a momentary improvement in the weather conditions.

Attacking the Next Link in the Chain

The new move was the direct outcome of the Thiepval victory. The extreme left of the British thrust at the beginning of July had been directed against the line running north of the Ancre from Thiepval to Gommecourt. But there the whole line had held. It was a natural anticipation that after Thiepval was taken the attack on this next link in the chain would be renewed. That anticipation was now fulfilled. Only an extremely sanguine prophet would have ventured to foretell success where hitherto the most heroic valour had failed to pierce positions stronger even than that of Thiepval ; yet such a prophet's confidence would have been justified by the event.

A morning of fog, a tornado of bombardment, overwhelming, very brief—so brief that the infantry rush which followed it seems to have been wholly unexpected. Into and over three successive lines of trenches the tide swept irresistibly ; then came some hard fighting before the fourth was mastered. An advance of a mile on a five-mile front against a position which for two years had defied attack was no small achievement when measured merely by the ground gained. But measured by other criteria the feat is immensely magnified. It decisively disposed of any possible calculations of the enemy—calculations far from unnatural—that the winter mud would no longer permit of serious aggressive operations.

Through a chaos of barbed-wire men of the Wiltshire Regiment are advancing towards the German parapet. (Official photograph.)

Replenishing their stock of shells. An ammunition waggon just arrived at a British roadside battery. Guns are in action from each side of the road, and some are hidden in the thick brushwood.

A two days' respite of drying weather had sufficed to give the opportunity for a blow, and it had been seized on the instant—an extremely encouraging sign of the competence of the command. It had shown a diminishing power of resistance in the opposing troops—another encouraging sign, though one on which it would have been rash to base high expectations. And—more important still—it confirmed once more the feeling which had been growing ever since the push began—that the Allies were fighting now to win, however long the struggle might be maintained, while the enemy was fighting to avert defeat.

The Storming of Beaumont-Hamel

The victory of November 13th flattened a five-mile curve into a straight line. South of the Ancre it carried St. Pierre Divion, north of it the "impregnable" Beaumont-Hamel, and Beaucourt beyond Beaumont. The rest of the week established the British firmly in the ground they had won, though farther to the east some gains near the Butte de Warlencourt had to be abandoned. But apart from the moral consideration already named, the military fact of primary importance was that the positions were precisely those which had been accounted the most impregnable, as constituting a barrier which could not be surmounted; affording, at least, a strong presumption that, comparatively speaking, the next line would present a less formidable obstacle.

Nevertheless, it was necessary to bear in mind that the Germans were, as a matter of fact, deliberately adopting a plain defensive in the west, economising men and playing for time, in the hope that their offensive in the east would thereby develop in vigour and rapidity enough to produce decisive results in that quarter before the Allies could accomplish anything decisive either in the west or on the Italian front. How far were events in the eastern theatre indicating that such a hope was likely to be fulfilled?

When Rumania intervened in August the common belief was that she had a highly-trained army of nearly three-quarters of a million men, well equipped and furnished with munitions. At that moment, moreover, it appeared that the Germanic Powers would be unable to stay the Russian advance in Galicia, the Rumanians would receive large reinforcements from Russia, and the Germans and Austrians alike would be unable to spare either troops or munitions from the west to strengthen their lines in the east.

Rumania on the Defensive

The programme attributed to Rumania was that she should contain the Austrians upon her long Carpathian front, and assume on the south an offensive against Bulgaria, which would be simultaneously threatened on the other side from Salonika. Thus, it was hoped, the eastern and western Allies would at last be able to join hands and work in complete- co-operation.

None of these anticipations were fulfilled. At the outset, indeed, it appeared that the strength of Rumania had been correctly calculated, but not her plan of operations. Her defensive was taken up on the Bulgarian side, her offensive on the Carpathians, where her troops broke through the passes and poured into Transylvania, the Austrians falling back before them.

Evidently the attack on Bulgaria was postponed to the success of the move on Transylvania. Somewhat to the general surprise, the advance on the south was made, not from but into the Dobruja. Moreover, Halicz, on the Austrian right in Galicia, did not fall before the Russian attack. The tide was stemmed, and though Russian forces entered Rumania, it was by no means on such a scale as had been hoped.

Mackensen in the Dobruja

Already by the second week of September it had become manifest that the Central Powers were after all able to develop an offensive, though in what strength still remained to be seen. Of the fact, Mackensen's appointment to the command in the Dobruja was a sufficient guarantee. And when it was known that Falkenhayn was in charge of the Carpathian operations, it was easily understood that his supercession by Hindenburg in the supreme command had been due, not to any depreciation of his abilities, but to a disagreement on military policy, in which the older Field-Marshal's views were more consonant with those of the Kaiser.

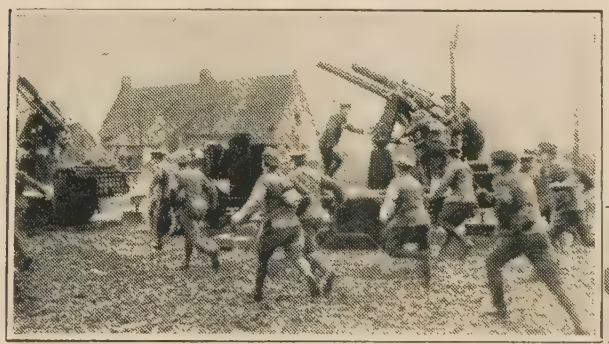
And in the military situation there were two indubitable facts—one that Mackensen was threatening, though he had not yet reached, the bridge-head on the Danube at Cernavoda; the other that the Rumanian advance in Transylvania had been turned into a retreat upon the passes. As yet, however, the sufficiency of the Rumanian munitionment being taken for granted, the presumption was that the passes would be held.

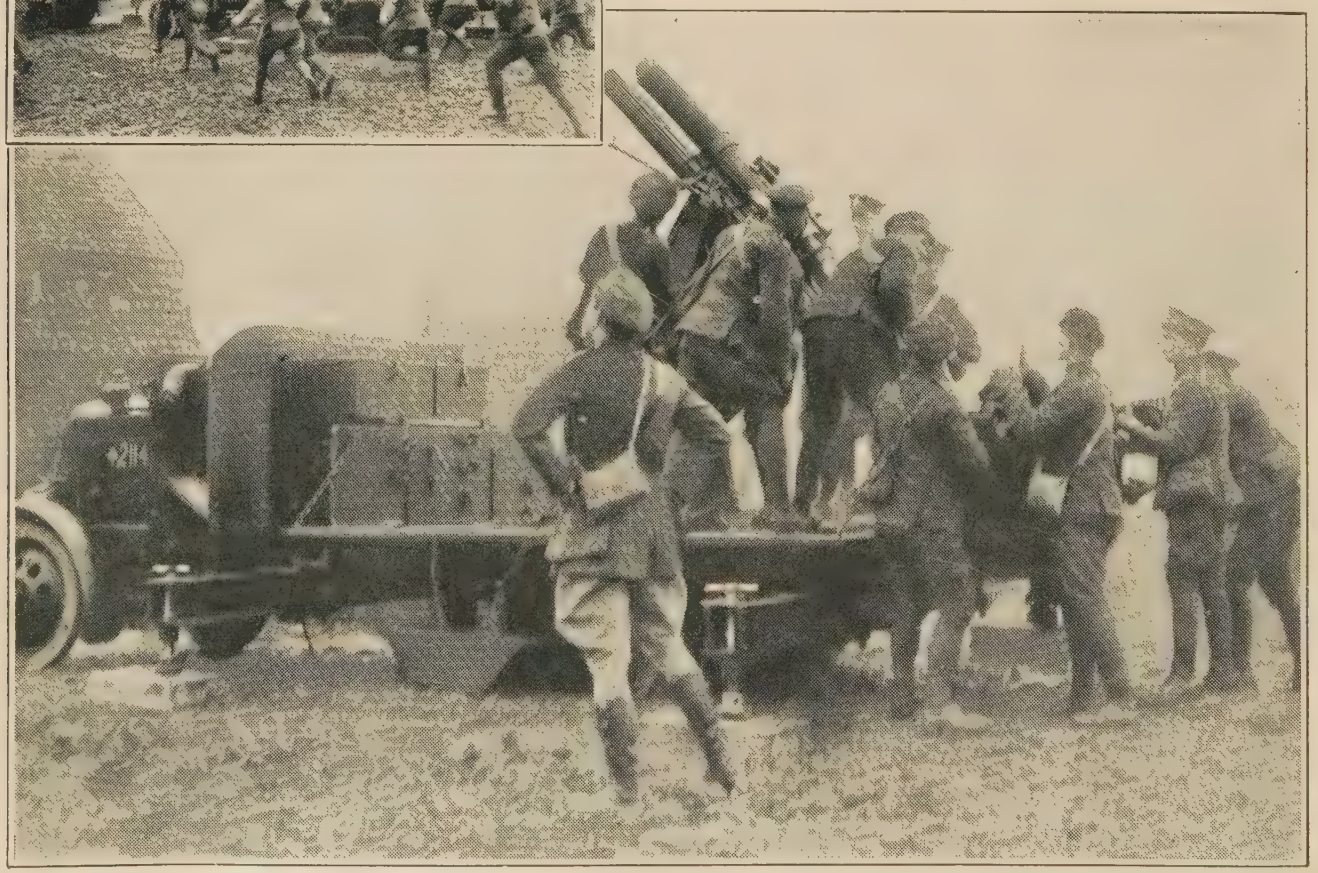
At this time the data for forming definite judgments were wholly wanting; but it was possible to extract certain inferences from what was known of the situation. Ths Rumanian attack did not increase the strain upon Austrian resources so much as was at first supposed, because it was a contingency which it had never been possible to ignore, and which had become increasingly menacing ever since the Russian advance began. The troops, the "army of observation," had been disposed on the hypothesis that the front line might be driven in by such a sudden attack, but only to a line on which a strong stand could be made. There they could be raised to striking strength by a comparatively small reinforcement, which could be provided by a very carefully-measured combing-out from the western line—practicable by reason of the very highly organised system of communications permitting of an extremely rapid transfer of units from point to point.

Enemy Plans Against Rumania

In the next place the opportunity was given of launching an offensive from the Bulgarian border. This could not have been accomplished by the Bulgars alone, but here it was possible to bring into play a composite force of Bulgars, Teutons, and Turks; the last of whom were willing enough to strike at Rumania, though they were reputed to have been very ill-disposed to join in operations for the advantage, not of themselves, but of Bulgaria. But in the third place, Bulgar activity in the north, even when thus minimised, would impose a greater strain upon them on the Greco-Serbian front in the event of an attack in that quarter, which was certainly impending. From all of which considerations the conclusion to be drawn was that the offensive against Rumania compelled the reduction of the forces on every other front to a degree which, if the extreme nicety of the calculation failed, would be attended with serious risks.

We have seen signs of the fineness of this calculation on the Somme, at Verdun, and on the Carso. We shall





ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS IN ACTION.—One of the anti-aircraft quick-firers in action from a motor-trolly. Inset: Men hurrying to their anti-aircraft guns after the aeroplane had been detected as hostile. These official photographs, taken during the approach of a German aeroplane over the British lines in France, depict scenes that took place every day along our front.

THE AUTUMN CAMPAIGN OF 1916

With the Canadian Red Cross Contingent in Flanders. Allied members lining up outside the camp kitchen for dinner. On the right edge of the table a welcome supply of French bread is being heaped up.

now see it on the southern Bulgar front, where, however, it was modified by another grave factor in the situation —the attitude of the Greek Government. Until that Government should be deprived absolutely of the power of stabbing the Allies in the back, their action would be too much hampered to permit the dealing of a decisive blow. Here, at least, the psychology of the Germans was not at fault. The King would play the German game, and the Allies would hold their hand.

British Campaign in the Balkans

It did not appear probable that a very vigorous attempt to penetrate Bulgaria itself would be made, unless in connection with a Rumanian offensive. The movements of the Bulgars, on the other hand, had seemed rather to threaten an offensive on their part than to be directed to defence, and they had pointed in a scarcely veiled fashion to collusion on the part of King Constantine's Government. Nevertheless, the first stroke of the Allies was aimed from the right front of the Allies against the Bulgarian frontier. On September 11th, as already noted, British detachments pushed across the River Struma, and during the ensuing days compelled the enemy to retire from several positions, not without some sharp fighting.

As the new campaign developed, it became evident that the British had assigned to them a particular rôle which they discharged with complete success; but it was not the leading part. They were to make it impossible for the Bulgars to transfer any troops from the line facing them—to nail them to the spot by attacks or threatened attacks. For the main objective, political rather than strategic, lay to the west.

Monastir had been the bait which finally decided the Bulgarian people to throw their energies into the Serbian campaign. They lusted for Monastir; they had won it; they meant to keep it. Monastir is not a position of high strategic value, and the care which the Germans had devoted to securing the grip upon it showed that in their eyes also the loss of Monastir might have a dangerously demoralising effect upon their ally; a most invigorating effect also upon the Serbians, whose recuperated forces had been holding the line opposite against Bulgar attacks.

The direct move upon Monastir began on September 14th. The Serbians, supported by the French, advanced upon the first barrier, a ridge terminating in the high summit of Kaimackchalan. The main part of the ridge was carried on the 15th, and the Bulgars were driven down to the plain, upon Florina. Three days later they had been pushed back to their main line of defence, the Kenali entrenchments, and the Serbs, with the French, had occupied Florina. On the right of the Allies, the peak of Kaimackchalan was stormed the next day, though the enemy made a series of desperate efforts to recover it, and it was not till another week had passed that such attempts were finally abandoned.

Frontal Attack on Kenali Lines

To reach Monastir it was now necessary to carry the Kenali lines, which, secured on their right by impassable hills, barricaded the level approach by the basin of the Cerna and stretched across the river over the mountain spurs round which it curved. After more than a fortnight's preparation a frontal attack was launched upon these lines on October 14th. The attack was made in force, and the strength of the position was demonstrated by its decisive repulse.

If a frontal attack was proved to be futile, it did not prove that the lines might not be turned on their left, at the Chuke and Tepavsti ridges, on the other bank of the Cerna. Though no footing had been gained here, two bridge-heads had been captured by the Serbs. But for the next three weeks the fighting reported was on the British front, for it was now, in fact, the business of the British to keep the enemy on tenterhooks in that quarter while the new Franco-Serbian attack was being prepared. The effect was apparent when the attack came; no reinforcements had gone or could go to the Kenali lines.

Monastir Falls to the Allies

On November 10th, then, the new attack opened on the Serbian right. That night the eastern spur, the Chuke ridge, was in their hands—that is, the enemy flank was, in effect, turned. In the next two days the second ridge was cleared, and the progress of the turning movement threatened the rear of the entrenchments west of the Cerna. So far the work had been done mainly by Serbian troops supported by French guns. Now, while these were brought to bear on flank and rear, the French and Russian contingents made a frontal attack. The Bulgars had no choice but to beat a retreat, fighting only a rearguard action. From this point the advance on Monastir was almost unimpeded. On Sunday, November 19th, it was in the hands of the Allies. The strategical advantage of the gain was small; the political and moral advantages might be considerable. But the outstanding fact was that the lines before Monastir had clearly been regarded by the enemy as worth holding; they could have been held if even a small reinforcement had been forthcoming. The inference was obvious. It had not been possible to spare reinforcements. On a smaller scale, the lesson of Monastir was the same as the lessons of the Somme.

What of the offensive against Rumania which had imposed this economy of man-power upon the Central Empires on every other front, forcing them to a gradually retreating defensive?

In the middle of September it was clear that the advance of Mackensen in the Dobruja was, at the least, a serious menace to that province, and that the Rumanian advance into Transylvania was more than held. The coming developments were wholly uncertain. The first question was: Would Mackensen's line, extended from Silistria on the Danube to the Black Sea, make its way up to the much shorter line between Cernavoda and Constanza, secure Cernavoda, and with it the control of the Danube crossing? A battle in the second week, reported by the German accounts to have destroyed the Rumanian army, did, in fact, carry the line very appreciably forward, and secure the greater part of the main road from Silistria to Constanza.

Evacuation of Constanza

There, for a considerable time, the advance was stemmed. In the third week Mackensen even met with a distinct reverse, though hardly a heavy one. When, a few days later, it was announced that the Rumanians had succeeded in carrying a force across the Danube on the rear of the Germans, it seemed possible that the German commander was in imminent peril of being cut off and enveloped. Thus menaced, he might well feel compelled to fall back at once in order to secure his communications. He took the risks, however, and stayed where he was—and was fully justified by the event. As a piece of bluff, the crossing of the Danube was a failure, and it was no more than bluff. The Rumanian force which had crossed was not—and could not be made—strong enough for active operations.

It was still uncertain, then, whether the next successful stroke would be dealt by him or by the Rumanians. The answer to that question was not given until, on October 25th, it was reported that three days earlier the Germans had forced their opponents to evacuate Constanza, and had themselves occupied it. The hope still remained that the Rumanians were able to concentrate on the defence of Cernavoda. That hope was dispelled by the news immediately following, that Cernavoda had been abandoned and the Allies were retreating into Northern Dobruja. The truth began to be revealed that the decisive factor in the campaign—superiority of munitionment—lay unmistakably with the Germans.

Meanwhile, the Rumanians had been forced back upon the whole long line of the Carpathian passes, and there the defence proved successful for the time. The German attack, concentrated on the northern group of passes, definitely failed to break through. Foiled in this objective, however, Falkenhayn turned his energies against the southern group. But here, too, from the Predeal to the Vulkan Passes, he failed to make effective progress until, when the middle of November had arrived, the Rumanians were suddenly found to be in full and rapid retreat from the Vulkan Pass.

The Fall of Bukarest

Almost simultaneously Mackensen was able not only to hold the bridge-head at Cernavoda, which had secured him against the penetration of a fresh Rumanian force into the Dobruja, but to carry forces of his own across the Danube almost without opposition. In face of a vigorous resistance, such an operation would have been well-nigh impossible. The ease and success with which it was now accomplished again demonstrated that the Rumanians were lacking in the prime necessity for a vigorous opposition—munitions.

The passage of the Danube and the penetration of the Vulkan Pass enabled Falkenhayn and Mackensen to join hands and advance on the Rumanian capital, Bukarest. Only the most sanguine imagined that a defensive line could long be maintained in front of it. That Bukarest was unfortified was known; that it would be covered for a time by field operations outside was understood; that the covering armies would be forced to fall back and relinquish it was a moral certainty unless something wholly unforeseen took place. The capital and the neighbouring oil centre were doomed to go; the real question was whether the Rumanians, when the moment for retreat came, would be able to accomplish it, as hitherto, without heavy loss of guns.

Therefore, although the Rumanian stand before Bukarest was sufficiently vigorous to suggest that there was just a possibility that it would prove successful, no surprise, no serious disappointment even, was caused by the news that Bukarest had fallen, which was received in England on December 8th.

The "Lloyd George" War Ministry

Incidentally it may be noted that another raid of five Zeppelins upon England only confirmed the impression produced at the end of September, that the aeroplanes had the mastery of the airships. Two of the five Zeppelins were brought down in flames.

The fall of Bukarest was contemporary with political occurrences which here may only be reported without detailed discussion. In Greece it appeared that the Allies would at last be compelled to abandon their attitude of extreme forbearance, even if they should abstain from going to the other extreme. But in each of three out of the four Entente countries there was a growing sense that somewhere or other there was mismanagement in the conduct of the war which ought to be remedied. A change of Prime Ministers was brought about in Russia, and in France a new control of the military operations was constituted.

In Britain public opinion had been irritated partly by the failure of the Admiralty—attributed to its civilian chief—to suppress the submarine campaign, partly by the fact that sundry schemes which seemed to promise energy appeared to relapse paralytically. Suddenly within the Cabinet matters came to a head, Mr. Asquith's resignation was announced, and the task of forming a new War Ministry was accepted by Mr. Lloyd George.

The death of the old Austrian Emperor a few days earlier attracted no more than a passing comment.

To face page 115.

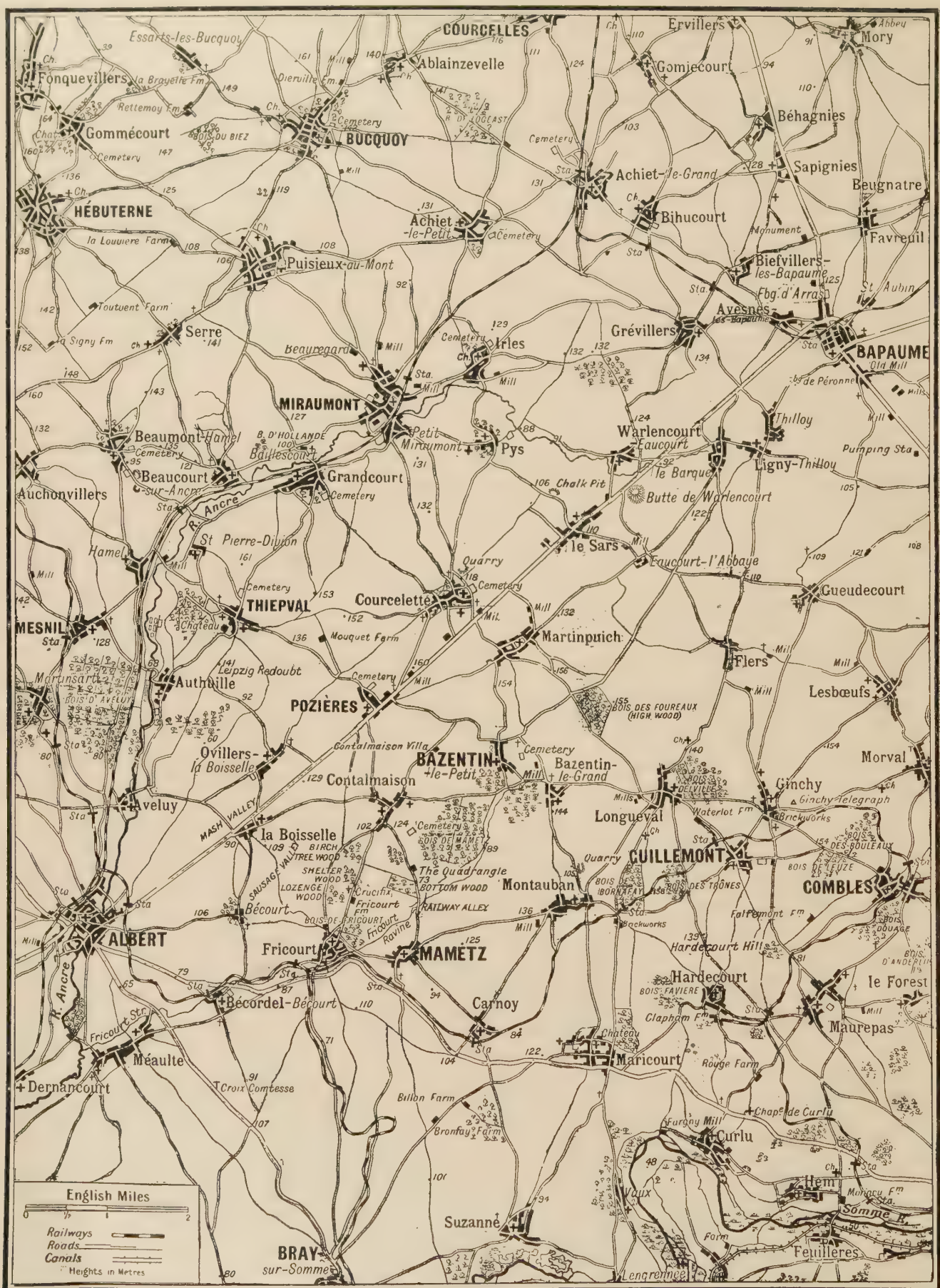
UNDER THE BLUE CROSS. WOUNDED HORSES AFTER RECEIVING FIRST-AID BEING CONVEYED TO THE BASE VETERINARY HOSPITAL BY WAGGON.

"The Great Push" of 1916

I.—OPENING BATTLES OF THE SOMME

On July 1st, 1916, the important Allied offensive known as "The Great Push" was launched from Gommecourt to the south of Péronne. The memorable battles for the enemy fortresses of La Boisselle, Pozières, etc., are graphically told in picture and story in the following pages.

"AND DON'T FORGET——" A young officer giving his men some final instructions and advice before the actual moment arrives for them to go into the battle. The smiles on the attentive faces of the men are so many auguries of victory. (Canadian official.)



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The War Illustrated

Large Scale Map, indicating the Area of Victory in the great British advance on the Somme, July to November, 1916

BATTLE PICTURES OF THE GREAT WAR

Storming the Bazentin Hills

By EDWARD WRIGHT

AFTER breaking up the German first line between the Ancre and Somme Rivers on July 1st, 1916, the Southern British Army had a fortnight of terrific fighting. The enemy had transformed the great swells of wooded chalk running towards Bapaume into a vast modern fortress which he regarded as being stronger than Verdun. On the map, made by our aerial photographers, his network of entrenchments, wire entanglements, and redoubts looked like a spider's web. The famous double cellars, which the farmers of Picardy had built for shelter in the chalk in the sixteenth century, when the Germans made their first great invasion of France under Johannes von Werth, had been enlarged and still farther deepened by the descendants of the invaders.

In the village of Bazentin, for instance, there was an enormous cavern in which a battalion and a half of Germans could shelter from our heaviest gun fire. Then above Bazentin-the-Little and Bazentin-the-Great rose the principal chalk ridge, five hundred feet above sea-level and nearly three hundred feet above some of the positions we had won in the little river valley near Montauban. In places there was an incline, nearly three miles in length, leading upward through fortress woods to the dominating second German line. This line stretched from a windmill near Pozières on the left to Delville Wood on the right. In front on either side were the bastions of Contalmaison, garrisoned by the Prussian Guard, and Trones Wood, defended by forces taken from Prince Rupert's army.

German Efforts to Stem the Advance

Germans by the hundred thousand were being drawn from other parts of the front, and especially from Verdun, in order to deliver such a stroke against the Southern British Army as should bring our advance to a standstill. Heavy guns by the thousand were also moving up by rail, and shells at the rate of a million a day were pouring through Bapaume and St. Quentin. Our men were told by their prisoners that the great chalk fortifications which began at the Bazentin villages were reckoned by German engineers to be stronger than the works General Pétain had constructed at Verdun.

For the first fortnight, however, we retained the advantage of surprise. Our gigantic new armament of 15 in., 12 in., 9·2 in. and 8 in. guns, with our superb transport arrangements for bringing up shells by the five million, represented an achievement in preparation which the enemy could not at once counter. Though he threw every ounce of energy into the work, it took him nearly three weeks to build up a local gun-power in any way comparable to ours. In the meantime, our long-range 15 in. guns shelled the German railhead at Bapaume, where we knocked out some 12 in. guns and exploded their ammunition trucks. German reinforcements could only advance through a curtain fire of British shrapnel. Hostile battalions were known to lose three hundred men in the march from the railway to the trenches, and a brigade of Guards, that lost their way near Contalmaison, entered one of our mechanical barrage areas and suffered so badly that it had to be withdrawn without going into action.

Lightning Strokes at Bazentin

In our lines, on the other hand, our tired troops could be seen resting in the open by their piled rifles. Unending columns of motor-lorries came close to the batteries they were serving, so slight was the risk of a sudden tornado of shell fire from the hostile howitzers behind the Bazentin and Combles ridges. It was as much as the outmanœuvred and outgunned German artillerymen could do to assist their own men in the battle that raged night and day down the great slope. Our men gave the enemy no time to reorganise his positions. In daylight and in darkness, in mist and in rain, the ghastly, grinding conflict went on. When the atmosphere was too thick for special artillery action, our gunners maintained by the map a vast mechanical sweep of fire over more than ten miles of enemy works, communications, and railway centres. And while they were holding down the enemy and battering him, tens of thousands of our bombers steadily worked their way into trenches, dug-outs, machine-gun positions, and gun-pits occupied by the enemy.

On the left the Anzacs and the London Territorials were coming into action by Contalmaison, where a remnant of Prussian Guardsmen were hammered into surrender by our guns. No water could be conveyed into Contalmaison, with the result that the survivors of the Guards' Division were at last compelled by thirst to come out of their caverns. Their surrender opened the way for the Anzacs' and Londoners' magnificent upward thrust into Pozières at the top of the ridge.

Glorious West Kents

At Trones Wood, the great bastion on the left, the position was reversed. A couple of hundred men and officers of the West Kents had been surrounded in the wood during a violent German counter-charge, and the British commander naturally thought they had all been killed or captured. But the West Kents are among the most famous fighters in the British Army. As their old colonel said, in taking over the command of the 1st Canadian Division, he came from a battalion that had never lost a trench. Surpassing all their previous records of endurance, the broken, battered, surrounded, waterless company remained, for forty-eight hours, an islet of invincibility amid a flood of ten thousand enemies.

The Germans at last parleyed with the West Kents, but the British soldiers refused to surrender. They beat back bombing parties and charging infantry. So, on the night of July 13th, 1916, the local German commander brought some field-guns and trench-mortars down from the ridge, in order to blast out the men who came from that county whose motto is "*Invicta*" (Unconquered). But it happened that, in the old days of the French Revolution, the Bastille had been stormed by the people of Paris on July 14th. With the establishment of the Third French Republic, July 14th had become the great national festal day, and in France and Great Britain, Australia, Canada, New Zealand, and South Africa striking preparations were being made to celebrate the festival of France.

The Festival of Victory

In Picardy, Sir Douglas Haig and his Staff were also preparing to pay homage to the men of Verdun on France's Day. Many of our guns had moved forward, and many new batteries had arrived, and on the night of July 13th such a roll of thunder and blaze of crimson flame came from our lines as eclipsed even our previous bombardment. And the heroic West Kents were saved.

Above the heads of our waiting infantry the sky seemed full of the whistle and rustle of invisible wings. The whistling was a stream of lighter shells playing on the enemy's wire entanglements. Then, above the whistling, other unseen things roared like an express train going into a tunnel. These were the heavy shells, some of them carrying a ton of high explosives and metal, calculated to choke and bury the dug-outs they did not destroy. Behind was the enormous flap of cordite from the steel mouths of the guns—a flat, dull, stunning rent of air that broke the eardrums of men who worked for long without ear protectors. Against the blackness of the thick, cloudy night the line of our fire flamed and sizzled like an electric arc, rising and falling, now half dimming in the smoke from the guns, now flashing out in an extreme fury.

Across the valley the infernal rain of shells made bursts

[*Continued on page* 2188

STORMING THE BAZENTIN HILLS

(Contd. from page 2187.)

of white and orange fire along the upper slope of the great ridge, while between the red mouths of the guns and their flame-shot, smoking targets the star shells, sent up by each side, rose in fountains of strange fairy radiance.

The direct idea of this awful nocturnal bombardment was to challenge the German commander to reveal his gun-positions. He had either to let his infantry endure a hammering worse than that which the French had endured at Verdun, or else allow his howitzers to reply, and draw by their flames the massed might of our long-range artillery. In all modern battles the commander who is the stronger in guns opens battle at night, giving most of his gun-positions away for the time, in order to compel his adversary also to show his artillery hand. The guns captured by our infantry were comparatively insignificant in number compared with the guns that were caught and turned into scrap steel by our artillery.

At half-past three on the morning of France's Day the line of intense white and orange fire, marking where our shells fell, went out like a great pattern of extinguished fairy-lamps. But the flame and thunder of our guns did not diminish. A new pattern of bursting shell fire instantly appeared on the top of the ridge. It was still half an hour from dawn when our guns thus lifted, and, under cover of darkness, the heroic infantry of our Southern Army made history by daybreak.

For the first time in trench warfare on any front the second-line position of the Germans was reached and pierced. Since the First Battle of Champagne, in February, 1915, we and our French comrades had several times broken the first German line. But despite our combined heroism and skill we had both failed to break into the enemy's second line. There was usually about four miles distance between the first and second line, and this large intervening space was a great fortress, with labyrinths of redoubts and mazes of trenches designed to hold up an allied advance until the German commander could obtain more guns, shells, and men, and launch a decisive counter-attack.

MARTYRED CAPTAIN OF THE BRUSSELS.
Captain Charles Fryatt, put to death by the Huns at Bruges, July 27, 1916. His offence consisted in bravely piloting his vessel in defiance of a murderous U boat on March 28, 1915. During a voyage from Amsterdam on June 22, 1916, Captain Fryatt, less fortunate, was taken prisoner, with his ship. Tried by mock court-martial, he was executed contrary to the enemy's own law, and before neutral influence could be brought to bear on those responsible.

But in the Bazentin operations Sir Douglas Haig and his commanders had set the British Army working behind our lines with superhuman energy. Wonderful as was the Germans' capacity for navvy labour, the rather easy-going and adventurous Briton had at last completely extended himself in the matter of work. Between July 1st and July 13th our soldiers organised a second grand attack quicker than the enemy could organise his grand counter-attack. In the first phase of the battle we had taken some months to collect and store millions of shells and dig new sites for artillery and new communication trenches. But after their first fine stroke, the men of our Southern Army performed in the following two weeks more work than they had done in the previous three months.

Completely Taken by Surprise

All the terrific fighting in the woods and villages beyond Montauban and Fricourt was only a small part of the labour of the battle. Advanced sites had to be dug for our guns, with new shell chambers; all the conquered positions had to be consolidated, linked together, and strengthened, till, with pick, shovel, and blasting explosives, a new and immense underground city was excavated in the chalk, to warehouse fresh supplies of shells, bombs, cartridges, food, and water. The extraordinary rapidity with which our fresh striking power was organised led directly to the enemy's defeat. Our attack came at least a week before he expected it, with the result that he was more completely taken by surprise than he had been on the Glorious First of July.

In the darkness before dawn our gallant Line regiments of Kitchener's men, from all parts of the British Isles, carried the front German trenches in a triumphant rush with little loss. When the day broke, the German machine-gunners and riflemen in the Bazentin woods tried to hold up our charge amid the trees, along lines of foliage-screened wire entanglements, which had escaped our shell fire. But in the main woodland our men had entered in darkness and worked their way on the enemy's flank. In less than an hour and a half the large wood was cleared of the cordon of snipers brought down from the trees and of the machine-gunners bombed out of their shelters.

The Douaumont of the Somme

While the fight in the wood was going on, other British battalions on the left swept into the village of Bazentin-the-Great and, reaching it in the darkness, escaped much of the sweeping fire down in the slope. Entering the ruins of a village famous in science, some Irish troops conquered it by half-past five in the morning. Darwin's great predecessor, Le Marck, was born at Bazentin. Probably none of the Irishmen knew or cared about this, for they were extremely busy. About six o'clock in the morning the German counter-attack pushed them out of the top of the village, but they bombed their way back again, repulsed a second counter-attack, and then connecting with the British troops in the large wood, they stormed the highest point of the ridge and, in a terrible piece of slaughtering, smashed the Germans out of the key position in the German fortress region of Bapaume.

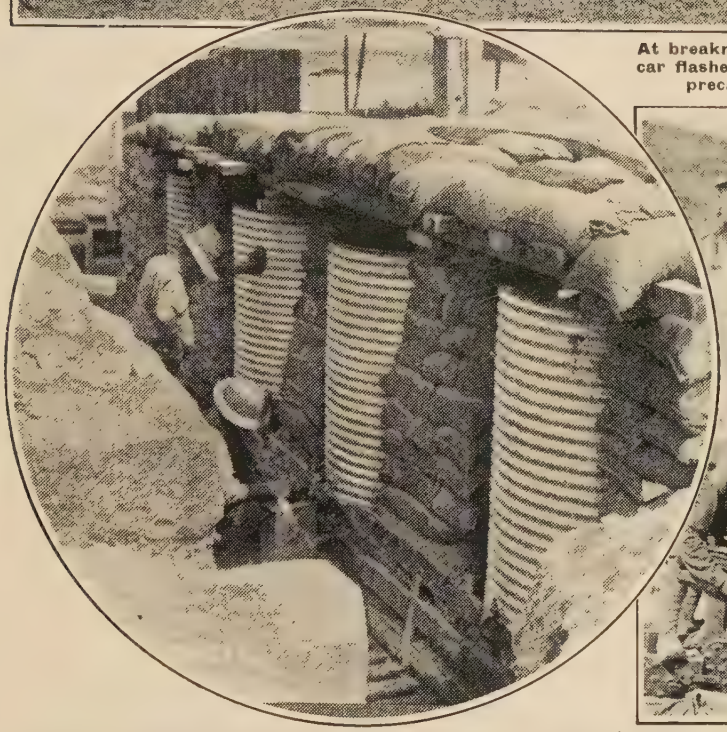
This position is known on French maps as the Bois des Foureaux, but our soldiers have renamed it High Wood. It overlooks all the lower ridges of chalk running towards Bapaume, and was a superb observation station for the observers for our big guns. It was at least five times more important than the height of Douaumont, at Verdun, regarding the capture of which the German Emperor bragged so wildly and so loudly.

Sir Douglas Haig, however, did not want High Wood. It was at the time too far away from his guns, and it had been captured unexpectedly by the extraordinary dash of the men of the New Armies. They held it for some days in order to attract the enemy's fire on themselves while hundreds of thousands of their comrades worked fairly safely below the ridge, hollowing out the chalk, at the two captured Bazentin villages, and bringing up the guns. When this was done, the advance force at High Wood fell back on the new dug-outs that had been prepared for them, and the fiercer tide of battle moved towards the wings at Pozières and Delville Wood.

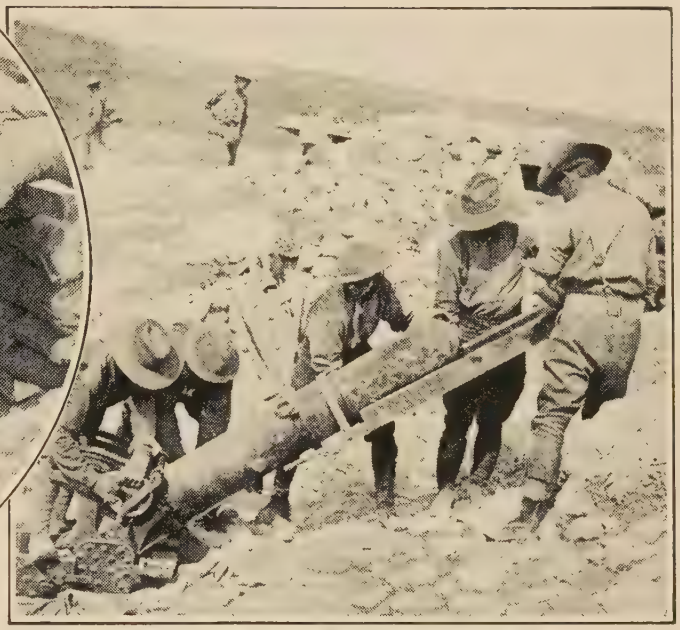
The science behind our tremendous blows was equal to the power with which they were delivered. No longer did the Germans talk about our amateur army. Amateur artillerymen who could smash the veteran gunners of Germany, and amateur infantrymen who could meet and break the Prussian Guard, began to command in Germany the same fearful respect which our "contemptible little" Regular Army had earned in the fiercely contested engagements between Mons and Ypres.

Munitions and Guns Move Up Along the Somme

At breakneck speed over the grassy track a six-horse ammunition car flashes by on its way to the battery, an officer perched on the precarious seat and three steel-helmeted drivers in control.



Owing to the fact that water was scarce in some districts of the advance, reservoirs were kept in the trenches protected by sandbags.



Anzac soldiers getting a "flying pig" into position, otherwise a particularly effective type of aerial torpedo.

A companion picture to the first one on this page. Along the sun-bright, dusty roads of France an enormous weapon is being hauled into position by ten Shire horses, which were always the envy of our allies interested in horseflesh. Even with so much physical power the team could only proceed at a walking pace.

Before and After Going Over the Top

British wiring party going up to the trenches. Circle inset: Some of the Lancashire Fusiliers fix bayonets prior to the assault on the enemy's positions, July 1st, 1916.

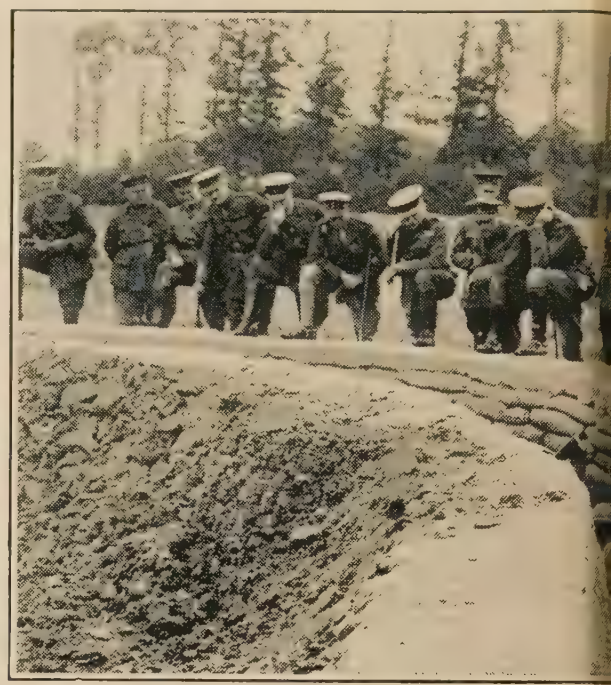
A tense moment in the trenches is when the roll-call is made after a charge, and the number of missing men is revealed by the absence of their voices. This photograph shows such a roll-call on the memorable First of July.

WITH BRITAIN'S KING
On Fields of British Victory

The circle illustration shows King George describing to King Albert an amusing incident which his Majesty witnessed in captured German trenches. Above: All's well with the advance. An historic and happy group of leaders. Reading from left to right: General Joffre, President Poincaré, the King, General Foch, and General Haig.

King George Follows the Course of

Watching the progress of the battle. His Majesty, from captured German trenches, following the attack on Pozières.



Australian soldiers going through a course of trench drill from the left, will be

At the enemy's field quarters. King George about to inspect a German dug-out captured in the great advance.

The King made a tour of the ground captured, often shows the Royal group (including the Prince)

ne Great Summer Offensive of 1916

Royal supervision. Among the officers, sixth figure
he Prince of Wales.

Studying a military plan. An officer explaining "the situation" to the King.
The group includes Sir Henry Rawlinson and General Congreve, V.C.

to shell and rifle fire. This photograph
ng German trenches at Fricourt.

Honours for heroes. His Majesty decorating officers of the R.N.A.S.
somewhere in Flanders.

Royal Interest & Soldierly Zeal

Radiant with pride and pleasure, his Majesty walked among his soldier subjects in France and Flanders, acknowledging their enthusiastic welcome with a charm of manner which won all hearts.

A delightful snapshot of King George caressing a tiny mascot puppy "attached" to a field hospital.

The King had a smile and a kindly word for many of the peasants who gathered near him.

Men Who Laid the Foundations of Victory

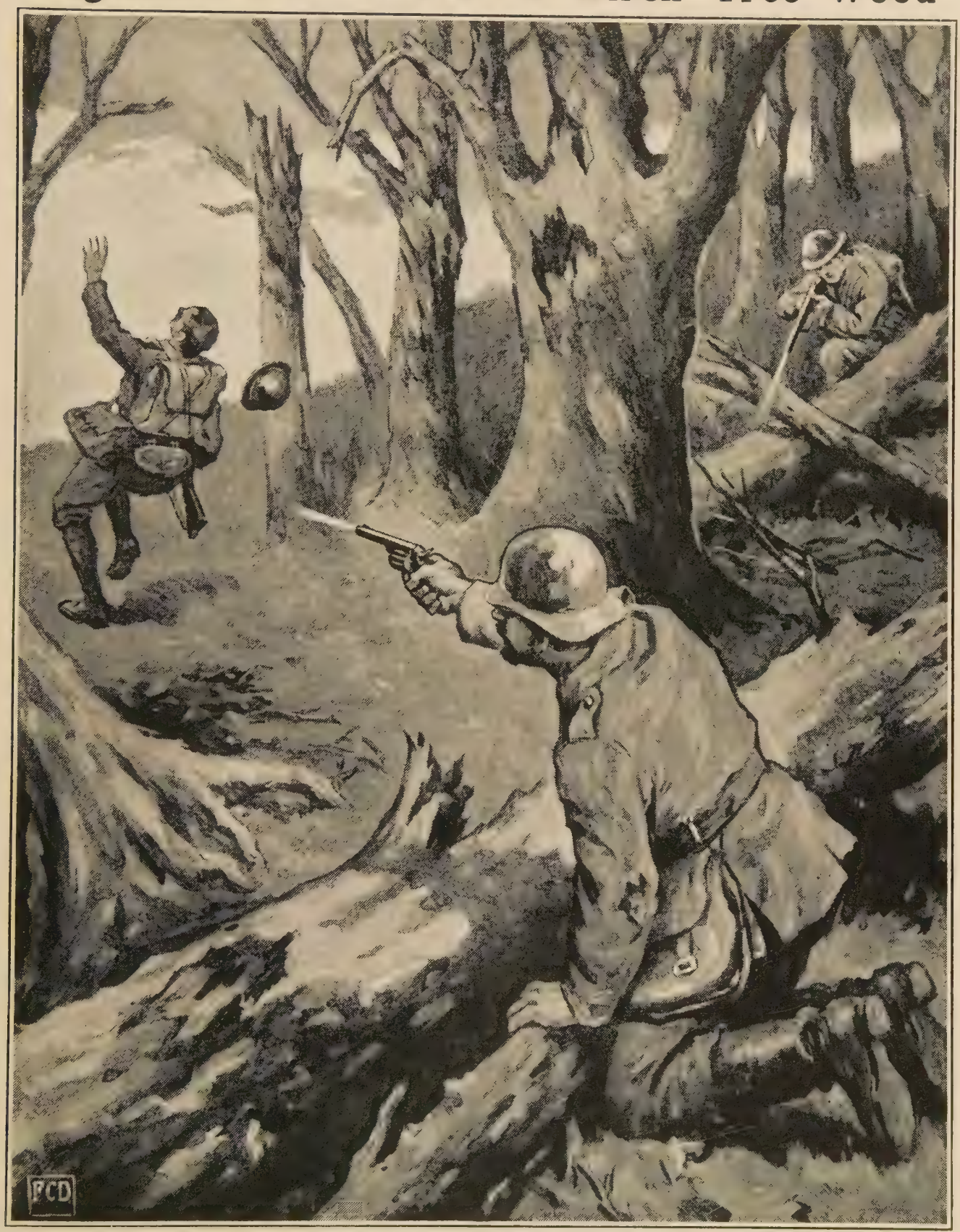
Perhaps the hardest worked men in the Army are the Royal Engineers and Pioneers. Whether an advance is proceeding or not, they are always busy constructing, consolidating. During the Somme offensive these valiant men accomplished splendid and perilous work. While the bayonet and bomb were ousting the enemy from his positions, the engineers were hard at it reversing the captured trenches, hoisting the earth-sacks from one side to the other. This work was done under terrific counter-fire.

The Doom of Ovillers by British Bombardment

Nothing could live in the storm of British shells which broke over Ovillers—trees, shrubs, trenches, dug-outs, individuals were utterly obliterated.

Two British soldiers contemplating the ruin wrought by artillery fire on the German trenches at Ovillers. Inset: Months of labour and ingenuity swept away in moments. Interior view of the enemy trenches showing the entrance to the German dug-outs.

Righteous Retribution in Birch Tree Wood



During the fighting at Fricourt a young Yorkshire soldier found himself alone in Birch Tree Wood, which was being heavily shelled. Presently he saw a wounded German crawling on hands and knees; as he crawled, another Yorkshireman, badly wounded, passed near him. The German cautiously raised himself and fired his revolver at the wounded man's back, shooting him dead. Then he dropped to his knees again and resumed his crawl, but another shot ripped through the trees. It was fired by the youngster who had been left alone, and it found its mark. "I killed the brute," he said afterwards, "and I'm glad of it."

In Captured German Trenches at Ovillers

Lewis gun in action near Ovillers. Inset: German trench-bombs that failed to explode.

Tired out with strenuous fighting, some British soldiers have flung themselves down to rest in a German trench at Ovillers. One of their number, however, kept guard. (Official photographs.)

The Sprig of Shillelagh and Shamrock So Green

The Munster Fusiliers proved particularly formidable in the many raids into German trenches that marked the British advance after it began in July, 1916. On one occasion they got in with irresistible dash, rushed the Germans off their feet and bombed and bludgeoned them. The most deadly weapon used in this encounter was a short bludgeon like a shillelagh, which is regarded as the prescriptive, hereditary right of all Irishmen. The shamrock is the badge of the Munster Fusiliers, and "the sprig of shillelagh and shamrock so green" gave the Huns a drubbing on this night that none of the survivors will forget.

Told by the Rank and File

WITH THE ROYAL FUSILIERS AT POZIÈRES

BY PRIVATE H. EVANS

IT was Sunday afternoon, just at the time when folks at home were having their after-dinner nap, when we commenced to advance on Pozières. The Germans were pretty numerous in the village itself, we were told, and would hold the houses and rough trenches as long as possible.

We had to contest every inch of the ground covered, for, as usual, the German guns were sending over all manner of shells, and the machine-guns from the ridge above the village were well at work. And not only were we getting the usual selection of shrapnel and high-explosive shell, but you could occasionally get a whiff of the lachrymatory projectiles—they smell like a faint lilac, and sometimes the tears would start from your eyes and stream down your cheeks.

Storming the First Line

It was comical to see men, goggled like motorists, apparently crying, and at the same time ripping out streams of swear words at the shells. Then we'd get a big selection of projectiles containing chloroform gas, and if we hadn't been pretty smart with the gas-masks we'd soon have been sleeping peacefully on the ground.

Just before it got dark on the Sunday night we stormed the first line of German defence and took a number of prisoners. They weren't the type of prisoners we'd captured in the first days of the advance. They were Brandenburgers, a regiment with a name something like our own Highlanders for fighting. Nor was there much chance of rifle shooting when we came to grips; it was bomb and bayonet, knife and rifle-butt.

The light didn't help us at all. As a matter of fact, you were within twenty yards of the enemy before you could see them, and those last few yards we covered at the rush with a yell like a Tratalgar Square cheer. We had all our work cut out to deal with them, and several deeds which would have won the V.C. in ordinary fights passed quite unnoticed. One of the corporals of my platoon, for instance, stood over the body of his chum, who had been stunned by a rifle-butt, and took on all comers without any arms at all. It was fist and boot for him, and the Brandenburgers knew it all right.

Just after we cleared this trench, and had dug a little head cover for ourselves, the machine-guns died away, perhaps because the gunners couldn't see, for the moon gave absolutely no light at all. We got our field telephone connected, and after a message had been sent to the rear our guns began to drop shells a hundred yards in front of us, while the Germans tried to get theirs through that barrier so that they could cut us up.

Through the Inferno

Ours, however, seemed to have the range, for presently they lifted, and we went forward right on their heels. "Now, then," was the message we got, "over the top and shift 'em." And off we went. It was a rare sight to see the boys on either hand rushing through that hell of shells, with their heads tucked in and their bodies bent forward. I, for one, have never pretended to be anything of a sprinter, but I'll bet I put up a new record for the 220 yards, and almost before we knew it we were among the Germans again.

This time they'd taken cover on a rough road, and were firing rifle-grenades among us. Our first rush settled their hash, though a few again put up a bit of a fight. But, name or no name, the Brandenburgers are no great shakes with the steel; as soon as you get the bayonets fairly working they seem to lose heart, and they gave way, stubbornly at first, and then with a rush.

Another Dose of Shell

Somebody must have been marking the fight pretty smartly, for, as we were chasing after them and picking off all the stragglers who wouldn't surrender, we got another dose of shell—mostly tear shells, and we couldn't run for crying and laughing. We retired a bit to the road, and just after midnight went forward again right into the outskirts of the village.

We thought we'd been having a rough time before, but it was nothing to the time we had in the narrow streets. Every house seemed to be packed with picked Hun shots; every doorway seemed to conceal a machine-gun. In the first run into the village we herded together in a narrow street, and lots of good lads went down in the hot reception we got. But there was plenty of cover; the shells from both our own and the German guns had torn down houses, and left heaps of bricks and stones. There was one wall just breast high, and we hid behind this, with our rifles resting on the top. Every time we saw a flash we fired at it, and in many cases there was no flash from that particular spot afterwards.

We were getting a bit tired through fighting all night, but nobody wanted to stop for a rest.

Reinforcements Arrive

When daylight came we were joined by a big party who'd got detached from their main body during the night. They hadn't a single officer left, only a corporal in command, and they came and mixed themselves among us behind the wall.

"I've stopped a bullet," said one big fellow with a bandage round his arm, "and there's going to be somebody who'll smart for it before I'm through this mud heap."

He was quite enjoying the scrap, and every now and then he'd duck as a bullet whistled through the air. One of the bullets knocked off his hat, and whizzed it about twenty yards away.

"Can't lose that bonnet," he remarked, "I only got it the day before we came across, and I haven't another anywhere. I'll have to fetch it."

And he walked coolly off from behind cover towards the hat. All the Germans who could see him turned their rifles on him, and the bullets hummed round him. He got the hat and walked back, but just as he reached the wall he went down with a bullet in his lung. I dragged him under cover and put him out of harm's way.

"Darn that Hun," he said, just as cool and still smiling. "He's no darned sport—but I got the hat."

Then he died.

That was the kind of man we had to live up to, and I can safely say there wasn't a man within earshot who wasn't affected by his deed of daring. He threw his life away, but he set a splendid example—one that we lived up to in the next few hours.

Our captain wriggled along behind the wall till he came to the centre.

"Well, lads," he asked, "what about it? Shall we get along a bit?"

The roar of "Yes, rather!" that went up was an eye-opener, and, with him at our head, we rushed for the nearest house. Rifle-butts swung at the doors like mad, while the Huns at the upper windows rained bullets among us. No sooner was one man down than another took his place, and when the door went we scuttled through that house like rats in a warren. The Germans fought like rats, too—like rats in a corner, and when they couldn't get swinging room for their bayonets and rifle-butts they kicked and bit like fiends.

One fellow—I'd just knocked his rifle clean out of his hands—fell on top of me and bore me to the floor with his weight. Then he tried to bite me through the cheek, and I had to jam my thumbs into his face before he'd let go. I've got the teeth marks in my cheek now.

From House to House

We cleared that house in ten minutes. Then we stationed some men at the upper windows to snipe the enemy in the opposite house, and to keep its upper windows free while we attacked it. Of course, you mustn't think that the whole battalion was dealing with one house at a time—we were in groups all down the street, some fighting on one side and some on the other. We'd just dealt with our fourth house when there came a German battalion, marching in close order, and with bayonets fixed and bombs flying, round the corner. They came down that street like the tide up a shore, and when they met our lads you could fairly hear the crash.

"Hochs!" mixed with yells of "Play up!" "Biff 'em!" and that sort of thing. Germans and British fired from upper windows into the mob, though for our part we were pretty careful to aim only at the spiked helmets. The Germans didn't seem so particular; they simply blazed away as fast as they could load. A little way down the street one "Fritz" was leaning out of a window firing from his magazine. I got a dead line on him, waited a second, and then scored a bull. He fell headlong to the pavement, and lay there, a crumpled mass. Three others I picked off in this way, and I was as mad as I could be.

Victory at Last

I saw a hat fly through the air, and laughed hysterically when I remembered the episode behind the wall. Then, through the air, there came a big shell, which plumped into the street in front of our house—we actually saw it fall. There was a thundering noise, and in an instant the walls of the house fell outwards, me with them.

They picked me up on a stretcher when darkness came, but they had to wake me. In spite of the fighting and the gun fire going on all around me, I fell asleep as soon as I dropped, and I lost a tremendous amount of blood through my wound. There's one thing I regret, however, and that's that I didn't get a chance to be in the finish of the fighting, when we cleared the Huns right out of Pozières.

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GENERAL COUNT LUIGI CADORNA.

The Italian Commander-in-Chief.

To face page 2,200

House-to-House Fighting in Fortified Pozières

When the tentacles of the German lines were crippled, the most costly and bitter fighting ensued in villages involved in the German system of defence. Such a place was Pozières, the whole village being turned into one great fort. House-to-house struggles were of frequent occurrence, and some of the Australian troops displayed again that glorious valour which won them fame in Gallipoli. This spirited drawing shows the capture of a German machine-gun in an improvised fort at Pozières.

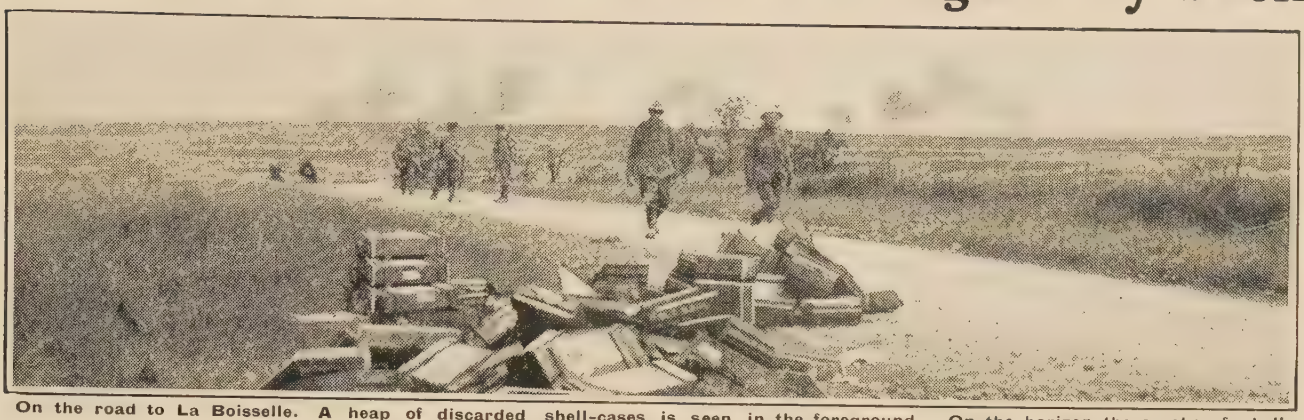
D G

Two Phases of the Victory at La Boisselle

Assembling men ready to storm the German trenches, one of the most dramatic pictures of the war. A sergeant is giving orders in the foreground. On the left an officer laden with equipment is about to change his cap for a steel casque.

After the capture of La Boisselle. Men of the Royal Fusiliers indulge in a pardonable display of pride and spirit. Scattered among the crowd are a number of French officers. In the far distance is the battle-line. (Official photographs.)

Through Roads and Meadows Ploughed by Shell



On the road to La Boisselle. A heap of discarded shell-cases is seen in the foreground. On the horizon the smoke of shell explosions can be faintly discerned where the troops are going forward under cover of their artillery fire.

Conveying a trolley of pipes towards the front line, where they were utilised to facilitate the water supply to soldiers in the trenches. A field-gun is seen in the background.

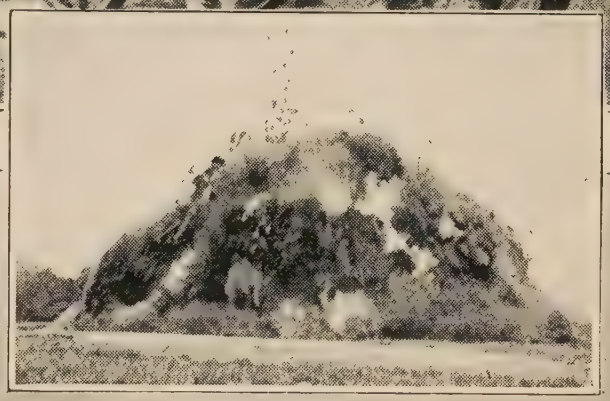
Water for the inhabitants of No Man's Land. Hauling an electric engine for condensing water over a shell-broken corner of the neutral zone which, however, since the great advance of 1916, was in the hands of our troops. (Photographs Crown copyright reserved.)

AN UNLUCKY STAR IN THE FIRMAMENT OF "NO MAN'S LAND."—The Germans, like our own soldiers, took every precaution not to be surprised at night, and star-shells were flung across between the trenches at regular intervals, throwing the whole area into bright relief. Various kinds of illuminating projectiles were used, such as rockets carrying parachute light-ball shells, which blazed furiously for about a minute, and light-ball cartridges which were shot from a special pistol. In such circumstances the work of night listening-patrols was rendered doubly hazardous, and their only chance, frequently a feeble one, was to fling themselves down as shown in the above illustration.

Hauling, Digging and Mining Along the Somme

British Official Photographs

Big gun coming into position by the aid of much manual labour somewhere along a French road.



Every possible ruse of war is resorted to in order to screen fighting men. Behind a broad smoke-stack some British soldiers are digging in full range of the enemy guns. Inset: Mine explosion. The earth heaves, a mass of smoking debris, shattered boulders and roots are flung into space, and a yawning mine-crater results.

Work of the Supply Section in the Great Push

East Yorks' baggage going up to the front. On the right two typical London street steam-rollers are seen.

British camp behind the lines. The inset photograph shows the great activity prevailing at the camp prior to the advance. Men are moving up and down with baggage. In the middle distance a column of transport mules and horses is on its way back from the front.

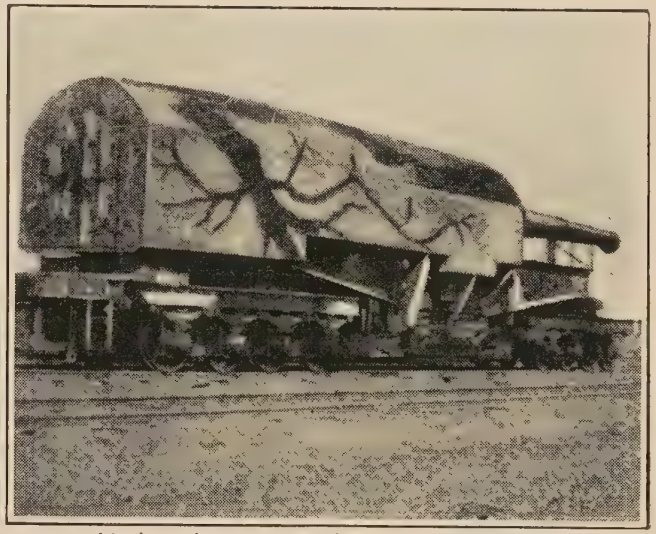
Briton Resorts to Fists in Lieu of Bayonet

During the first two weeks of the British advance on the Somme the hand-to-hand fighting was particularly fierce and merciless. Yet there was one British soldier who could not forget his native sportsmanship even then. He was a quiet-looking fellow, and he asked a comrade to hold his rifle while he polished off a German with his fists. When he was asked afterwards why he had chosen this method, he explained ingenuously that "the bloke was too old to shoot in cold blood and too thin to bayonet."

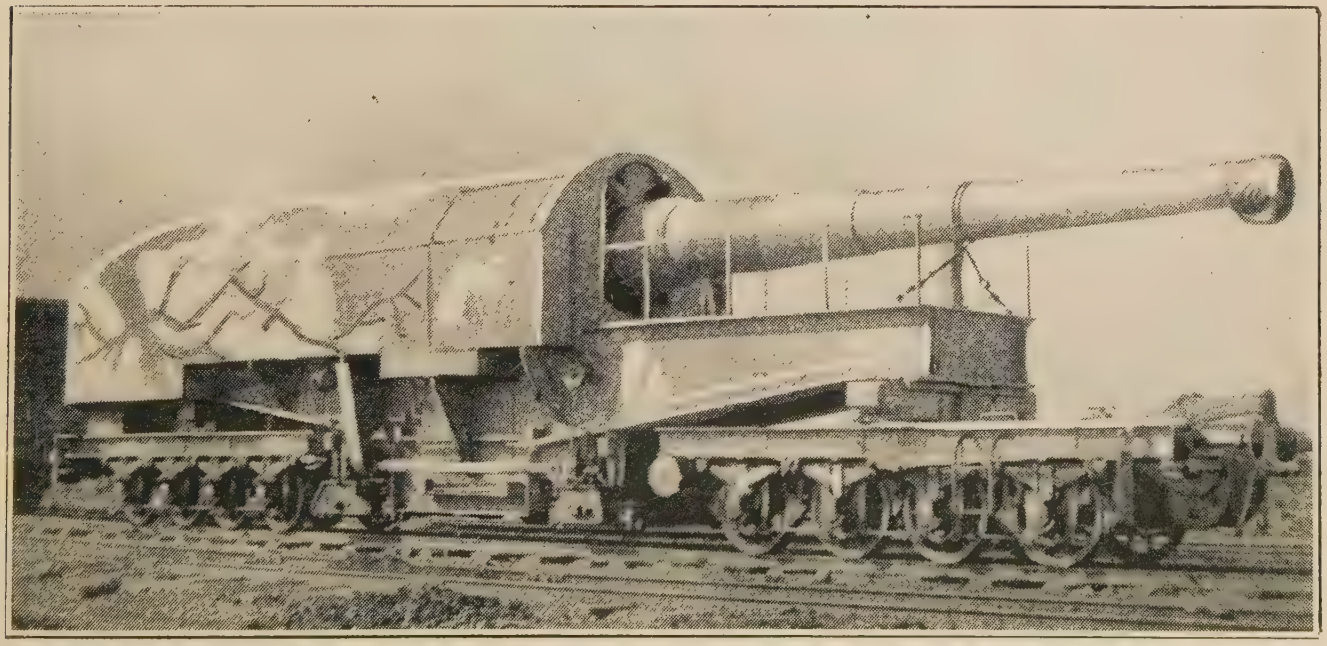
THE COURAGE OF DUMB ANIMALS.—Normally horses under shell fire are inclined to stampede, and whether the whole team becomes a struggling mass of confusion depends on the courage of the men in charge. It is a curious fact that a horse will keep quiet in the face of danger so long as his master continues to show a steady nerve. An example of this phenomenon was witnessed in a French village along the front. All in the place had passed a comparatively quiet day. Suddenly the German gunners put shell after shell into the village, and some troopers confidently drew their mounts under cover of a wall. The horses went through the ordeal without even once attempting to bolt.

Reaping Two Harvests from the Fields of Somme

Dramatic illustration of the violent contrasts in war. A reaper drawn by a pair of horses in charge of a lad of fifteen, and its peaceful work immediately alongside a big gun engaged against the invader. These photographs were taken by a French engineer on the Somme.



Naval gun in position in a cornfield. These guns were carried on an armoured train and were mounted on a revolving platform so that they could be pointed in any direction. Right: Heavy artillery moving along the ordinary railway.



Another view of a big gun on the permanent way. The crude painting of trees and the splashes of different colours on the protecting armour served, under the law of "mimicry," to make the detection of the monsters less easy for hostile airmen by breaking up the surface.

BATTLE PICTURES OF THE GREAT WAR

The Battle for the Ridge

By MAX PEMBERTON

THE end of August, 1916, was one of the most memorable of the war. Not only did Rumania enter into the vineyard, as it were, at the last moment, but strange and exciting rumours came from Athens and Salonika, and were attended by pale-faced handmaidens from Berlin. Loud as the clamour was, and blinding the dust of fact and fable, there yet arose above the turmoil the great story of the Delville Wood, and of the Wilts and Worcesters, who held the trenches south of Thiepval, to the humiliation of the brazen Guard.

This is both a new and an old thing in the news of the common day. The student of the war, who has not been to France, is becoming familiar with that memorable scene, and could draw a map of it with many a Staff officer. He learned long ago that we are fighting for a considerable ridge running from Thiepval on the one hand to Guillemont upon the other. He could tell you that in the main there are great rolling downlands of chalk, with rubble-heaps that once were villages in between. But of the ridge itself he is very sure, pointing out how that it forms the German second line, is a very network of caverns and dug-outs and well-armed shelters, and has been the desire of our eyes since the earliest weeks of Armageddon.

Victory Over the "Invincible"

From its height the Germans looked down upon us for two years, we may suppose with a just contempt. That we would ever penetrate their first line they did not believe; but that we should be able to assault and take their second would have been accounted the boast of madmen. So much they said with confidence, until these months of July and August undeceived them. What they are saying at the moment their prisoners indicate in the written word. What they are doing we know when the Kaiser dismisses the Chief of Staff.

Understanding the ridge, the ordinary student knows many names once famous locally upon and about it. All these erstwhile smiling villages of the plain are marked upon his mental map. He sees Longueval, where the Highlanders piped that the Hun might dance to cold steel; Bazentin the Great and Bazentin the Little; Fricourt and Maurepas, Contalmaison and Bapaume, more clearly than all, perhaps; Ovillers, La Boisselle, and Pozières, which will make the second day of July for ever as memorable as the 23rd—the Alpha and Omega of that great endeavour.

Of such scenes many battle pictures have been given to us. We recall the heroic forty-eight hours which the West Kents endured; the storming of La Boisselle and the storm-swept plateau our troops had to face; the midnight assault upon Pozières by the Australians, and the final capture of that immortal landmark. We read again and again of the Prussian Guard, the 22nd and the 157th Regiments brought down headlong from Ypres to save the ridge. Some at home, not perceiving clearly the meaning of the word "pressure" as a Chief of Staff may employ it, complained of the interludes, and declared that really it all came to very little. These were the club-corner strategists, who know as much of Pozières as they do of the Poles. The wonders of that fighting, the unceasing horror of it, the inexorable purpose unflinchingly pursued, were lost upon a little minority which has neither eyes to see nor ears to hear. But the nation as a whole understood, and, understanding, was grateful.

Diabolical Strife at Devil's Wood

Mingled with the villages of the ridge are the woods. We know them by name as we know the villages, for many of them have by the villages been named. Before the war nothing prettier than these bowers upon a wide hillside existed. Silver birches used to be found in many of them, and all were verdant as we understand the term. Now the most famous is Delville, well named Devil's Wood by the troops who cleared it on August 24th and 25th. It stands high above Guillemont, with a road to that hamlet, and is itself practically a natural park to famous Longueval. Truly have we fought for Delville like devils and deserved our success. The eighteenth day of July carried us to the outskirts; but that was a point already well beyond the German second line, which ran by Contalmaison, Longueval and Guillemont. And before we got there we had to clear other woods, and Trones had said that the West Kents must never be forgotten. Anzacs and London Territorials —all had helped us upon our way to Trones.

Bravo! Worcesters and Wiltshiremen

Such fighting was after the hearts of such men. We see them crossing the chalky upland, heads bent, eyes clear, the bullets raining around them, the crash of shells resounding in their ears, earth flying, trees uprooted, their limbs and the limbs of men blown sky-high together—but the wood is still their mark. They enter it—so poor and wan a thing now, all a litter of branch and bark, and fearful holes and wire a-coil and stumps and human blood. There is no shelter here until they dig themselves in, or take to the tree-trunk, and then breathe and wonder that they live. It is catch who catch can, "and damned be he who first cries 'Enough!'" Snipers abound, and their bullets whistle above or skim the ground below. No wood of the fables could be so full of the sounds and shapes which should affright but do not.

Many soldiers have given us pictures of this Delville Wood, and the readers of THE WAR ALBUM DE LUXE are familiar with them. For five weeks, as a correspondent points out, there has been no rest in the dark places of that fearful thicket. Holding the main portion of it, there were, nevertheless, in the middle of August, positions upon the north and the north-east where machine-guns kept us from debouching. August 25th saw the end of these. Not only did we clear them, but we pushed forward upon a five hundred yards' line upon both sides of the Flers Road. A similar gain of the orchards permitted us to hold a curved line to a point a little to the south-east of High Wood; we made another advance upon the high ground to the north-west of Ginchy—and all this in response to a savage onset, for which the Wilts and the Worcesters, by their gallant action south-east of Thiepval upon the previous day, were responsible.

Despair of the German General Staff

Here, truly, was a battle picture for the painters. So close were the trenches that our artillery fired to the peril, but never to the injury, of our own men. Huge shells burst in the enemy's lines but a few paces from our own infantry. A very hail of machine-gun bullets fell upon the gallant fellows who leaped up presently to the final deliverance of Delville Wood, and the answer to the Hun whose "so far and no farther" had become a piteous "morituri" for officers and men alike. We know now that the German General Staff attached the greatest importance to this action, and had gone as far as to declare that the safety of their country was at stake. If that be the case, as we devoutly hope, their further manifestos will be read with interest.

All this, be it repeated, was the response to the previous gallantry of the Wilts and Worcesters, of which so much rightly has been heard. It must make a fine chapter subsequently in the whole story of the ridge. The Wiltshires, as we know, had previously captured the Leipzig Redoubt, and this gallant action was the sequel. It began upon August 24th, with the usual smashing bombardment of the enemy trenches. At the appointed moment the "Moonrakers" sprang from their shelters and charged headlong across No Man's Land, now but a pock-marked wilderness of dirty brown earth. So swift and relentless was this advance that the 28th Regiment of Prussians was still huddled in its trenches when the "Moonrakers" leapt

[*Continued on page 2212*

Germans Carry British Wounded from the Field

Many touching incidents have occurred in the war which come as a welcome relief to the long story of horrors. For example, the Germans reported that the British Flying Corps dropped a wreath in the enemy lines to the memory of Immelmann. After the advance of July 1st, 1916, many captured Germans assisted in the work of removing British wounded from the field, and it was no uncommon sight to see men who had been at mortal enmity one moment enjoying temporary reconciliation the next.

THE BATTLE FOR THE RIDGE

(Contd. from page 2210.

over them. Now began a hide-and-seek of a kind not surpassed upon the Somme. " Kamerad " was there, but his hands were not always up, and he must be hunted from cavern to cavern. Savage cries resounded, and the groans of the dying. The bayonet flashed in dark places, and muzzle met muzzle, so that the very clothes of the antagonists were burned where the bullets passed. Nothing stopped our fellows.

The great Hindenburg Trench, a cutting two hundred and fifty yards long, full of Germans and commanded by a machine-gun post known as the " Koenigstrasse Trench," was taken, as it were, in the stride. Bombing and bayoneting as they went, these magnificent troops proved irresistible. They hunted the Huns from dug-outs so large in some cases that sixty men were housed in them, and in one instance a battalion headquarters. They roved hither and thither, fighting like demons as they went, and so ferocious was their mien that whole squads surrendered without raising a rifle.

Stirring tales of individuals naturally are told, and one story that is quite remarkable. The Wilts and Worcestershires had reached the line of the German trenches, almost obliterated by our artillery, and there, amid a hail of shells, they set to work to dig themselves in. Sticking it with a tenacity that was wonderful, they had reason to send a " runner " back to the rear, and off trots this stolid fellow as though he were late for a football match.

A Modern Messenger of Mars

It was dangerous enough in the open, but he appeared to be quite unaware of the fact. No kind of shell put him off his gait, and presently he delivered his message and set off upon the return journey, through a very inferno, to which he was oblivious. It is not surprising to hear that, amid the din of bursting shell and singing bullet, our runner located himself with difficulty, missed our own trenches altogether, and presently found himself gazing down into an abyss full of crouching men. These were neither Wilts nor Worcestershires, surely ! The crop ears, the helmets, the bayonets glistening, the attitude as of beasts about to spring, warned the runner that he had " barged " into a German trench, and that here was the counter-attack all ready to begin. Report says that he stayed not upon the order of his going, but trotted off again, like a patient dog—and, more wonderful to tell, not one of the Huns espied him. Never was there such a journey since a famous personage did some sprinting of the kind in ancient Greece. The runner got back to our own lines safely, and there told the glad news. The counter-attack was about to begin. Our artillery was warned. Away hurtled the great shells into that very trench whose secrets the lonely wayfarer had descried.

Of the other stories, many, conspicuously gallant, have become familiar to us who read the splendid record of the Somme. One fine fellow, who makes a speciality of killing Hun machine-gunners, appears upon this occasion to have varied the proceedings by bayoneting five Boches after his ammunition was exhausted. An officer's bag was a whole trench full of Huns, whom he so belaboured with the butt-end of his rifle that they surrendered incontinently. Prisoners came in all afternoon in batches. Their equipment, we are told, was new and good, and each carried three bottles of soda-water. They rounded off that fine day's work, which was followed on the morrow by heavy artillery fire, and upon the day after by the counter-attacks of the Prussian Guard, the glory of whose defeat is shared by Wilts and Worcestershires alike.

Torn to Shreds by Curtain Fire

Speaking of this affair, the " Times " says that it must have been the most humiliating the Guard has yet experienced. Launched toward seven-thirty at night, the usual bombardment preceded it. For some hours all the picturesque horror of that avalanche of steel and fire was witnessed above and about the trenches we had won with such gallantry. Monstrous clouds rose up from the earth soaked in human blood. Columns of smoke, snow-white, black, brown, and even pink, drifted away upon the breeze ; but not until the débris of earth and men had shot high above them at the instant of impact.

Finally, comes the Guard, debouching from its trenches, hunched and staring, fearful of the holocaust, but pressing on. It is devastated in an instant by our curtain fire. The blue-grey wave breaks upon that fearful shore. Again and again it surges, but to be scattered in a spindrift of bodies and limbs torn asunder. The Wilts and Worcesters have saved the day. We are one stage more upon the road to Thiepval.

So the Battle of the Ridge goes on. If the omens are to be read aright, and the policy which Hindenburg has preached becomes now a practice, we may see it wholly won before many weeks are passed. They talk of a shortening of the German line and a great concentration upon the eastern front. We may wish it thus—for then the supreme hour of the war may be at hand.

German Marines marching along the Flemish coast. The comparative inaction of the German Fleet released a large number of men for service as Marines on the Belgian coast. In fact, most of the dunes were held by these amphibious fighters, who, though they had escaped conflict in the open sea, were not immune from the fire of British monitors.

Wounded Lance-Corporal Subdues Five Boches

A striking instance of pluck and presence of mind on the part of a lance-corporal. During the advance of 1916 he was sorely wounded in the left arm, but, nothing daunted, he gripped his rifle the harder with his right hand and was able to subdue five Germans by sheer weight of his brave personality. Holding his rifle high over his head he shouted furiously to the Germans to drop their arms. They immediately complied with his command, and the lance-corporal marched them all back to the British lines.

Great Guns! Sure Shield of Advancing Infantry

Tons of tempered steel crawling along the captured roads behind caterpillar-wheel tractors.

These terrific engines of war are advancing to new positions, mule-drawn ammunition waggons in their wake. Inset: One of the faulty German shells, several of which fell in various parts of the British lines. (Official photographs.)

British Wounded and Youthful German Captives

To walk through the rows of stretchers with their suffering burdens was perhaps the most moving experience in the most moving drama within human memory. Not infrequently the enemy's wounded lay alongside their British opponents. Neither bore any malice after having passed through the ordeal of battle, only too happy to have come out of it, temporarily at least, with their lives.

Germany's boy soldiers. During the advance on the Somme soldiers of the 1916 class were continually taken prisoners by the British infantry. A group of these extremely youthful antagonists is seen above, two of whom in the first four must be brothers, judging by their extraordinary resemblance to each other.

Forty Huns Surrender to Four Yorkshiremen

British mercy was strained in the great advance by the way in which Germans cried for quarter when our men had fought to within ten yards of them, through a torrent of bombs. One German officer poked his head out of a hole and said, "I surrender, and I have a wounded man with me." "All right," said a Yorkshire sergeant, "fetch him up." Out of the hole came thirty-nine men, all of whom surrendered, and were marched off to the base.

To face page 2117

"THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMING!" BRAVE PIPERS PLAY HIGHLAND REGIMENTS TO VICTORY AT THE TAKING OF LONGUEVAL, JULY 28th, 1916

Told by the Rank and File

WITH "DERBY'S DEVILS" IN DELVILLE WOOD

BY PRIVATE L. FLETCHER

IT seems a strange thing that I, who six months ago was a warehouseman in London, should now be lying on this bed, after taking part in as strenuous a fight as ever fell to the lot of a soldier. Yet it's a fact, and I, for one, am proud that I have had the privilege of doing my bit for the Homeland, even though I was only a Derby armleteer.

During the advance on the German front line we had shown that, although comparatively new soldiers, we were good fighting men, as the nickname we had earned for ourselves—"Derby's Devils"—shows. No seasoned troops were more eager to be over the parapets than we were; no better fighting men could be found anywhere than among the platoons of the New Army, just out from England.

Against the Prussian Guard

We acted as supports during the attack on Pozières, and so we didn't get many casualties, the only time we got hit being when German shells came over through the barrage, and dropped among the ruins of the trenches they had so lately occupied themselves. But, after the London "Terriers" and the Australians had made mincemeat of the Germans in the village, we got orders to stand by to clear the wood, which was still strongly held by the Huns.

We were informed that the troops we had to face were the famous Prussian Guard, but when we remembered what the "Kilties" had done to them at Gommecourt—and that after crossing a shell-swept plain and in the teeth of hundreds of machine-guns—we weren't at all nervous, though it certainly was an unprecedented thing to put what one might fairly call half-trained men against the supposedly best fighters in Europe.

Anyhow, we were all keen, and we waited patiently for our guns to sweep the outer edge of the wood, so that we could get over and among the trees. It was at once a terrible and a picturesque sight. The shells would scream over our heads, and drop among the trees. Then there would be a red burst of flame, and the trees would fly in all directions, some chopped off clean at the roots, others torn right out of the ground.

At last the telephone message came that the guns were increasing their range another hundred yards, so we stood by. They slackened, stopped a second as the sights were altered, and then crashed forth again—and we were over the top, running like fiends for the cover of the fallen trees. But, although the barrage of shell prevented the Germans from bringing up any supports, there were still plenty of them left among the timber, and they were far from pleased to see us. At least, that was the impression we got as we took the first cover that came to hand.

Sniping the Sniper

The Germans were there in hundreds, snug and safe in dug-outs and under cover, and it seemed at first as though the bombardment had only been a waste of ammunition and time. But we weren't troubling much about shell then; it isn't the big stuff that gets you, as a rule—rifle and machine-gun bullets are infinitely more dangerous.

"Steady, lads!" cried our sergeant—one of the old Regular Army men. "Get on the bull before you pull trigger, unless you're snipers, and you'll score every time."

His voice steadied those of us who were flustered, and the shooting wasn't at all wild. I lay behind the root of a tree, which both gave me excellent head cover and provided a rest for the barrel of my rifle. Somebody on the other side had picked me out as his special target, and after three or four bullets had chipped bits of root off, I took great pains to keep myself covered, though I kept an eye lifting as well.

It wasn't long before I found my persistent friend. As I watched, his spiked hat raised itself for a second, then his rifle muzzle spat at me and disappeared. I waited for him; the butt pressed into my shoulder, my eye along the sight, and my finger itching to pull the trigger off. It seemed ages before he bobbed up again—and then I got him. At least, I didn't get any more rounds from that quarter.

"Have you got your magazine full?" asked the sergeant just behind me. I had. "Then you can advance as you like, but don't get out of touch, and don't forget your signals." And he was gone to the next man.

Getting My Own Back

I waited my chance, and crawled twenty yards forward into a shell-hole, where the second-lieutenant of my company was already lying.

"Come on!" he said cheerily. "You'll be able to do some good snapshooting here! The place is simply full of them!"

I grinned, and settled down to shoot. One by one men crawled through the tangled trees, and snuggled in the hole, till there was standing room only.

"We'll get a shell here in a minute," remarked the sub. "That sausage there has marked us down, I'll bet."

He'd hardly got the words out before a big howitzer shell sailed over, and blew a nice convenient crater about fifty yards ahead. The sub was undaunted.

"That's another nice bit of cover, lads," he said. "Let's take advantage of it while the taking is good."

We jumped up and rushed, heads well down, rifles loaded, bombs in hand and bayonets fixed. Just as we reached the crater rim a party of about fifty Germans came crashing towards it, and it was a case of "pull Devils, pull Huns." Anyway, we got three or four volleys into them before they were on top of us. They didn't stay to attack, they simply crashed down into the crater, and then began the most glorious ten minutes I've ever struck. It was thrust and thump with the butt, firing off the cartridges in our magazines with the muzzles touching flesh. You could smell the burnt clothing as you fired, and I got a nice clump on the side of the head that made me very annoyed. I said so, too, and pointed my remarks by spitting the Prussian Guard I was fighting neatly on my skewer. That was a bit of my own back, anyway

We'd just disposed of that little lot when a second storming-party came from the Germans' side, but before they got to the crater they were all chopped up. A second platoon of ours had just collected in another shell-hole to our left, and, thinking we still had our hands full with the first lot, had kindly attended to the new-comers for us. But we didn't exactly appreciate it.

"Hi, there!" called our boy-officer. "Will you kindly mind your own business and find your own Huns to strafe. We've got a patent out for the ground ahead of us, and if you infringe it again you'll get an injunction you won't like!" And we all said, "Hear, hear!" and laughed like the dickens. It's strange what little things appear funny at times like this.

A Zulu Yell

Again our guns stopped for a second, and then crashed on again, and again we went forward at the heels of the shell. There didn't seem to be any organised resistance for a time; the fighting was quite detached. Here there'd be a little battle between a section under cover and a group of Germans; there we would be advancing as fast as the shells would let us without a single target to shoot at. It was a game of hide-and-seek, too. As you crawled from cover to advance, mostly on your knees, a bullet would zip past you, and you'd drop flat and look where it came from. Then you'd get up and fire, and there'd be no answering round, but as soon as you crawled out again the mysterious snipers would pot away at you.

We came at last to a rough trench chopped out of the ground, with a breastwork of tree-trunks. In some queer way our shells had missed it quite, and the Prussians were as thick as thieves inside it. They were ready for us, too, and gave us no peace.

"Well, they're asking for it, lads!" shouted the young officer. "Just show 'em what 'Derby's Devils' can do!"

And he was up and running, with a bit of a walking-cane in one hand and a revolver in the other, and we were after him, with a yell that would have done credit to a Zulu regiment. And they waited for us, and threw us back by sheer weight. But not far. We crashed on and on again and again, simply maddened. I got a bullet through the upper part of my arm, but didn't feel it, and when at last we did get over the top it was hell itself. Stab—swear—stab; bang and crash with the butt. The officer laid about him with the cane till his revolver was empty, then, just as he clubbed a German officer with the butt, he got a bullet somewhere. I saw him go down, and jumped for him, but a bayonet picked me up neatly as I dropped, and pinned me down. I had just strength enough to fire the last cartridge in my magazine point-blank at the grinning face in front of me.

Willing to Go Again

Then I just slipped off, and when I next knew anything I had a dead Boche for a pillow and a field-dressing round my arm, and another one round my "tummy." But "Derby's Devils" had taken and held that German trench, and were only waiting for daylight to go ahead and get another section of line.

At last they advanced, and left me behind to be picked up by the R.A.M.C., and—so here I am, on the shelf for a bit, but glad I went, and willing to go again if I'm well in time. You see, I want to be in at the death.

Glimmers of Kindness Amid the Cruelty of War

The fight over, a British soldier, hard and stern to outward seeming, walked along a trench giving water to the wounded Germans waiting dejectedly to be led off prisoners. Right: British chaplain writing a postcard for a lad whose right arm was disabled.

Searching German prisoners after capture. (Official photograph. Crown copyright reserved.) Left: British chaplain taking the names of wounded.

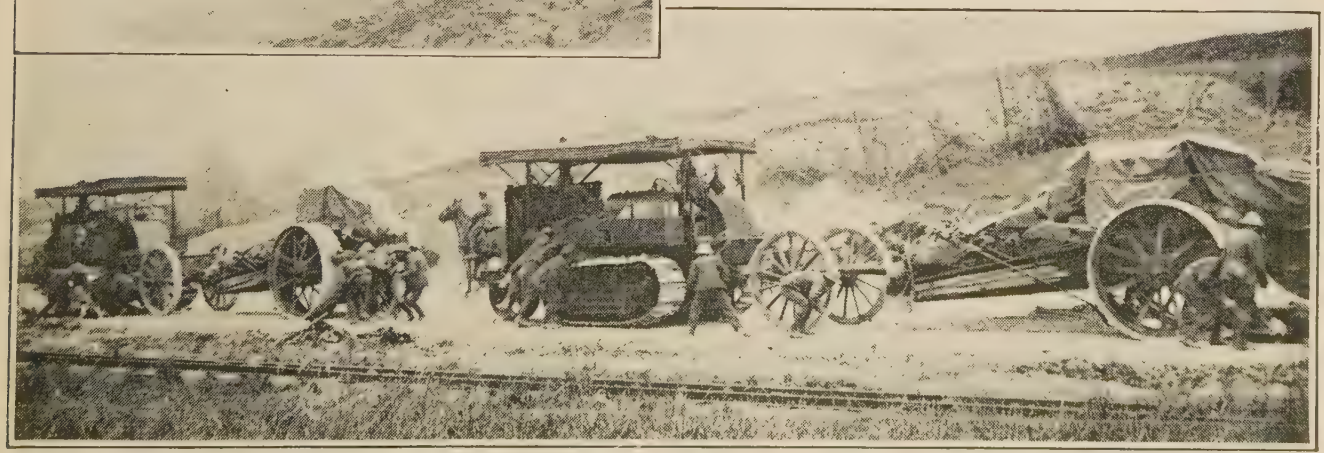
Wounded Germans arriving at an advanced dressing-station on the western front, July 30th, 1916. This page furnishes camera evidence that should satisfy the German people of the humanity with which the British behave towards their wounded captives. (All these illustrations are from official photographs.)

British Howitzers Move Forward in France

Giant periscope captured from the Germans by French Colonial troops in one of the Somme battles.

German prisoners cleaning some of the captured guns and trench-mortars, under supervision of a British officer.

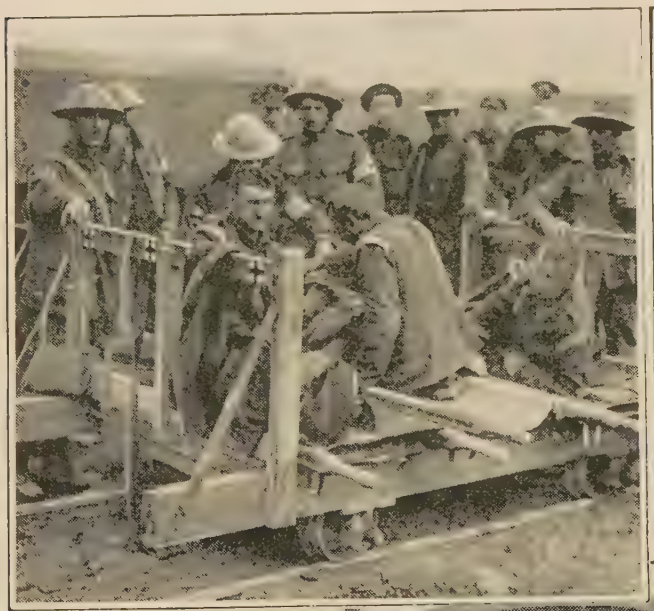
A helping hand from the enemy. Prisoner assisting despatch-rider. Inset: Holt caterpillar tractor hauling a heavy gun.

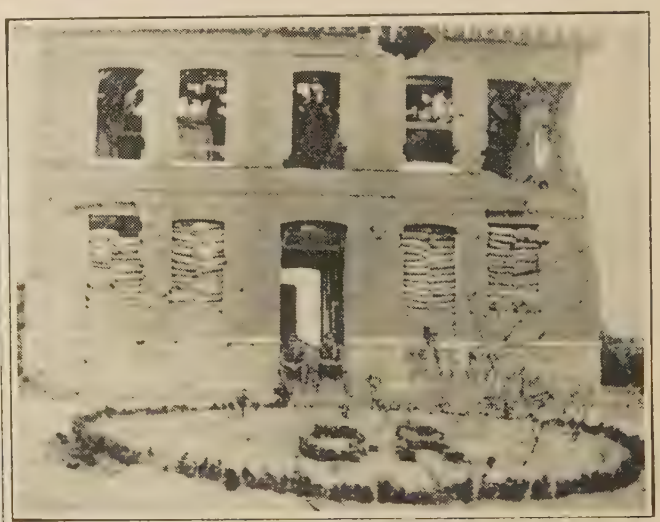


One of the most thrilling features of an advance is the effective transport of monster howitzers from place to place. These terrible engines of destruction are covered with tarpaulins and dragged laboriously along the battle roads by powerful tractors.

Reserves and R.A.M.C. in the Fighting Zone

The Allies, in 1916, celebrated July 14th, the National Day of France, by successful attacks on the German lines north and south of the Somme. This photograph shows men who were about to relieve others in the British front line having a meal before starting.





A "Rest Home" for soldiers near the firing-line. Note the Royal initials "G.R." formed in plants in the flower-bed.

While the casualties in the Battle of the Somme were of course very heavy, authorities agree that the proportion of light wounds was very high. At this caravan buffet for "walking wounded" the refreshments appear to have been more interesting to its patrons than their injuries. Inset: Wounded being brought to the dressing-stations on a trench tramway. (Official photographs.)

Rules of the Road Where the Allies Join Hands

French Official Photographs

Scene at the junction of the French and British lines in the Valley of the Somme. French soldiers working among the pulverised remains of what was once a timber-encircled village while a British cavalry patrol rides by along the pitted road.

On active service loaded convoys have the right to the road, while empty waggons travel on the roadside turf or across the fields. A glimpse of the unending stream of British supply convoys that wound along the Somme Valley, with empties returning on the left.

WITH THE BERKSHIRES IN "THE BIG PUSH"

BY PRIVATE S. J. BOYLAND

THE village had been taken, the Australians and the London regiments who had been lucky enough to share in the capture of this important little village had been relieved, and at nightfall we occupied the first German trenches outside the village to the east. They were right on the crest of the ridge—the summit of a position which had cost us much fighting and the lives of many gallant lads.

There was a picture before our eyes that was quite unique. Right ahead of us we could see the German guns in action, firing for all they were worth, and we counted the flashes as we lay snug behind cover. Half a mile away there were about forty batteries all pelting away as fast as they could be loaded, and from the size of their shells I should have considered them to be light field-pieces.

Sniping Enemy Gunners

Every now and then a battery would shift its position, and we watched the gunners limber up and dash off down the hill, helter-skelter, driving like fiends and flogging their horses to their fastest pace. This was our opportunity for a little "running-man" target practice, and you can bet we didn't let it pass. There was no hurry in the trenches, you simply took aim at a certain point and waited till the first horse crossed your line of sight, then you squeezed your trigger, holding your breath and taking as deliberate aim as if doing a musketry course, and sometimes you'd have the satisfaction of seeing a driver or a gunner topple over from his seat on horse or limber.

We were looking into the darkness, as I said, but that darkness was brilliantly illuminated by bursting shells, star-shells, rockets, and Very lights. We were in the centre of the light, and the night was about as hot as it could be. The weather had been beautiful, and the shells burst so close that the heat was a thing you were simply bound to notice, though there was plenty of excitement to distract you.

But, hot as it was, we soon got it hotter, for the Huns started firing their liquid-fire shells among us. Then they mixed the shells, sending shrapnel and high explosive over together with the fire. One big shell burst near me—within five yards, and I was picked up and thrown into the air. I thought that my number had actually gone up that time, but I seemed to be a long time coming down, and when I landed it was on soft earth. I was shaken and dazed, but found that the shell had dropped me into another shell-hole, close alongside my original position.

"Over the Top"

I was out of the way for a little while. Then, during a lull in the firing, I crept to the edge of the crater, and towards my old position. That lull must have been made for me, for as soon as I got back into the old German trench they started straffing us again.

We were getting annoyed, and some fellows asked our captain when we were going over the top. "Wait a bit," he said. "Their wire isn't sliced up enough yet. You'll have your fill of fighting before morning." So we had to wait, and all the time we were getting more and more angry.

Over our heads we heard the whir of aeroplane propellers. They must have been flying pretty low, for the noise of the shells and the firing didn't drown that of their engines. Three minutes afterwards we saw a brilliant display of fireworks among the German gunners, and many of them turned their pieces into the air, and tried to get the aviators down.

That was our chance, and we took it.

"Over you go, lads!" yelled half a dozen officers in a second. One of them dropped to the telephone and yelled an order to the gunners behind us, and they sent a veritable hail of shells over our heads into the German ranks.

As it was, the gunners saw us coming, and limbered up at their top speed, leaving the ground open for us. They took up position quite a long way ahead this time, too far off for us to do any more target practice; and, to tell the truth, we were too busy digging ourselves in before they registered the target—that was us in their position—to do much shooting.

Towards dawn they ceased their fire altogether, except for a few guns which fired star-shells, so that we should not advance under cover of the darkness. And when light broke not a single German gun was to be seen, except the ruins of a few that the aeroplanes had crumpled up. But, right ahead of us, about twelve hundred yards away, a fresh German line of infantrymen had been rushed up, and they, too, had dug themselves in.

Shot Down by Their Own Guns

It was the old thing—bob up, pot at the first head that showed itself, and get under cover quickly—the same as we had before the advance commenced. But, early in the afternoon, half a battalion of the Huns in the trenches in front signalled that they wished to surrender. They stepped out of their trench when we knocked off firing, and came towards us, with their hands in the air in the approved fashion, in good order, but about two hundred yards away they got "nerves" badly, and broke in a panic, some running towards us, and others making for their own lines. But before they could reach them their own guns opened fire on the flank, and raked them with shrapnel, while our gunners, thinking that there was something like a counter-attack in the wind, also chipped in, and a dozen machine-guns took a hand as well. There were about twenty wounded men escaped out of all that crowd, and the main part of the killed died through their own bullets.

At four o'clock our artillery started their usual preparation. They hurled shells over our heads to form a barrage, and the strange thing is that we all went to sleep, except for a few sentries, while that awful din was going on. We required a nap, I can assure you, but we were all awake again before it got dark, for we knew that another attack was to come.

The enemy, knowing this also, sent star-shells and Very lights up by the thousand, silhouetting us against the dark background so that we formed perfect targets for rifles and machine-guns. Men dropped, but we pressed on, and soon came to their barbed-wire entanglements. The bombers ahead of us kept the Boches busy while we carved lanes through the wire, and then we filed through, raked by fire the whole time, the bombers loading and lobbing their grenades over as fast as possible.

Between the lanes officers stood and yelled: "To the right!" "To the left!" And when the firing got so loud that they couldn't be heard, they blew whistles to guide the troops coming up behind to the gaps. But we were well among the Boches in no time, and if the fighting had only been half as good as the promise of it was, we should have had a really fine time. I can tell you that we were all itching to get a rub at close quarters, for during the attack we had been kept more or less in reserve, and when those blessed pap-fed Boches started in to surrender as soon as they caught the glint of a British bayonet at close quarters it nearly made us weep with disappointment. But we were more unfortunate in our section of captured trench than they were a bit farther along the line. It was strangely quiet where we were, but they seemed to be having a regular rough-and-tumble. You could hear English language (some language, too!) and guttural German curses.

"There's something doing over there," said my platoon leader. "Let's go and investigate." We did.

Gluttons for Fighting

As soon as we started to move we got right in the way of a shell, and for the second time I gave death a wide miss. "Third time will do it, Jim," I told myself, little thinking that I had the gift of prophecy. We went into that bit of trench and gave our lads a hand, and not before they wanted it. If the Germans to the left were worn and tired these weren't, and they were gluttons for fighting. It was all thrust and slash, too; no firing. It was too close quarters for that. I got mixed up in a corner where two of my pals were dealing with half a dozen Boches—two big ones and the others mere boys. It seemed a pity to do the youngsters in, but they were fighting like fiends.

And then the third shell came—right plump where we were scrapping. It wasn't a litt this time; it seemed to sweep my legs right under me, and I dropped, with my right leg clean broken right across a groaning German youngster. They took us to the rear in stretchers side by side—he a prisoner—and they bandaged us both up.

We had taken much ground, and that, considering the fierceness of the fighting, was as good a bit of work as ever the old Berkshires did.

DECLARATIONS OF WAR

1914.

July 28.—Austria against Serbia.
Aug. 1.—Germany against Russia.
" 3—Germany against France.
" 4—Britain against Germany.
" 7—Montenegro against Austria.
" 10—France against Austria.
" 12.—Britain against Austria.
" 23.—Japan against Germany.
Nov. 5.—Britain against Turkey.

1915.

May 23.—Italy against Austria.
Aug. 20.—Italy against Turkey.
Oct. 15.—Britain against Bulgaria.
" 16.—France against Bulgaria.
" 19.—Italy against Bulgaria.

1916.

Aug. 27.—Rumania against Austria.
" 28.—Italy against Germany.
" 28.—Germany against Rumania.

Run to Earth! Enemy Trapped in Deep Dug-out

The Germans, judging by the depth to which they "went to earth" in some parts of the line, developed a great respect for the power of the new British high explosives. In a spirited affair which took place on one occasion on the west front our men were surprised to find that the enemy dug-outs had been practically untouched by bombardment, owing to the fact that they had about eighteen feet of cover above a solidly-constructed wooden roof. Here large numbers of Germans took refuge, but were eventually induced either to surrender or submit to the ordeal of the grenade.

Watching at the Front and Working at the Base

Getting the better of a refractory mule on the British front. Six men, ropes, and stout logs were necessary to repair one shoe.

A signpost of the advance on the west front. The way to Pozières, Bapaume, and the Rhine. Pozières was captured on July 26th, 1916.

The target of a big shell, a tree on the front has broken at right angles, but forms the support of a little outpost hut.

The way in which millions of letters passed to and from the fighting-line was one of the marvels of military organisation. This is a corner of the trench G.P.O., and letters and parcels are being sorted. In circle: A bomber adjusting his stock of grenades.

Litter of War Left in the German Lost Lines

Men of a mighty age. Gordon Highlanders on their way to the trenches with the light of battle in their eyes.

German look-out in Mametz Wood, the elusive target of a clever British marksman.

Column of German ammunition waggons literally wiped out by British shell fire. Some of our soldiers are in possession of the position.

British officer inside a solidly constructed German dug-out with a concrete roof.

German ammunition abandoned by the enemy in retreat. (Official photographs. Crown copyright reserved.)

Told by the Rank and File

HOW THE ROYAL WEST KENTS HELD TRONES WOOD

BY CORPORAL DAVID MOORE

Corpl. DAVID MOORE, *of the King's Liverpool Regt., attached to the Royal West Kent Regiment.*

FOR some reason or other I'd been fighting with the Royal West Kents for a long time before the big push commenced, and after we'd started the Germans on the run we lay in the captured first-line trenches, just in front of Trones Wood.

One afternoon, after tea, we got orders to stand by to move on about eight. We were to get across to the timber in the straightest possible line, and take or make what cover we could. On the left there was another small forest, where some of our troops were already in possession, and the land between this and Trones Wood was to be consolidated by my platoon, with three others.

We started off as darkness fell, and managed to reach the edge of the wood just after midnight. We hadn't any guides to show the way, and the ground was exceedingly bad going, and in addition there was the knowledge that the enemy were in full force on our right and inside the wood proper to cheer us up. But we meant to clear them out of it, and were right glad to get a chance to be among them. We hoped that the fighting would be of the close quarter order, so that we could see what we were doing. Anything would be better, we considered, than standing waist deep in a trench, and firing odd and occasional rounds at a puff of smoke.

Straight Through the Barrage

The ground we crossed made us savage, too, for it had been fought over before, and here and there we'd come across the bodies of our own comrades. Many others were wounded, and, being within the zone of fire, the ambulance people hadn't been able to get up to them. In one shell-hole that we stumbled across there were ten lads, all hurt in some way or another, and still fighting. They borrowed our field-dressings — quite against all rules—and two of them insisted on advancing with us. The others we managed to send back.

There was a sort of half-hearted barrage fire going on. We walked right through it, and as we advanced it lifted and played just in front of us. Needless to say, our own artillery were sending shells screaming over our heads in tons.

We reached a bit of sunken road just at dawn, and dug ourselves in, for we knew that when the light was good Fritz would strafe us hard.

"You had better catch what sleep there is going, lads," said our captain. "There mightn't be any for you to-night." So we lay down, just where we were, after posting a few sentries, and slept till breakfast time. We were carrying rations, of course, and water-bottle full, and in addition we'd brought along a spare supply of water in petrol tins. When we came to make tea with this, however, we soon got disappointed, for it tasted so strongly of petrol that even we, used to putting up with all sorts of things, couldn't manage to swallow it.

We worked on the road, making good our position, all through the day, getting a dinner, steaming hot, from the A.S.C. waggons, in spite of the barrage fire. It was really wonderful to see the huge motor-lorries dash up through the shells, deliver their soup and beef, and then make off again, wobbling all over the shop as their drivers dodged the shell-holes in the ground.

The Solace of Fatalism

We got orders to advance again at half-past four, and every man got his bombs ready. The German artillery fire had increased terribly by this time—they seemed to know just what we intended to do, and I can tell you there wasn't much lagging behind. We didn't try to dodge the shells—if your number is up there's no sense in getting out of the way, and if it isn't, well, you can walk through German barrages every day. We reached the rear of a position where another company were already entrenched on a ridge, and waited. About an hour afterwards our own artillery "lifted" about two hundred yards, and with a yell we all pressed on at the rush. The undergrowth was thick about here, and it kept on hanging men up, but we slashed through, and smacked our bombs over at every opportunity. We handed over a lot of bombs to the company ahead of us—they'd somehow used up all their own—and finally, when we stopped for a bit, we got bombed in turn.

Again as darkness fell we reached an enormous shell-hole made by one of our projectiles, where we found part of another platoon. The Germans were entrenched about twenty yards in front, and through the night they kept on lobbing time-bombs over. About midnight a voice hailed us in German, and asked some question. We didn't give him any answer beyond shoving the muzzles of a dozen rifles at his breast, and calling on him to surrender.

Riddled with Bombs and Bullets

We hadn't understood him, and he didn't seem to understand us. He rapped out a curse, and turned and ran towards his own lines. He didn't get very far; a bomb dropped close under his feet, and a few dozen bullets punctured him. In fact, everybody seemed to have a spite against that poor Boche—perhaps it was because they'd been deprived of a good night's rest.

Just after that we got orders to assault, thinking the enemy were only on our flanks and ahead of us. Nobody seemed to expect an attack from the rear, as we'd naturally cleared all the ground we crossed of the enemy, and thought the others had done the same. Perhaps they had, and the Germans had worked round; anyway, before we'd gone very far we were being enfiladed from both sides, peppered from the front, and strafed from the rear. It was hot, and no mistake. We fought like demons in that terrible darkness, firing at the flashes of the enemy's rifles, and shortly after we discovered that we were surrounded. Fritz brought a battery of machine-guns into play, and we had to get right down close to Mother Earth.

The bullets sprayed us like water from a pipe, and the gallant lads were dropping on every side. But, though they were wounded—many of them severely—they kept on fighting and firing.

The Germans in the rear seemed determined to clear us out altogether. They came on in massed formation, and long before we could see the outline of their bodies against the sky we could hear the crashing of the undergrowth under their heavy boots. And, as if by preconcerted signal, at the same time as they swept on the machine-guns would double their rate of fire, and every German to the right and left and in front would indulge in a burst of rapid firing. Dawn found us hemmed in on every side, holding a position that someone had made into a rough kind of fort before we came, and we could see that we were terribly outnumbered.

"Steady, the Half Hundreds," was the word, and steady they were. I saw my own regiment sliced up at Mons, and we had some of the best fighters in the Army among us, but this stand was even bigger and better somehow than anything I'd ever known of. Three times we tried to get a message through to the outside, but each time, as the messenger started off, he was shot down. We didn't know whether we'd ever get relieved, and we all made up our minds to die fighting.

Bravo! the Half Hundreds

The day after—France's Day—the main attack was launched, and the bombardment that preceded it was terrifying even to us, whose own guns were firing. We could see and hear the shells screaming over, and all the time we were praying that they wouldn't shorten the bracket—that is, make the range shorter—because, if they had, we should have been right in the line of fire and unable to move either way.

Just before seven we heard a great crashing, and the Germans to our rear came rolling on in a vast, dense mass. We thought it was another attack, but when we could see that they were retiring before a grand charge by some of our troops, we nearly wept with joy. The advancing regiment seemed to have unlimited supplies of bombs, and what with these coming from Fritz's rear, and our own bullets chopping him up as he came on, he got a taste of what we'd had all night long.

The charging regiment came on, passed us, and gave us a cheer as they did so. Weary, worn-out—we had been working and fighting for forty-eight hours straight off, with about an hour's sleep—we crawled out of the trench and the wood, and made a rest camp.

I got my punctured shoulder bandaged up at the dressing-station, where a wounded German prisoner was receiving attention.

"We got you that time, Fritz," said one of our men. "How d'ye like it?"

The German gazed with mournful eyes at the stained soldier. Then he replied:

"You are wonderful men, West Kents. The wood was to be held at all costs, and there were six regiments holding it."

"Well," replied the West Kent, "you couldn't do it, could you? Fine lot of Germans you are, can't shift a few dozen of the Old Half Hundred, even when you've got ten times as many men as they have!" And he was right, as the German had to acknowledge.

THE WAR ILLUSTRATED · GALLERY OF LEADERS

Elliott & Fry

GENERAL SIR HENRY S. RAWLINSON, K.C.B., K.C.V.O.

Commanding the Fourth Army on the Somme

PERSONALIA OF THE GREAT WAR

GENERAL SIR HENRY S. RAWLINSON

GENERAL SIR HENRY SEYMOUR RAWLINSON, Bart., K.C.B., K.C.V.O., the leader of the Fourth British Army on the Somme, was born on February 20th, 1864, the elder of the two sons of Major-General Sir Henry Creswick Rawlinson, G.C.B., first baronet, the distinguished Orientalist, of Chadlington, Oxfordshire, and Louisa, daughter of Mr. H. Seymour, of Knoyle, Wilts. Educated at Eton and Sandhurst, he carried on the family tradition by his skill at sports and games, as well as by devotion to his studies, being, at the early age of ten, a fearless rider to hounds, while he quickly became an expert shot, a clever boxer, and a first-class raquet-player; meanwhile he displayed no small facility as a draughtsman.

With "Bobs" in Burma

Gazetted to a lieutenancy in the King's Royal Rifle Corps on February 6th, 1884, he first saw active service in the East, being A.D.C. to Sir Frederick (afterwards Lord) Roberts, also an Eton and Sandhurst man, in the Burma Expedition of 1886-7, serving with the mounted infantry in the Membo district, being mentioned in despatches, and receiving the medal and clasp. Returning to England in 1889, in the following year he married Meredeth Sophie Frances, only daughter of Mr. Coleridge John Kennard. Gaining his captaincy on November 4th, 1891, he in the following year exchanged into the Coldstream Guards and entered the Staff College, Camberley.

From November 19th, 1895, in which year he succeeded to the baronetcy, to January 1st, 1898, he was Brigade-Major at Aldershot; and from January 24th to October 21st, 1898, D.A.A.G. to Lord Kitchener in Egypt and the Sudan, being awarded the medal for his services on the Nile in 1897, and, as a result of the part he took in the battles of the Atbara and Khartum, gaining a brevet-lieutenant-colonelcy (gazetted almost simultaneously with his majority), double mention in despatches, and the medal with two clasps.

Distinguished Services in South Africa

Between September, 1899, and April, 1902, he was first D.A.A.G. in Natal, and then A.A.G. in South Africa. He took part in the actions at Rietfontein and Lombard's Kop, in the defence of Ladysmith, as well as in the actions at Vet River and Zand River, and the fighting in the vicinity of Johannesburg, Pretoria, Diamond Hill, and Belfast. In command of a mobile column in the Transvaal, Orange River Colony, and Cape Colony, he was several times mentioned in despatches, and was awarded a brevet-colonelcy, the Queen's Medal with six clasps, the King's Medal with two clasps, and the C.B. Lord Kitchener wrote of him that he "possessed the qualities of a Staff officer combined with those of a column commander in the field. Such characteristics," he added, would "always ensure him a front place in whatever he set his mind to."

Promoted full colonel in April, 1903, Sir Henry Rawlinson's next post was that of A.A.G. for Military Education and Training at Army Headquarters; and from December 5th, 1903, to December 31st, 1906, he was Commandant of the Staff College, with the rank of brigadier-general. Between March, 1907, and August, 1909, when he was promoted major-general, he was respectively Brigadier-General Second Brigade, Aldershot, and Brigade Commander Second Brigade, Aldershot command. From June 1st, 1910, to May 31st, 1914, he was G.O.C. Third Division, Southern command, and on the outbreak of the Great War he was temporarily Director of Recruiting at the War Office, the duties of which post he quickly relinquished to take up in rapid succession those of Divisional Commander and Army Corps Commander.

A Man for an Emergency

One of the most trusted of "Kitchener's men," he was retained at home for service in any sudden emergency. The emergency soon arose. Grave news was received from Antwerp. Sir Henry Rawlinson was despatched in haste to report. He returned next day, with the result that in the early days of October, 1914, with a section of the Fourth Army Corps (consisting of Major-General Capper's Seventh Division and Major-General Byng's Third Cavalry Division), he landed at Zeebrugge, and succeeded not only in materially hampering the advance of the enemy, but in covering the retreat of the hard-pressed Belgian army to the banks of the Yser.

Joining forces with the Belgian troops on their right, Sir Henry Rawlinson then extended his lines towards Ypres. What followed is part of imperishable history. After the deprivation and tension of being pursued day and night by an infinitely stronger force, the Seventh Division bore the initial brunt of the colossal effort of the Germans to capture Calais in the First Battle of Ypres.

Ordeal of the Seventh Division at Ypres

To quote Sir Henry Rawlinson's own words: "It was left to a little force of 30,000 to keep the German army at bay while the other British Corps were being brought up from the Aisne. Here they clung on like grim death, with almost every man in the trenches, holding a line which of necessity was a great deal too long—a thin, exhausted line—against which the prime of the German first line troops were hurling themselves with fury. The odds against them were about eight to one, and when once the enemy found the range of a trench, the shells dropped in it from one end to the other with terrible effect. Yet the men stood firm, and defended Ypres in such a manner that a German officer afterwards described their action as a brilliant feat of arms, and said that they were under the impression that there had been four British Army Corps against them at this point. When the division was afterwards withdrawn from the firing-line to refit, it was found that out of 400 officers who set out from England there were only 44 left, and out of 12,000 men only 2,336."

Commander of an Army on the Somme

Later, Sir Henry Rawlinson returned to England to superintend the embarkation of the remainder of the Fourth Army Corps, with which he recrossed the Channel in time to take part in the stubbornly-fought, if indecisive, Battle of Neuve Chapelle, in the attack on Festubert, and the capture of Loos.

In 1915, Sir Henry Rawlinson was made a K.C.B. In January of 1916 he was gazetted lieutenant-general with the temporary rank of general, and in April he was appointed a Grand Officer of the Legion of Honour. Then followed his appointment to the command of the Fourth Army in the "Great Push" between Maricourt and Serre, and his promotion to the full rank of general.

The preparations for the five-months' Battle of the Somme (July-November), with the exception of the subsidiary attack at Gommecourt, were entrusted to Sir Henry Rawlinson. The struggle, to quote the words of Sir Douglas Haig's despatch, was one of the greatest that had ever taken place; and the British Commander-in-Chief, referring in particular to the capture of the enemy's second main system of defence on July 14th and subsequent days, wrote: "Great credit is due to Sir Henry Rawlinson for the thoroughness and care with which this difficult undertaking was planned."

Old Etonians in the Fourth Army

The Fourth Army, so far as its composition is known, included the Seventh Army Corps, under Lieut.-General Sir Thomas D'Oyly Snow, K.C.B., K.C.M.G.; the Eighth Army Corps, under Lieut.-General Sir Aylmer Hunter-Weston, K.C.B., D.S.O.; the Tenth Army Corps, under Lieut.-General Sir Thomas Lethbridge Napier Morland, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., D.S.O.; the Third Army Corps, under Lieut.-General Sir William Pulteney Pulteney, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., D.S.O.; the Fifteenth Army Corps, under Lieut.-General Sir Henry Sinclair Horne, K.C.B.; and the Thirteenth Army Corps, under Lieut.-General Sir Walter Norris Congreve, V.C., K.C.B., M.V.O. Of these commanders Generals Snow and Pulteney are old Etonians, while Generals Horne and Congreve are old Harrovians. General Hunter-Weston is an old Wellingtonian.

General Rawlinson is the author of a valuable work, "The Officer's Note-Book." Eton is proud of him.

"The Great Push" of 1916

II.—VICTORIES OF GUILLEMONT AND GINCHY

The second phase of the Battle of the Somme contained episodes of wonderful interest and splendid heroism. During this period British troops captured the German main second line. On September 3rd they advanced to the capture of Guillemont, taking Ginchy on September 9th.

"A SPLENDID SCRUM."—During the period of the "Great Push" an English regiment stormed a trench and actually tackled the Germans with bare hands. An officer who was there said he never saw anything finer in his life. "Never was such a splendid scrum. One big section commander of mine was like a terrier with rats. He smashed them down, grabbed them by the breeches and the neck, and chucked them back over the parapet to roll down into the remains of their own wire."

BATTLE PICTURES OF THE GREAT WAR

The Taking of Guillemont

By MAX PEMBERTON

SINCE the famous days of Ypres we had no such news as that which came to us from the Somme on the mornings of September 4th and 5th, 1916. That a bloody battle had been fought round and about Guillemont we learned from the communiqués of the Sunday, but the whole meaning of it, the value of its achievements and the extent of our gains could not be revealed until some days had elapsed.

The week ending Saturday, September 2nd, had left us in possession of the famous Delville Wood, but that stubborn fortress of Guillemont still barred our way upon the right to the complete possession of the ridge, and the Germans were yet in possession of Mouquet Farm, which is near by Thiepval on the left. The taking of both these objectives was reserved, if possible, for the Sunday morning, and never, surely, has the ambition of a General Staff been achieved with greater resolution upon the part of the troops to whom it was entrusted.

A Night of Horror

We, who read of it afar, can perceive but dimly through the smoke and flame of battle the frenzied scenes which the day subsequently was to witness. Perchance our imaginations lead us to the silence of the earlier hours, when the sleeping troops were not yet awakened, and but fitful murmurings presaged the tempest about to break. We see the men in trench and dug-out, snatching a brief rest, the observers vigilant, the gunners ready. It is a night of summer, for a spell the heavy rain has ceased. There are dreams of Blighty among the sleepers, perchance, and many a vision of the white cliffs and the homes beyond. Then comes midnight and the booming of the guns. The sounds will not cease until Guillemont is won and the Australians have driven every Hun from the deep dug-outs which lie beneath the rubble of Mouquet Farm.

This, says a correspondent, was a fearful night enough. It is difficult to describe the clamour of great guns to those unfamiliar with their terrible and wonderful variety, but the thunder about Guillemont upon that Sunday morning appears hardly to have been surpassed even at Verdun. Every kind of "brick," as a sailor would say, was hurled upon the wreckage of Guillemont. There were 15 in., 12 in., 8 in., and 6 in. shells, and this "mixed bouquet," as Mr. Beach Thomas has called it, was thrown upon one "little nest" for over an hour. Nor was the intensity of the firing less remarkable elsewhere upon that six-mile front. Fire truly seemed to rain from heaven upon the German trenches. The night was vivid with the crimson flashes, the star-shells burst from above, the ground heaved as though the very ridge was smitten from the bowels of the earth below.

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WHERE THE GREAT ADVANCE PROCEEDED.—Guillemont was captured on September 3rd, 1916; Ginchy followed on the 9th, and our troops continued to move forward.

Anzacs at Mouquet Farm

Thus did we prepare for the dawn of Sunday. Day hardly had come when our brave fellows left their trenches. It was "five-twelve," to be precise, when Australians and British working together reached the first line of the German redoubt. Supports followed as the day cleared and the sodden ground was revealed, and a man could walk without risking his neck. We were not out of the trenches before Guillemont until nine, and by that time the best part of the work at Mouquet Farm had been done by the Anzacs. Fighting more after their own hearts had not been discovered by these gallant fellows since the war began.

Mouquet Farm is no longer a farm at all, but the name serves. Originally one of those picturesque chateau-like buildings, a quadrangle of barns and granaries and ancient habitations, it is now but a heap of rubble above vast cellars, with a few scarred and broken poplars to mark its site. Toward this ruin the Australians dashed as hounds that are unleashed. Machine-guns swept the ground that they crossed; the heavy German artillery was still busy; but nothing daunted them. They fought from hole to hole and ridge to ridge. Now rushing forward with heads bent and rifles ready, at the next moment they would be lying prone upon the earth, seeking to discover the whereabouts of the machine-gunners who were killing their comrades or the snipers whose bullets whistled about their ears. Foot by foot they covered the ground, and themselves reached the shelters which had housed the Boche at dawn. Fearful and wonderful were the caves they discovered, worthy of Dante and his inferno the subsequent fights which ensured possession.

Exploring the Cellars

The stories told of this advance are always stirring and not infrequently dramatic. When the dreaded machine-guns at length were knocked out, the Anzacs found themselves roaming as they pleased over the ruins of the once-dreaded farm. Below them in the vast cellars were unknown terrors. Our brave fellows broke up into little companies and descended into the depths, ignorant of what awaited them there. No child of the fables going into the bears' castle faced the ordeal with a greater curiosity. Yet for the moment it seemed that their doubts were groundless, True, they discovered great caverns which yesterday had housed whole battalions of Huns. Postcards and pictures from Germany were upon those dripping walls, tables were spread with the relics of the feast of yesterday, pots and pans and all the paraphernalia of sojourn greeted the eyes of the explorers.

Of Huns, however, one particularly jovial party saw nothing. In their joy our good fellows sat down to drink the coffee prepared for the delectation of the Boches. They made merry, and were at their ease, when, lo and behold! from a dark entry at the other end of the cave the bulky forms of many Germans appeared without warning, and a German officer ordered them in stentorian tones to surrender. "Surrender yourselves and be d——d!" roared the leader of the Australians, and instantly there befell a set-to which the palmiest days of mediæval bludgeoning could not have surpassed. Dark it was and

[*Continued on page* 2232

The Epic of Ireland in the Victory of Guillemont

The capture of Guillemont was one of the most spirited affairs in the history of the war. It was here that the gallant Irish regiments made history. They fell, a veritable human avalanche, on the German trenches. In one place a machine-gun momentarily stopped their impetus, but the obstacle was swept away, as were a large number of German soldiers, who might as well have tried to hold back the tide as to stop these heroic fighters from Erin.

The return of the Dublins and Munsters from Guillemont and Ginchy was an inspiring scene in the Somme picture. The general motored over to welcome the victorious Celts tramping along with trophies and scars to the music of the pipes. "Eyes right!" called the officer of each company as the men passed the general, who greeted them with a few well-chosen and well-merited words. "Well done—you did gloriously! Bravo, Dublins! You did well—damned well, Munsters, my lads!"

THE TAKING OF GUILLEMONT (Continued from page 2230.)

gloomy, but not so dark that the dull eyes of the Germans could not be perceived nor the glitter of their bayonets. Any kind of weapon, we are told, served for that tragic moment. Bayonets flashed and bombs were bursting. Where neither bayonets nor bombs were to hand, then that more ancient form of warfare which applies a fist to a bloody nose and is given to the order of the boot came into the scheme of things. The wild turmoil, the fierce shouting, the orgy of fire and smoke and death lasted many minutes, but when it came to an end "the dog it was that died." The surviving Germans surrendered in a body, and were among the earliest to be sent back to the prisoners' camps in the rear of our lines.

These fellows appear to have been not unwilling to talk. Interesting was their intimation that the Kaiser had promised them that there should be no winter fighting. Our bombardment they described as terrible. Men of the 1st Prussian Guard Reserve, they had in the matter of food fared like fighting cocks. They confessed that they had come recently from Russia, where conditions were by no means so strenuous, and yet, withal, they could repeat the old boasts that Germany had already won the war. Upon this they were left to reflect away back from the firing-line—smiling men who thanked the God of the Huns that he had delivered them into the hands of the enemy.

The Prussian Guard

This was a fine beginning to the third day of September. But as good things were to happen away to our right, both upon that day and the days immediately succeeding. Guillemont had been an objective for many weeks past. It may be that we regarded it as a fortress as strong as Thiepval and Combles, which had not yet fallen. The news of its occupation, received Sunday, September 3rd, discovered smiling faces in London, and a cheery spirit which could make light of Zeppelins. For Guillemont was rushed with a courage and a brilliancy for which words are inadequate. The Irish regiments, notably, behaved with the greatest dash and gallantry, and took no small share in the success of the day. This operation synchronised with a fierce attack upon Ginchy, where the 73rd, 74th, and 164th Prussian Regiments were engaged, and a small unit of the Guard.

The strenuous nature of the operation is to be judged by our testimony to the vigour of the German bombardment directly we had driven the Germans out and the fierceness of the counter-attacks which instantly were launched. In this operation we acted conjointly with the French, and, indeed, it was in the nature of a joint attack. Guillemont itself, destroyed for many weeks as it has been, appears nevertheless to have been a veritable hive of machine-gunners and of hidden snipers. Our men's advance was over a rugged rise, pock-marked and torn and scarred, a wilderness of desolation swept remorselessly by the gunners on the height, but negotiated successfully none the less. Step by step, the men running from hole to hole and ridge to ridge, we gained the rubble of the village and hunted the gunners out.

On from Guillemont

Many fell before that hour of triumph; scores of the brave lads tumbled into the watery pits never to rise again; the ambulances were busy, and there were sad scenes in the lines behind. They meant nothing to the powder-blackened figures which dashed into the débris of Guillemont, flung their bombs as they went, and called to their comrades to come on. It was butt and bayonet here—a rooting in the deep places, dives into death-pits, the groans of the dying, and the horrid figures of the dead. But Guillemont we meant to have, and Guillemont we took. Batch by batch we ferreted out the hidden Germans and sent them to the rear. The dull pall of battle hung above the place, but could not veil the meaning of the victory. The last stronghold upon the ridge's height had fallen, and never would Guillemont be the obstacle again.

The great object attained, it might have been thought that the earlier days of the week would have brought a lull. We had taken Guillemont and driven our teeth well into Ginchy, but these achievements were no point d'appui for the General Staff. Monday was to bring a brilliant affair about Wedge Wood and Falfemont Farm. These lie south and east of Guillemont itself. There is the shallow valley of the River Ancre, and thrust out into it a spur of higher ground at the far end whereon stands Leuze Wood, named Lousy Wood by our men. The valley is reached from Guillemont by what is known as the Sunken Road, a natural communication trench of the greatest value. Wedge Wood lies down at the heart of the ravine, and upon the slope on the opposite side is Falfemont Farm itself, where the brunt of the fighting fell. We had pushed beyond Guillemont into the Sunken Road on September 3rd, and on September 4th the German guns were shelling it heavily. Nothing very much was done during the morning of the day, but about three on the afternoon of September 4th the hillside about Falfemont suddenly became alive with British troops, and it was to be perceived that they were sweeping onward toward Leuze and the farm.

Wedge Wood and Leuze Wood

Wonderful to tell, the Boches did not immediately discover them. They went freely for awhile, disappeared from view and reappeared, entered Wedge Wood and gathered there. Anon, there arose the curious grunt of the machine-guns and, here and there, black and prone figures were to be discerned upon the slope of the ravine. From the copse itself, despite the sudden attack, a batch of German prisoners appeared and were hurried to the rear. Then came the reappearance of our fellows upon the far side. Steadily, and without haste, they carried on, while upon the southern slope the farm was rushed and held. Like Mouquet, it was no farm at all—just a mass of ruin with a few wan stumps to say that trees had stood about an ancient homestead. Now it was swept remorselessly by the gunners up in Leuze Wood—the bullets rained upon it; the dust of its ruins was tossed high to become a loom of cloud above the carnage.

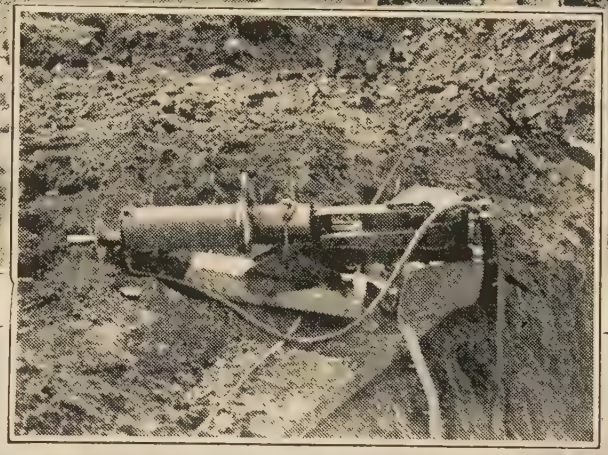
Beneath this veil our men held on for the line of trenches beyond the farm. There was stiff work against the collar here; a very storm of bullets, but as yet no counter-attack. That came later, when we had entered the trenches and were masters of them. Hardly had our men got a foothold amid the wrack of the German debacle when blue-grey figures appeared on the slope above, and the cry of "The Guard!" went up. None but these could turn that critical hour. Linked arm-in-arm, clearly seen in the intervals of rain, they made for the lost trenches as though upon parade at Potsdam. Instantly our gunners turned upon them. There were gaps in their ranks. Many fell from the linked arms of their comrades and tumbled headlong. The splendid line withered away. At one moment it was staggering down to Falfemont, the next it had vanished as though the earth had opened and swallowed it up.

The mad thing was done again later in the day. But our immediate objects were then achieved, and the Boches went down as corn before the sickle. We had Leuze Wood by September 5th, and the French, our neighbours, were masters of Clery, and actually threatening the great road from Chaulnes to Rye. A new and wonderful thrust added its page to the story of the "great push"

A POPULAR SPOT.—Men going down to an underground canteen in the British trenches in France. (Official photograph. Crown copyright reserved.)

Fun, Fighting and Ambulance Work at Guillemont

The only tension between the Allies on the western front. Friendly tug-of-war where the lines met in Picardy. (Official photograph.)



Crude dressing-station on the edge of Guillemont Field, showing a group of R.A.M.C. workers among a number of stretchers. Inset: Solitary German machine-gun which was put out of action, the British attacking force sustaining only one casualty.

LAURELS FOR THE MEN OF ERIN.—How the Irish Brigade took Guillemont is one of the finest chapters in the story of Erin. These splendid fighting men went over the top in a flash to the skirl of the pipes, and threw themselves with bombs and bayonets on the enemy. The Celtic temperament was never in a better mood for victory, and the phlegmatic foe must have been bewildered by this display of spirit, though he fought bravely. This official photograph gives some idea of the exuberant joy of the Irishmen coming back from Guillemont, all smiles and cheers, steel helmets and souvenirs. Who would think that a few minutes ago these very men had just been through one of the most ghastly battles of the Somme?

Victory in Flood Over the Crest of the Ridge

British Official Photographs

Infantry going to support spread out to minimise the effect of hostile shelling. Near Ginchy there was a half mile of open country between our men and the Prussian Guard, who sprayed it with "bullet machines." But the deadly space was no defence against our attack.

All that was left of the railway station at Guillemont after the British artillery had finished with it. The work of our guns was "unendurable," leaving the infantry no trench to take and destroying the very landscape signs that indicated the proper limit of advance.

Reinforcements moving up towards Flers crossing the first German trench, which was taken on September 15th, 1916. It was near this point that two of our battalions met an enemy brigade in the open, and dispersed and threw it back by hand-to-hand fighting.

Gold Stripes from Guillemont & Guns for Ginchy

Official Photographs. Crown Copyright Reserved

Wounded coming in through barbed-wire after the taking of Guillemont. This village, which had for a long time been an obstacle to our advance, was carried on September 3rd, 1916, after desperate fighting with troops that included the Prussian Guard.

Unloading timber to be used as props. Inconceivable quantities of timber were used for trench construction, and all over France and England battalions of lumbermen were employed felling trees, principally firs, and despatching them to the front.

Some idea of the extent to which the ground is churned up by the operation of large bodies of troops may be gathered from this photograph showing men over their knees in mud hauling a heavily-laden cart which is submerged above its axles.

Stamping Out Tell-Tale Flares in a Night Attack

Germans holding the trenches at Mouquet—known to our soldiers as Moo-Cow Farm—expecting a night attack, sent up distress signals to their guns and also flung coloured lights over to our lines so as to illuminate any British infantry who might be advancing. Where these flares fell they blazed up in vivid red and green fires. At the same time the enemy's machine-guns played upon any figures so revealed, so that it was almost certain death to come within those lights. At great risk several men sprang forward into the illumination and kicked out the burning canisters. Then the leading companies advanced towards the German trenches.

BATTLE PICTURES OF THE GREAT WAR

The Capture of Ginchy

By MAX PEMBERTON

LONDON has been hearing its good news at the week-end latterly. We had the taking of Guillemont for our Sunday dish upon the third day of September, 1916, and the fall of Ginchy for the tenth. This great and wonderful battle marks almost the last stage of the fight for the ridge.

As the "Times" correspondent wisely says, it is difficult to overestimate the importance to the enemy of this deprivation of his last hold upon the high ground which runs roughly from Thiepval to Ginchy village. From it he could look down upon our positions, shell us at his pleasure, and possess those "eyes of war" which are sometimes the deciding factor. These eyes he had as long as he held the plateau above and to the east of Ginchy. Now he has lost them and we, in our turn, have advanced upon a front of 6,000 yards to a depth varying from three hundred to three thousand yards.

Well Done, Munsters, Connaughts, Dublins!

It is a bald statement enough, and yet it embraces some of the fiercest fighting upon the western front. Not since the critical days of Verdun have such deeds been recorded or such a display of stubborn bravery been witnessed. We knew that the Irishmen had distinguished themselves beyond compare in the famous dash for Guillemont, and now we add the glorious work at Ginchy to their scroll. "Well done, Munsters!" cried a general, as they came lurching back from the hell of battle, begrimed, black and sweating. The words are echoed here with a gratitude which is very real.

"Well done, Munsters, Connaughts, and Dublins!" There were Sein Feiners among you, but they went for "Jerry" in a way he will never forget; and upon their right Scotsmen and Welsh, the Rifles, the Warwicks, the Gloucesters, the Surreys, and the Cornishmen did work as memorable. Well done, indeed; so well done that, "familiar in our mouths as household words" this day these names shall be remembered.

The fall of Ginchy was the inevitable sequel to the gallant storming of Guillemont on September 4th. How we took that dust-heap has been told, and having taken it, got "Lousy Wood" to the south-east of it, and pushed on in the Sunken Road, which runs down the Ancre ravine from West Wood to Leuze. The new positions thus gained were held only by the unshakable tenacity of our infantry and the splendid work of our artillery. Unable in many places to dig themselves in, the men were forced to take shelter in any shell-hole they could find, and there to do what they could with a trench tool to make themselves secure.

King Sol Brightens the Blasted Field

The Hun in his turn, driven by panic, rested neither by day nor night. Star-shells burst over the pock-marked ground, tear-shells were fired to the number of ten thousand upon one occasion, and the very air we breathed reeked with the acrid fumes of the gas which should have destroyed us but did not. Through it all we held on, and began to consolidate our new positions. Ginchy was our immediate objective. Ginchy we meant to have, as we shall have Combles and Thiepval, perhaps before these lines appear.

The weather has been better about No Man's Land these latter days, and the sun has shone gloriously upon that scene of desolation and death. This week I talked to a famous novelist who had just returned from Fricourt. His brief journey had greatly impressed him. "Who in England," he asked me, "really has any notion of that mighty business of war, which is really all the business that is known rolled into one? Enter into it and you seemed plunged into a vortex of confusion such as the world has never known. Every highway seethes with apparent disorder. Waggons press on waggons; multitudes of men move leisurely upon no apparent destination; here, upon a wide plain, are thousands and thousands of tents—scattered bodies of troops, yet all having their movements planned as surely as the hours of the day they are living. Bakeries are here, and clothiers' shops and garages and saddlers and forges, all behind that distant line where the snow-flakes of the shrapnel are floating upon the still air and the big shells burst in a loom of smoke that shows the vivid flames of the deadly high explosives. Through such a whirlpool of men and things you go on toward that front where is playing the greatest tragedy the world has ever seen; forward to the long slope at the top of which stand Guillemont and Ginchy, the place of the skulls, of the dead, who have died for their country."

Nothing Daunted These Men of Britain

We lay all about Guillemont and Ginchy on the afternoon of Saturday, September 9th, and in his terror the Boche rained tear-shells upon us. We gave him more than we got, and all that afternoon there was a repetition of a bombardment which many pens have tried vainly to describe. Not "whizz-bangs" this time, but monster shells, grinding to very powder such ruins of houses as were left, and lighting the whole horizon with flashes of fire which even the sun could not obscure. Through this, in our trenches from Leuze Wood across the north of Guillemont almost to Devil's Wood, the Irishmen and their English comrades were crouching with that fierce expectancy that C.O.'s find it so difficult to restrain. Young "subs" were there looking at their wrist-watches, like coaches on the banks of the Cam when the boats are about to start. Would the moment never come? Thunderously the firing goes on. The great shells whir above their heads, the air is suffocating, and the enemy replies with what effect he can, but our mastery of the air has robbed him of his "eyes," and, looking up, you see the circling British aeroplane but nothing of the Fokker, which is away back over the German lines. So Fritz shoots blindly, and his barrage does not daunt nor his curtain fire restrain when the critical hour is at hand.

Through Rubble and Flaming Barrage

It is five o'clock exactly, and the Irishmen are up and over the parapet. On their western flank they have a good eight hundred yards to travel, and the journey is accomplished inside eight minutes. Remember that the intervening ground was a slope, pock-marked like a solitaire board and swept by machine-guns from three sectors ahead. The men had their rifles slung, many of them smoked cigarettes; their pipes sounded shrill and stirring as they ran. Terrific as our bombardment of the German positions had been, it was impossible that it should ferret out all the rat-holes, and particularly it could not search the depths of vast cellars below what had been an historic farmhouse in the very heart of Ginchy. From this a hail of bullets swept down upon the Irish, who had outdistanced their English comrades on the right, where the going was more difficult. It was hell across a dreary field, trees but bare poles, and houses but a powder of dust.

We read that nothing could stop the Munsters, the Dublins, and the Connaughts. Three amongst them had momentarily deserted from their rest trenches at the rear, left a note to apologise for their absence, and declared that as they had missed the fun at Guillemont, they had no intention of missing that at Ginchy. Such a spirit everywhere animated the regiments. On they went over the rubble which once had been a village. Many staggered and fell; some cunningly crawled upon their hands and knees; the dying implored those who lived to get on with it. Amongst the hidden Germans, at last, the old hunt in the "Twopenny Tubes" began. There was that fearful redoubt in the centre of the hamlet, strongly fortified and armed with machine-guns upon three fronts. They circumvented it cleverly, coming down from the north and south upon it and heaving bombs for all they were worth. Closing at

[Continued on page 2239

THE CAPTURE OF GINCHY (Continued from page 2238)

last. Kilkenny became but a discredited memory. Here was fighting after an Irishman's own heart. Butt and bayonet—the bomb when it could be used—the fist if nothing else served, it is not surprising to hear the boast that the devil himself would not have stopped the Fusiliers. Not only did Pat get the redoubt at the farm, but carried on so far to the east beyond Ginchy that at one moment his ardour really seemed to imperil the whole "diplomacy" of the event. The Munsters might have been on the high-road to Berlin by the dash they made after Ginchy itself was taken. There never was a greater devilry of daring shown by any troops in the world.

The Cry of "Kamerad! Kamerad!!"

All this was good enough, but we found a greater stubbornness on their right flank, and not a little difficulty. Sad to tell, a couple of scientifically constructed "arc trenches" upon the south-eastern slope of the village played the devil with our men. Forced to take shelter in small holes, we could make little progress against the hail of bullets which here greeted us. These trenches had not fallen at the moment of writing, and it looks as though we must lose a number of men before this unexpected obstacle is swept away by our gunners. Happily, there was nothing but success to report elsewhere.

A gap upon the left flank, leaving the Irishmen "in the air," was fortunately discovered by a young officer of saps, who quickly collected rifles and spades and dug himself in against the looked-for counter-attack. We used 9·2 in. shells upon the chief redoubt and smashed it to powder. The crevices and craters which shielded the Boches were entered one by one; parties roaming here and there, flinging their bombs and flashing their bayonets. And through it all there were Huns upon their knees crying "Kamerad!" imploring mercy, clinging to the very necks of the men whose bayonets had just threatened their hearts.

Such was the affair at Ginchy. The synchronised advance from "Lousy Wood" was slower but not less successful. Here a strange thing was witnessed. A number of Germans—some say two hundred—had thrown down their arms and were about to surrender en bloc when their officer turned a machine-gun upon them and shot down the lot. Such treatment naturally did not hinder the splendid work done by the English and Scottish troops I have named. With the Irish they had taken three hundred prisoners in the twenty-four hours, and five officers among them. Of these, one hundred and ninety-one came from Ginchy and Leuze Wood, fifty from the neighbourhood of High Wood, and sixty-two from the old ground to the north-east of the Windmill. The regiments from which they were taken were the 19th Bavarians, the 185th and 28th Reserve, the 5th Bavarians, and the famous 211th Pomeranians, the latter from the vicinity of High Wood. As these are some of the finest fighting regiments still at the disposal of old Hindenburg, the quality of our victory is very evident.

Of individual achievements many stories are told, and not a few to stir the blood. One sergeant entered a German dug-out alone and found forty-six dead men and five living within. He made easy prisoners of the latter. Another, though wounded badly in the thigh, took on four German officers, all armed, and made prisoners of the bunch. Disarming them, he made them find a litter and carry him back to the field hospital, where he arrived in state, a cigarette still between his lips. Another story of a young officer having tea in a dug-out with a couple of comrades. Shells crashed about him, and when some fellows in a "better hole" asked him to have a drink, he prudently declined.

The Gallant Gentlemen of Ginchy

Later on there came a summons from a superior officer, and the man, perforce, must leave his shelter. His work done, a telephone message came to him that his two comrades were dead. A 5·9 in. shell had struck his dug-out just a minute after he had left it.

Such stories will come to us by the hundred by-and-by. At the moment we are content to know that Ginchy has been taken by the bravery of some "very gallant gentlemen"; that a terrible battle has been fought and won, and that the smashing of the German third line can now be but a matter of days. We lift our hats to the men who did it. We mourn our splendid dead who ever after shall make the name of Ginchy famous.

PART OF THE PRICE.—An armoured motor-car near Guillemont, with a Red Cross ambulance and some of the men who won the brilliant success which drew a special telegram of congratulation from King George.

The Epic Story of the Somme: Official

Wounded German prisoners on their way to the base under guard. Here and there groups of British soldiers scrutinise the captives with pardonable satisfaction.

Tramp! tramp! tramp! Steel helms at frivolous angles, smiles on their lips, an officer riding ahead, these strong-willed, fearless children of a Spartan age are going forward to fight for a great ideal.

Photographs from Spreading Fields of Victory

A little grey and somewhat dilapidated home in the west where two British soldiers are cooking a meal. Inset: After Guillemont. A wounded hero of the fight trudging philosophically to the ambulance.

nan prisoners awaiting the ambulance. Brave men bear no malice, and after the fight it is cigarettes to the wounded, vanquished foe; and men who were ruthless an hour ago are now not without a sense of pity.

THE CAPTURE OF FALFEMONT FARM.—Falfemont Farm fell into our hands on September 5th, 1916. The rectangular bit of ground seen in the centre was once the farmyard. Nothing was left of the farm buildings, which stood in the right-hand corner of the site. The picture shows our men advancing along a chalk trench skirting a corner of Wedge Wood and entering the left-hand corner of the farmyard, while Germans are retiring towards the church of Morval on the extreme right. A glimpse of Guillemont is seen on the far left on the sky-line, with Ginchy to the right of it and then Leuze Wood, Bouleaux Wood, and Morval. The position was carried after great fighting in what was typically a soldier's battle.

Fate of the Prussian Guard at Falfemont Farm

In 1914 the suicidal charge in massed formation of the Prussian Guard near Ypres amazed all who witnessed it. They repeated the scene on September 4th, 1916, in the frenzied fighting round Guillemont. From the neighbourhood of Leuze Wood, through waterspouts of rain, appeared in close, perfect formation, arm touching arm, the leaders of a battalion of German troops, the Prussian Guard. They advanced steadily, scarcely touched by shell fire, till they reached the range of our rifles and machine-guns. There they vanished, and succeeding waves of devoted men vanished also, obliterated by the appalling fire that met them.

Told by the Rank and File

THE IRISH AT GINCHY

BY PRIVATE T. CONNOLLY, ROYAL IRISH RIFLES

I HADN'T seen much of the fighting which had taken place since the commencement of the second part of the "big push," having been detailed as an orderly at Headquarters. It was what we call a "soft billet," a place where there isn't much danger and plenty of easy times, but it wasn't the sort of job I cared about. I joined to fight; I love a fight, and I wanted to fight.

Pozières, Guillemont, Péronne. I heard the lads talking about what they'd done in these battles, and it seemed to me that they looked a bit sideways at me when they passed Headquarters on their way to the rest billets. They knew, of course, that I was filling a job that had to be done by somebody, but they didn't seem to care about it any more than I did.

Then, being on Headquarters Staff, I was told off to deliver a message to my own regiment, the Royal Irish Rifles. They were, as orders went, to help in a grand assault having its objective in the capture of Ginchy, a little town just ahead of our front lines, held by the Germans. It was a bit of a hornets' nest, too, this town, and from it the German "sausage" balloons ascended every morning to watch what our lads were doing, while hundreds of field-guns and machine-guns sent shells and bullets tearing into the trenches which our brave lads had captured and consolidated.

We were going to make a big thing of the attack, and I fairly ached to be in it. So, when I got back from delivering the message, I looked for my officer, and asked him if I could be transferred back to the fighting battalion. He stared at me for a minute; he couldn't understand why I should prefer chancing the shells and bullets of the enemy. Then, when he saw that I was determined to get into the scrapping, he said he'd see what could be done.

Getting Back to Action

As luck had it, there was a chap just out from England who hadn't been feeling well, so they put him in my place. I can't tell you how glad I was to get my rifle and kit again, and when I joined up with the lads they gave me a cheer all on my very own.

We advanced in the early morning, and lay in the trenches under fire all day, while our artillery did the usual preparation. But, instead of making a barrage between us and the town, as you would have thought was the right thing to do, the German guns shelled us where we lay in dug-outs they had themselves made; and so, when we came to advance, the only shell-holes we had to dodge were those our own guns had made.

About four in the afternoon our artillery fire doubled its volume. I'd thought they were doing "some" shooting before, but it was nothing compared with what came over now. All the guns on our front must have been doing exhibition drill, for I'll swear that they were sending out ten to fifteen rounds per minute each, and they were all dropping in a beautiful straight line on the town and to the right and left of it.

The attack was a concerted one—that is, several regiments advanced at a given time. The trenches we occupied reached from Leuze Wood and across the top of Guillemont—where many a good Irish lad lay at rest—and almost up to Delville Wood. Some trenches were in the Bapaume Road, and others in High Wood, and we all left our trenches and crossed the lid at precisely the same second.

If there had been any intention to advance in one straight line, it was soon broken by German trenches, full of Bavarians fighting like fiends—or Irishmen—machine-gun posts, which sprinkled us with thousands of bullets, and did surprisingly little damage, and other strong places. But these we took at the point of the bayonet, clearing them out in no time.

A Wild Shout and Rush

If you will imagine the line as the centre line of a football team, you will understand that we Irish were playing "left inside." Against us was the western side of Ginchy, like a dust-heap ahead, with patches of white smoke rising continually from it as our shells dropped.

When we'd cleared the first few outlying enemy positions, we went forward at the run, with a yell that ought to have been heard back in Dublin, and which would have put the Sinn Feiners—Gott strafe 'em!—to shame. There wasn't much time lost in that mad rush, I can tell you, for the Germans were treating us to all sorts of fire. They were indulging in "rapid" from rifles, blazing away into the brown as we ran in more or less open order; smacking hundreds of machine-gun rounds into us every second, and working these pieces up and down as if they were watering a garden; sending over tear-shells and gas-shells, mixed occasionally with liquid-fire shells and jets of flame from their own Flammenwerfer; and then, at the last, working a great grey-green gas cloud over at us, just because a passing slant of wind favoured them.

All this took just about ten minutes, no more, and really before we knew it we were among them. They didn't stay long, and our captures in that first line—where we stopped for breath—totalled two hundred men, and ten fully-charged gas cylinders. We got these latter ready for use, for there was just a chance that the wind would turn and allow us to give the Huns a dose of their own stuff.

We whistled for the wind after we'd got our breath back, and sure enough, it wasn't long in coming. Just a puff, and then another strong, steady gust, which carried the gas over. You could catch the whiff of the rotten pears as it went, and we laughed like a crowd of school kids to think that they were being poisoned with the stuff they had got ready for us.

Forward with Packs

We couldn't advance as yet, for the guns hadn't finished with them, but when at last our commander signalled "Lift," they altered their range, and we went forward again, just the same as before. I was sweating like a bull, as the saying is, and cursing the orders which made us charge with our packs. In ordinary circumstances we should have shed these before we started, but as we were going to consolidate any ground we took, we had, of course, to either take our belongings with us, or else go short of everything that makes life bearable in trenches.

But at last we went over the top again, and in less than ten more minutes, and in spite of a further dose of all the different kinds of warfare—human, mechanical, and chemical—that the Hun could bring to bear against us, we had taken possession of the next trench-lines. You couldn't call them trenches, they were just the places where good, solidly-constructed trenches had once been, before our guns got to work. Now they were mere depressions in the ground, with here and there a decent bit of head cover, while in another place the men were exposed both back and front.

We didn't waste any time in making them capable of defence; they weren't our objective, only steps on the way to it. But we had to stay there for fully twenty minutes, cursing like mad because, in our impetuosity, we were ahead of the programme, and also ahead of the line.

Our patrols, too, were getting close into touch; they were getting restless, and chafed at the delay. They worked just behind the barrage of our shells, themselves in the danger zone, and if the shells hadn't been of the best, many a good gallant lad would have gone to his Maker, sped by a shell perhaps made by his own sweetheart or sister.

We saw the Boches flying out of their second-line trenches, and couldn't go after them because of orders, and while we waited we decided that men might come after us and want to use the trenches. The fact was we were too restless to do nothing, so we started in and dug that trench-line five feet deep. Nearly a whole mile of trench we dug in under half an hour, which I think is something like a record, even for a swift war like this.

When we again went forward we found ourselves working up a slope where there were two arcs of trenches, one behind the other, and each held by Germans. They were so strong that they held up the whole of the advance. Those who were in front of them lay down in shell-holes, and did a bit of the old-style trench warfare; those to the right or left skirted round them and then went on, leaving them isolated spots in the battle.

Erin-go-Bragh!

We got into the village at last, and were brought up all standing by an old farm, where the Germans had made themselves secure—as they thought—with sandbags loopholed for rifles and machine-guns. The chief redoubt appeared "blind," but it had eyes looking every way, and could rake us all as we came on from every side. We finally had to bring up some guns to make a breach in the wall, and when at last the hole appeared, a yell of "Erin go Bragh!" went up, and we made for it at the rush. We met with a real fight this time, for the garrison had orders not to surrender, and, whatever his faults, the German is good at obeying orders to the last.

I got a jab with a bayonet and lost my tin helmet through the explosion of a bomb, which also nearly scalped me, and I was out of the fight. But I lay on one side, getting occasionally trodden on, and half blinded with the smoke as the bombs burst, and watched the lads clear the Huns right out.

And as, next morning, I came back on a stretcher, I heard rifle firing. I asked the R.A.M.C. men if the lads were being beaten back, or what.

"Beaten back?" said one. "Not a bit of it. They're having a dicky little fight of their own round those two arcs of trench you left behind yesterday evening, and they look as if they were enjoying it, too."

THE WAR ILLUSTRATED · GALLERY OF LEADERS

Elliott & Fry

LIEUT.-GEN. SIR W. P. PULTENEY, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., D.S.O.

Commanding the Third Army Corps

PERSONALIA OF THE GREAT WAR

LIEUT.-GEN. SIR WILLIAM PULTENEY

LIEUTENANT - GENERAL SIR WILLIAM PULTENEY PULTENEY, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., D.S.O., Commander of the Third Army Corps in General Sir Henry Rawlinson's Fourth Army on the Somme, and the bearer of a name familiar in our public annals as far back as the days of Crécy and Poitiers, was born on May 18th, 1861, younger son of the Rev. R. T. Pulteney, of Ashley, Market Harborough, and Hargrave, Stansted, Essex. An out-of-doors man, keen in the hunting-field, a disciple of Izaak Walton, a devotee of big-game shooting, a prominent footballer, and sometime honorary secretary of the Army Football Association, he was educated at Eton, and has had all his regimental experience in the Scots Guards, in which he was gazetted to a second-lieutenancy on April 23rd, 1881, being given his second star on the first of the following July.

With Wolseley at Tel-el-Kebir

In the Egyptian Campaign of 1882, occasioned by the revolt of Arabi Pasha, Lieutenant Pulteney had his baptism of fire. He took part in the action at Mahuta and in the Battle of Tel-el-Kebir (September 13th), when the British under Sir Garnet (afterwards Lord) Wolseley crushed the rebellion. His services were rewarded with medal and clasp and the Bronze Star. Appointed adjutant on February 24th, 1891—a position he held until February 14th, 1895—he was gazetted captain on May 4th, 1892, and major on May 4th, 1897.

While employed under the Foreign Office in the Uganda Protectorate (February 15th to September 22nd, 1897), Major Pulteney took part in the Unyoro Expedition against King Kabrega in 1895 (medal), and in the Nandi Expedition of 1895-96 (mention in despatches and the D.S.O.). From December 30th, 1898, to June 17th, 1899, he was Vice-Consul at Boma, in the Congo Free State.

His Services in the South African War

At the outbreak of the South African War, in October, 1899, he was still a major, but in the following month he was given the brevet rank of a lieutenant-colonel. He served right through the operations, which, it will be remembered, lasted till May, 1902. From January, 1901, to April, 1902, he was in charge of a column.

He took part in the memorable advance on Kimberley, and in some of the severest of the fighting in the Transvaal, the Orange Free State, and Cape Colony, including the successful actions at Belmont and Enslin, in the hard-fought passage of the Modder River, " one of the hardest and most trying fights (so far) in the annals of the British Army," in the costly battle at Magersfontein, the affairs at Poplar Grove and Driefontein, the crossing of the Vaal and Zand Rivers, and the actions at Diamond Hill and Belfast.

Commander of the 6th Division

His services were recognised by three distinct references in the official despatches, by a brevet-colonelcy, and by the award of the Queen's Medal with six clasps and the King's Medal with two clasps. In 1905 these honours were followed by a Companionship of the Bath.

Appointed full colonel on January 1st, 1908, he spent several years in the Sister Isle, with the rank of brigadier-general, being from February, 1908, to March, 1909, in command of the 16th Brigade at Fermoy. On January 1st, 1909, he was appointed to the rank of major-general, and from July 16th, 1910, to July 15th, 1914, he was General Officer Commanding the 6th Division, with headquarters at Cork.

At the Battle of the Marne

The 6th Division formed part of the Third Army Corps, when this was made up at the outbreak of the European War, and its commander (with the temporary rank of lieutenant-general) was entrusted with the command of the corps, and sailed with it to France in time to take part with distinction in those battles of the rivers which from the outset have been comprehensively known as the Battle of the Marne, in which the colossal and vainglorious effort of the Teutons to dash upon the French capital was, by Franco-British valour and resource, turned into a precipitate retreat to the Aisne.

The Third Corps, though lacking the number of troops proper to an army corps, covered itself with glory. While the two corps, under the command respectively of Sir Douglas Haig and Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien, forced the passage of the Marne, it fell to the lot of the Third Corps to attack La Ferté Jouarre, a town lying on the north of the river. The bridge had been destroyed, and a strong German rearguard with the inevitable machine-guns dominated the stream.

Praise from Field-Marshal French

The task before the men was great, but, thanks in the first place to the indomitable courage of the sappers in getting a pontoon bridge in position after many heroic attempts had been thwarted at the last moment through the intensity of the enemy's fire, the task was eventually accomplished. By it work of the highest importance to the general scheme of the allied operations was completed.

Referring to General Pulteney's services, in his despatch of October 8th, 1914, with special reference to the Battle of the Marne, Sir John French wrote : " Throughout the subsequent operations he showed himself to be a most capable commander in the field, and has rendered most valuable services."

Round Soissons the Third Army Corps acted for a time with the right wing of General Maunoury's Fifth French Army ; and once again its engineers distinguished themselves by pontoon bridging under heavy enemy fire.

In the First Battle of Ypres

When the little British Army made the surprising move to its new position nearer to the coast in October, 1914, the Third Corps detrained at St. Omer and moved on the following day to Hazebrouck. On the 19th General Pulteney began his move towards the line Armentières-Wytschaete, with the understanding that should the Second Corps require his aid he would have to move south-east to support it. The days that followed were full of thrilling incident.

General Pulteney's force was stronger than the enemy force facing it, so far as artillery power was concerned, but rain and fog prevented him from deriving the full benefit from this superiority. He succeeded, however, in routing the foe and in consolidating the position. Bailleul was then taken, and the line St. Jans Cappel-Bailleul occupied, as, despite the strenuous opposition encountered, were the lines Armentières-Sailly and Bois Grenier-Le Gheir.

Armentières was taken, and village by village the enemy was driven back to within a few miles of Lille, the corps maintaining its own against massed attacks day and night till the end of October and on into November. Between them the Second and Third Corps withstood against terrible odds all the efforts of the Germans to master the positions west and north of Lille, until the first of the great Battles of Ypres ended in favour of the British. " I venture to predict," wrote Sir John French, " that the deeds during these days of stress and trial will furnish some of the most brilliant chapters which will be found in the military history of our times."

Awarded the K.C.B. and Legion of Honour

In his despatch of November 20th the Field-Marshal paid a special tribute to the excellent work of the men under General Pulteney's command. He described their courage, tenacity, endurance, and cheerfulness in such unparalleled circumstances as " beyond all praise." And " that the corps was invariably successful in repulsing the constant attacks, sometimes in great strength, made against them by day and by night," was, he said, " due entirely to the skilful manner in which the corps was disposed by its commander." General Pulteney's services were rewarded by a Knight Commandership of the Bath, and promotion (May 4th, 1915) to the rank of lieutenant-general. From our gallant French allies he received, at the hands of General Delacroix, the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour. In January, 1917, he was made a K.C.M.G.

"The Great Push" of 1916

III.—THE SEPTEMBER ADVANCE AND THE "TANKS" IN ACTION.

The third phase of "The Great Push" was the most thrilling of all. It included the great advance (September 15th-26th) when Flers, Martinpuich, High Wood, Morval, Lesboeufs, Thiepval, and Combles were stormed by the irresistible British, and the "Tanks" first came into action.

THE MAIN LINE OF VICTORY.—Rail-power was a great factor of success for the Germans in the early months of the war, but even the enemy militarists could not foresee to what extent it could be utilised in combination with heavy gun-power. How the Allies showed the initiative in this connection is demonstrated by this splendid official photograph from the west front.

BATTLE PICTURES OF THE GREAT WAR

The Glorious Twenty-fifth

By MAX PEMBERTON

FOR the first time, perhaps, since the beginning of the offensive upon the Somme the great and glorious work accomplished by Sir Douglas Haig and his men is being understood by the British people. Hitherto the soldier has been almost alone in understanding how that we, after two years of warfare, have only now come into our own; how that we have at length learned the one way in which the Boches can be driven from France and Belgium, and have set about the task with a valour and brilliancy to which no words can do justice.

These facts being considered, it is in some senses misleading to speak of battles. The ancient panoply of war departed many decades ago. We saw precious little of it in the Boer War, and those who remember what it was in "'70" are few. Our people at home—uninstructed as many of them are in this vast business of mechanical campaigning—incline their ears not to the rolling of drums but to the booming of cannon across the dreary plains of Picardy. They look for rags rather than for feathers; they do not imagine an undulating down over which the cavalier rides proudly, but a grim desolation where for months together you can hardly see a living thing.

The Landscape of Modern War

A hundred pens told them of the ridge dominating that plain, and of the supposedly impregnable fortress at either end of it. Heaps of rubble here and there, they came to know, stood for the villages which had been; some bare poles that might have been so many isolated gibbets marked the woods which once were sylvan; furrowed heaps of chalk said that below them and behind them were those myriads of Germans massed against the British front. This plain we had to cross, this ridge to conquer, this fortress to subdue. When that was done we must begin again from the beginning against other ridges far off, other fortresses of like renown—hammering with the mightiest force of artillery the world has ever seen the straight and narrow way into the land of the Hun.

For nearly three months now the task has been going on, pursued no less magnificently by the French upon our right than by our own superb armies, which we cannot cease to praise. Villages that no Englishman would have heard of in a hundred years have become famous names. We learned at the beginning of Fricourt, Ovillers, Contalmaison, Bazentin, Pozières—to the west of Hardecourt, Longueval, Guillemont, Ginchy—to the south of Rancourt, Bouchavesnes, and of Péronne. The story of the fall of each was often a story of gallant repetitions. There would be a bombardment so terrible that the pens of all the correspondents failed to convey but an echo of its terrors. The villages became but powdered bricks beneath the avalanche. Woods were so dealt with that but isolated stumps could tell you where they stood. The ground itself, scarred and raked and pock-marked, was often no more than a vast cemetery for the unburied dead.

A Most Momentous Victory

A few hours later, and the men of our regiments, new and old—Anzacs and Guards and Territorials, Irishmen, Scotsmen and Welshmen; men of the shires and the roses, Londoners prominent amongst them, would be racing across these fields of death, hunting the Germans from their dug-outs, bombing and slaying, sometimes gripped nail and tooth with the Boches who met them—always going headlong without halt or fear. To these the landmarks fell one by one. We were climbing the ridge as men swarm a difficult Alpine peak—going quickly where the ground was good, but more leisurely where the way was dangerous—and ever the story of the day's work was told with exultation to-morrow. Pozières fell, Guillemont and Ginchy, Longueval and Courcelette. We were up upon the ridge and had begun to look down upon the other side. The fortress at either end forbade our claim to supreme possession. When on Tuesday, September 26th, 1916, we heard that both Thiepval and Combles had fallen, perhaps the meaning of Sir Douglas Haig's most moderate despatch on the 25th was to be understood even by the dullest. Truly, this was a famous victory; it may be that there has been none more momentous in the whole story of British arms.

For what were Thiepval and Combles? Little towns both in little valleys of the Rivers Ancre and Somme. But they were little towns undermined with such vast subterranean works that nothing like them has ever been known in the history of warfare. We speak of dug-outs here with an understanding of the term which is sometimes wholly ridiculous. Men think of a little hole in the ground six feet deep, perhaps lighted by a candle in a ginger-beer bottle, and furnished with a gramophone and a mattress. These were not the dug-outs of Thiepval and Combles.

Germans in the Underground

They went down fifty, sixty—even a hundred feet below the ground. As an old soldier told me last week, you could almost have put the Hotel Metropole below either of them. Both places possessed chateaux, and the cellars of the chateaux were the beginning of the wonderland. Below them you went down wide stairs to great rooms elaborately lighted with electric light, carpeted for the officers, capable of housing whole garrisons with their rifles and machine-guns, and so deep below the ground that our heaviest shell fire was but a patter of hail upon their roofs.

These forts had defended the ridge since Von Kluck took Combles on August 31st in the year 1914. The Kaiser struck a medal to commemorate that signal event; nor did he forget to add that God had blessed his valiant arms. For two years his men perfected their positions. There was no device of subterranean work, of cunning trench, of gun emplacement which was neglected. "Combles is impregnable," said the Germans; and, being "impregnable," we took it on September 26th.

Allies Shoulder to Shoulder in Combles

The fighting for this coveted possession has been described as the fiercest yet witnessed on the Somme front. The terrible bombardment endured from early morning until half an hour after noon on Monday. Then over a front extending from Martinpuich to the Somme—a distance of nearly twelve miles—the British and French dashed to the attack. Out of Flers and Ginchy we came towards Lesbœufs and Morval. The French debouched from Priez Farm and the outskirts of Rancourt on the east and pressed forward towards the fortress on the Frégicourt road. Together we descended upon Combles behind a barrage of fire which was terrifying. There was no intention here of permitting, if it could be avoided, that slower and more deadly assault upon the covered emplacements where the machine-guns stood. Combles might have been a holocaust for troops sent heedlessly to an assault which artillery could make unnecessary. Sir Douglas Haig had no such intention. We crushed the outskirts to powder before we went in. Our own men upon the west and the French upon the east and south joined hands at length in the centre of this fortress of the fables, and who shall wonder at their exultation?

Mr. Beach Thomas, in his admirable despatch, has told us that the day was glorious, but the ground was yeasty. No cloud appeared in the azure sky. For the first time for many weeks German aeroplanes came boldly across No Man's Land and tried to discover what was doing behind our lines. We fired at them ceaselessly, and many a

[*Continued on page* 2249

THE GLORIOUS TWENTY-FIFTH

(Continued from page 2248)

duel was fought above, with few below to pay heed to it. Those who stood at the rear, glass in hand, must watch impatiently for many hours when day came, listening to the thunderous guns, noting every new chord in the strange gamut of sounds for which modern artillery is responsible. Through all this forenoon Combles was a vast haze of smoke in the hollow. Remember that there were upon this front four thousand guns—Allies and Boches—and that they were firing without cessation in these waiting hours. Noon came, and the man with the glass need be impatient no more. "Out went our fellows, old men and new; the Territorial, the *corps d'elite*, the men from overseas—hands across and down the middle they danced forward in unison, their shells and bullets leaving many dead, or few dead—it was all the same to the rest."

A Contest of Gladiators

As for the enemy, the very ferocity of it appears to have staggered him in many cases to immediate submission. From Lesbœufs, from Gueudecourt, and lastly from Combles he came from the trenches, hands up and trembling. Not so his officers, who sometimes showed fight. There is one story of a burly sergeant from "down under," who was just about to take possession of forty willing Huns, when their officer appeared and whipped out his revolver. Instantly the sergeant closed with him and a pretty affair was witnessed by his astonished comrades. Round and round the men swung until the Prussian was down and the giant upon him. In vain the fellow tried to get his revolver arm to the sergeant's back; the hand upon his throat was squeezing the life out of him, his heels rattled upon the ground as a dying gladiator's in an historic forum. Suddenly his body relaxed, the hand with the revolver fell to the ground; he was dead. Then that sergeant arose and expressed his opinion of the encounter. "The beggar nearly had me," he said, and quite calmly he ordered the prisoners to fall in.

The swift fall of Combles and Thiepval, the rare and refreshing fruits of the 26th, clearly were not anticipated by the correspondents who wrote of Monday's affair. The "Times" then said that the village of Lesbœufs was ours and all Morval except the extreme south-eastern corner. Above Lesbœufs, it told us, we had advanced something like a mile from our former positions, carrying two strongly-held German positions on defended roads to a point one thousand yards to the east of Gueudecourt. On the right the French had then carried both Rancourt and Frégicourt, and latest reports told of "storming into the blue beyond." The taking of Morval itself and of the sunken roads about it and Gueudecourt appear to have been one of the most gallant of the many gallantries perpetrated during the wonderful forty-eight hours.

The men advanced like a whirlwind. The barrage of fire, heavier than the Germans had made it for some days, had no more effect upon them than hail upon an iron roof. They passed through it unchecked, and, while they were passing, the forces on the left swung round as upon a pivot and joined with them for the massed attack. Such dash proved invincible, as we know, and all Morval was in our possession that night, though the correspondents could not be aware of the fact. It was truly the key to Combles on the left, as Mouquet was the key to Thiepval on the right. Heavy German reinforcements brought down from the neighbourhood of Ypres during the night did nothing for the Boches. Through the haze of the shell fire, clouds of shrapnel above, the black-brown smoke of the high explosives below, the earth rent and scarred and shaken as by an earthquake, we drove up to the gates of this momentous victory, and nothing hereafter could stop us.

Of Thiepval itself the surrender appears to have been no less sudden than that of Combles. Equally was the stronghold reckoned impregnable, and one of the most formidable upon the western front. Then, as a French officer had told us, the Germans had excavated subterranean works which could only be called prodigious. As in Combles, the cellars of a once superb chateau served for a gateway. You passed them and entered a veritable subterranean city with galleries hewn out fifty feet below the solid rock and lifts to bring you up, and cellars where the vintage was of men and guns and high explosives, to be used the moment the enemy sprang to the attack. But strong as Thiepval was, the Boche began to fear for it directly we had Mouquet and dominated the Bapaume road. On Monday night he was trying to get his guns out.

On Tuesday, the 26th, Sir Douglas Haig, profiting by his confusion, attacked the place on three sides at once. A fierce barrage prevented the enemy bringing up reinforcements from Eaucourt—and remembering what was below the ground we shelled the gates severely, though not so severely that the French first and our own men afterwards did not suffer heavily at the first swift onset. The rebuff was brief, and the heart soon out of the Huns.

On the Crest of the Ridge

Thirteen hundred prisoners were sent back almost immediately, including two majors and forty other officers. The cellars themselves yielded a veritable harvest of machine-guns and stores and ammunitions, but the chief thing was that Thiepval was attacked with a dash that was invincible, and that once again our men had justified all that we believed and hoped of them.

With our great allies, the French, we have now taken ten thousand prisoners during the fifteen days of fighting on the Somme. We have topped the ridge, and begun the descent to the great plain below it. For the first time for many days our cavalry are riding freely in the open. Patrols have been within two and a quarter miles of Bapaume, and we may soon be hearing of the fall of that stronghold. No longer does the Hun appear to be fighting with the dash of yesterday. We have thrashed the heart out of him with whips of steel, and when he lives he comes to us thankful and smiling that he is alive.

A great and important victory, truly, as Sir Douglas has called it. In the opinion of many wise judges, the greatest victory of the war.

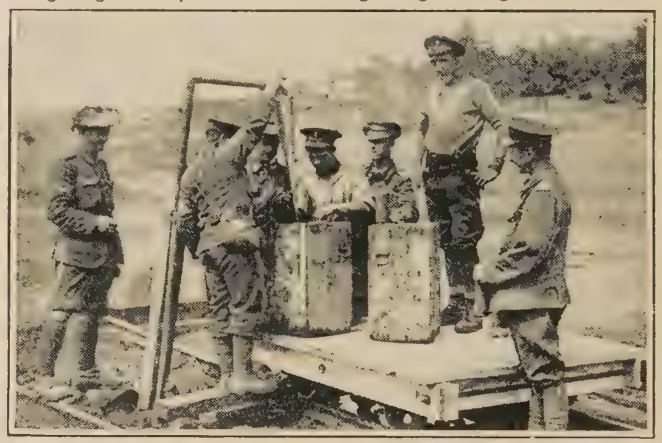
A great advance is a seeming paradox of making and breaking. No sooner have the artillery and infantry churned the wide fields into waste land, than the Engineers and Navvies get to work consolidating, building roads over the captured territory. (Official photograph.)

Labour and Leisure in the Western Advance

Capable workmen always take good care of their tools. South African Highlanders cleaning and oiling Lewis guns.

Digging in near Trones Wood, where some of the fiercest fighting was experienced in the beginning of the great advance.

The British soldier has a native craving for personal cleanliness, and utilises spare moments in a little laundry work.



Running up fresh water to the troops along a light railway laid to a stand-pipe for that purpose.

The first occupation after entering into possession: Building dug-outs immediately upon taking up a new position.

A well-earned meal: Black Watch at breakfast after having delivered a counter-attack on the morning of July 19, 1916.

A group of officers turn on a gramophone and enjoy a little light music and conversation during an interval between the acts.

An impression of the size of the 15 in. shells that were rained on the Germans. (Official photographs.)

Fun and Frolic After Fierce Fighting

British and Canadian Official Photographs

One can imagine the hilarity with which this ancient vehicle was discovered by the boys beaming through the window. Forthwith the most fragile member of the company was assisted inside and joyously escorted in the direction of the Premier's official residence.

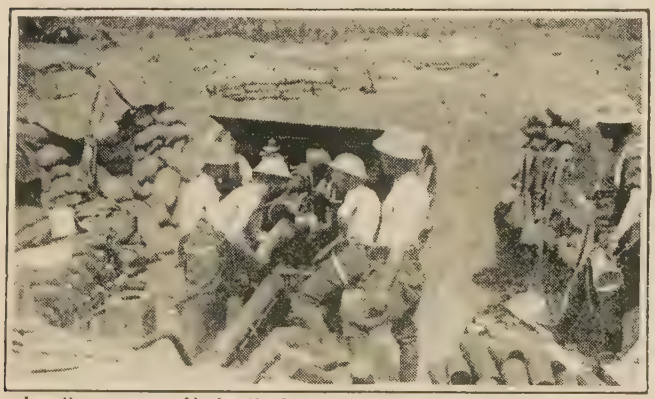
A little music relieves the cheerless monotony of life in a dug-out in France.

One of the Northumberland Fusiliers, greatly daring, returns Hun-helmeted from the trenches riding on a mule.

"A merry heart goes all the day." Somme smiles at a Canadian ammunition-dump. Spirit that cannot be broken carried the Canadians through some of the worst situations in the war. Reinforced by unlimited munitions it made them irresistible.

Arduous Artillery Work Under a Broiling Sun

A welcome arrival in the firing-line. Mules bringing up water for the guns' crews in action on the western front.



Loading a gun. Under the hot sun the gunners were compelled to strip to the waist in order to carry on their work.

Driving home the shell. The gun-teams shown in these photographs were busily engaged putting over curtain fire, or barrage, to prevent supplies being brought up to the enemy's line. According to prisoners' statements, Germans in the first line were for days without food during the earlier British bombardments on the Somme. Inset: Loading a gun with one of our big shells.

The Power of the Pick in the Effort for Victory

After an advance, one of the primary duties was to construct roads over captured territory to facilitate movement of troops. Such a highway is seen being built by men of the Labour Battalion.

To be able to make roads and trenches is as essential as the need to be a good shot. This photograph shows British soldiers constructing a way at Contalmaison in anticipation of an advance through this captured village. Inset: Spare moments from the ceaseless struggle. Soldiers divested of their heavy equipment resting in dug-outs adjacent to the firing line.

BATTLE PICTURES OF THE GREAT WAR

The Battle of the "Tanks"

By MAX PEMBERTON

THE habit of sending us good news at the week-end, frequently noticed in these pages, was not varied by Sir Douglas Haig upon the morning of Monday, the eighteenth day of September, 1916. Not for many months had there been such scenes of enthusiasm in club and street. We read early on Sunday morning of a "very great victory," but Monday's news surpassed our expectations; for it said that the German third line was practically done with, that we had thrust forward in some places to a depth of two miles upon a six-mile front, and that we had taken more than four thousand prisoners. His Majesty the King's gracious thanks to officers and men voiced the sentiments of the nation exactly. They spoke, in all truth, of momentous and most glorious days.

Now all this was good enough, but there was a note of rejoicing over Courcelette, Martinpuich, and Flers which none of us has heard before since Austria issued her ultimatum to Serbia. It was a note of exultation which the situation justified; but it was also a note of humour. Never have I seen the town so amused. Men found themselves able for the first time to laugh at a story, which must always be a story of agony and death. "Have you seen this about the 'tanks'?" they asked each other. When the answer was in the negative, they produced Mr. Beach Thomas's despatches, or those admirable pictures of the war which Mr. Philip Gibbs is giving us. "Look here!" they said. "We have got something new at last—armoured cars which can almost climb trees. Huge saurians and steel pterodactyls which eat houses as elephants eat hay; great Jabberwocks and Behemoths which crush resistance to powder, climb hills, and creep out of hollows; turreted dragons which spit fire in the ancient mood; Juggernauts which defy machine-guns, bombs, and bullets! We've got them and the Germans haven't!" They played a great part in that struggle for Flers, though to be sure it was won by one thing only—as Mr. Beach Thomas has finely said—the courage of our brave fellows which nothing could resist.

Harvest Moon and Sickle of Death

To follow this stirring battle we should take our stand upon the left of the British line before day had broken. This would be over by High Wood beyond Pozières to the north and east, and in the vicinity of Mouquet Farm, for which we have fought so strenuously. There had been intermittent bombardment all night, and few upon either side could have slept in their trenches. From time to time star-shells discovered that weird landscape weirdly; there had been hours when a glorious harvest moon and a "wonderful heaven of stars declared, in silhouettes of black and azure grey and the mild blues of witching time, the desolation where death had reaped and was to garner again at daybreak" But all this was the common chord of the prelude. The crackling bomb, the hiss of the whizz-bang, the moaning of the great shell are lullabys for those who wake that we may sleep.

Armadilloes that Moved at Sunrise

The abnormal thing had been the great clearing out of the rest camps during the mid-week. All the panoply, such as it is, and the grim machinery of war were then upon the roads—transport and cannon; motors rushing headlong; red hats to be seen among miles of marching infantry; the fine horses of the artillery, the moving workshops, the ominous ambulance. Often had our men seen it all before, but these days they regarded it jocularly. "Hush!" they said, and saying it, they laughed. The great secret was a secret no longer. The "tank" had been discovered. Men had seen it with their own eyes. And already they had named it—called it Whale, Slug, Boojum, Dreadnought, H.M. Landship, Creme de Menthe, Weary Willie, Snark, but "tank" chiefly, for that was official.

In truth, the shadow of the "tank" seems to have been over everything and everybody long before day broke; but it was a kindly shadow, and its ripples were of laughter. Men knew not what they were going out to see, but that it would be worth while seeing they were convinced. David Harum told them long ago to do unto others as they would that others should do unto them, and to see that they did it first. They believed that the brains of our people at length were to justify themselves mechanically in the machinery of war, and they were not to be disappointed. The sun had not been long up when the "tanks" went forth—horrible toads, blind monsters, creeping over the fields of death, devouring fields and houses and men, indifferent to the bombs and bullets raining upon them—vomiting fire and flame as though these were the food they fed upon. Since war began no such engines had been seen upon her fields. Shall we wonder that Fritz ran in terror, screaming that it was not cricket?

Close In with Bombs and Steel

They went forth, but much had happened before they went. For one thing, Fritz himself had come out of his trenches before Courcelette and given some of our fellows an unexpectedly lively time. We were just ready for the attack—the clock had not struck six of the morning—when a signal went up from the German trenches, and over came the grey coats to the astonishment of our men. "Look out for yourselves!" cried a sergeant. "We shall have the whole lot on top of us!" It was a true word, for though the rifles did great execution as the Boches came up, many of them reached the line and leaped into our trenches. For a few minutes a deadly struggle ensued. Men hurled bombs at an enemy whom their outstretched arms could almost have touched. Rifles were fired point-blank into grinning faces; the bayonets flashed in the breaking light. Then, as the mists themselves, the Hun vanished from the scene, and the men who had just been wrestling with him leaped from the trenches and went headlong for Courcelette as though he had never been.

Here was a fine scene, and one upon which the writer of to-morrow will dwell. In the sky above, the silver shapes of the darting aeroplanes about to do such gallant work for us. Down below, the barren land now covered by the figures of the brave men who never shall be forgotten. Fire is a detail of the scene and the scream of shells—the great guns roar ceaselessly; the earth quakes and trembles as though smitten by mighty forces below. Through it all our fellows press on toward Courcelette—and now, look you, and you shall see the "tanks" creeping after them.

The Tank's Insatiable Hunger

Soon there is a halt upon the right, for the ruins of a sugar factory are here, and the Germans have made a veritable fortress of it. To it goes the "tank," leans for a few moments in a tired way against its shattered wall, and lo! it passes on as though no wall were there. Tommy has been saying "Hush!" these many days, but now he cannot say "Hush!" for laughter. On goes Creme de Menthe and eats up a house. It was a good house, as an officer declared; but, nevertheless, he was very glad to see it eaten. Trees are no more to the monster than leaves to a giraffe. They are down in a twinkling, shivered to splinters in its powerful maw. And from its side there spits the fire of the tables; its many tongues lick yellow flames; it deals death about it as some monstrous engine emerged from the very bowels of the dreadful pit.

Naturally, such machines were priceless at such a moment. Our dashing infantry forgot their dash and watched Creme de Menthe at work. When he had rolled over a trench and smashed machine-gun and machine-gunners flat, butted down a wall, and removed an inconvenient

[*Continued on page* 2255

THE BATTLE OF THE "TANKS" (Contd. from page 2254.)

wood, Tommy came on and did the rest. We soon had the Germans squealing and surrendering in batches. The fight for Courcelette was fierce enough, but once more our splendid fellows proved irresistible. Again and again they advanced to that labyrinth of hidden guns. Seventy fell at the first assault; another seventy succeeded, and were annihilated; a third attempt, and we were in among them, and the village was doomed. It was one of the fiercest fights of that most glorious day, and only to be matched upon the right where Irish, Scots, and English had gone again for their old friends the Prussian Guard, and fairly and squarely beat them as they have never yet failed to do.

Creme de Menthe Makes Mirth

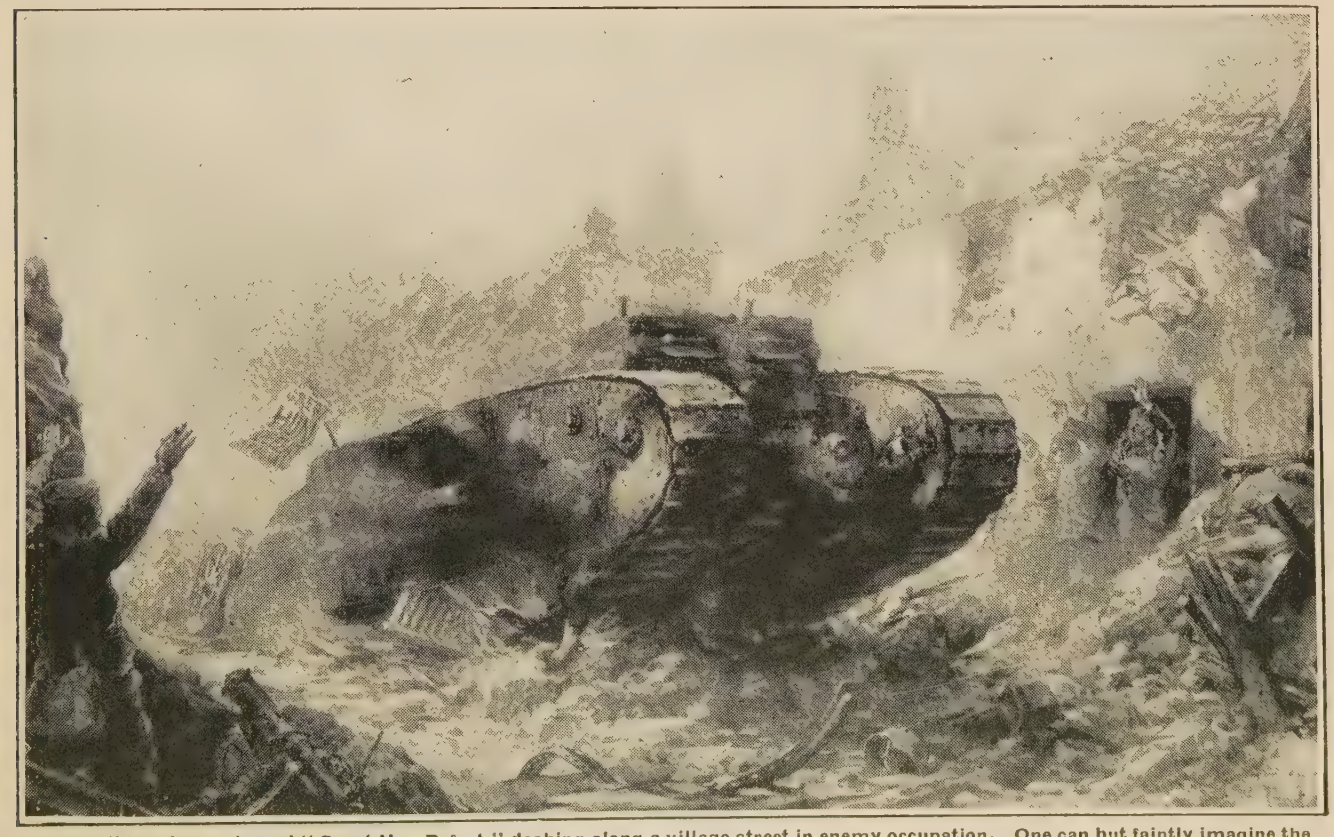
This was the thrust upon Martinpuich and High Wood—that fearsome thicket which so long was denied us and we had coveted so ardently. Fortified almost as no other wood upon all the ridge, it may be that we should not have taken it on the 15th but for H.M. Landship. Many times did the men advance to the assault; many times were they repulsed. Then the cry went up here, as it had gone up on the left, that Creme de Menthe was coming. All stood and watched the monster. Would the trees stop it, the deep hollows, the craters, the threatening wire, the hidden guns? Men asked the question as it leaped into the wood and all began to fall before it. Down went the "ancient monarchs" and the saplings alike. There was not a crater so deep that Behemoth's claws could not fathom the depths; it ground machine-guns to powder and the emplacements which had housed them. It drew the Hun in terror from depth and dug-out, and set him heaving his impotent bombs. But there is no bomb that can touch Creme de Menthe. "I could have laughed until I cried to see them," said one Mark Tapley of the line. The Boche did not laugh. He howled with terror, and even his officers lost their wits. One of them, a colonel, was so scared that he lifted his hands high above his head and roared "Kamerad, Kamerad!" "Come inside," replied the driver thereof—and pulling the man aboard he carried the fellow about for the rest of the day and showed him sights his eyes will never see again in this world.

In spite of the "tanks," Martinpuich was almost as bloody a business as Courcelette. There was one dreadful hollow in which a company of our men were compelled to lie, but ill-protected and exposed for hours to the havoc of whizzbangs. Many of them lay in bloody pools at the end of it, and their comrades advanced at last over their shattered bodies. "Fritz should repay," they swore; and repay he did. We can imagine the mood in which such men entered at last the ruins of what had been Martinpuich, and how they dealt with the Hun sneaking from cellar and dug-out to meet the flashing bayonets. A pitiless onslaught it properly was, carried far beyond the hamlet and sending tired men home at last with that cry of victory which has echoed and re-echoed through the land they have served so well.

Boches Lose Ground and Wits

The "Times" correspondent has dwelt eloquently upon this phase of it, and there are men back from that front to-day who will tell us that this was a battle more momentous in its splendid results even than the Marne. We first penetrated High Wood on July 14th. Its final capture on September 16th shares with Verdun the distinction of being the "finest feat of the war." At the moment of writing we have got Flers, Courcelette, and Martinpuich, and are a thousand yards to the north of Ginchy, into the German third line with all its network of newly made trenches and ancient dug-outs. To the north again we have gained Lesbœufs, and the final atom of the ridge seems to have been occupied beyond dispute on Sunday, September 17th. So is this battle won and yet enduring. It will not cease until the Boche is across the Rhine.

As to the "tanks"—one of which drove calmly through Flers at the height of the battle with a placard on its side announcing a "Great British Victory"—a Boche prisoner who saw one for the first time threw up his hands and cried "Gott in Himmel!" It seems the only comment possible.



"Tank," bearing a placard "Great Hun Defeat," dashing along a village street in enemy occupation. One can but faintly imagine the terror of the Germans on being confronted by this steely leviathan, which crumpled weapons and fortifications like so much crepe. This vivid illustration shows the Germans surrendering to the infantry following the "tank's" irresistible progress.

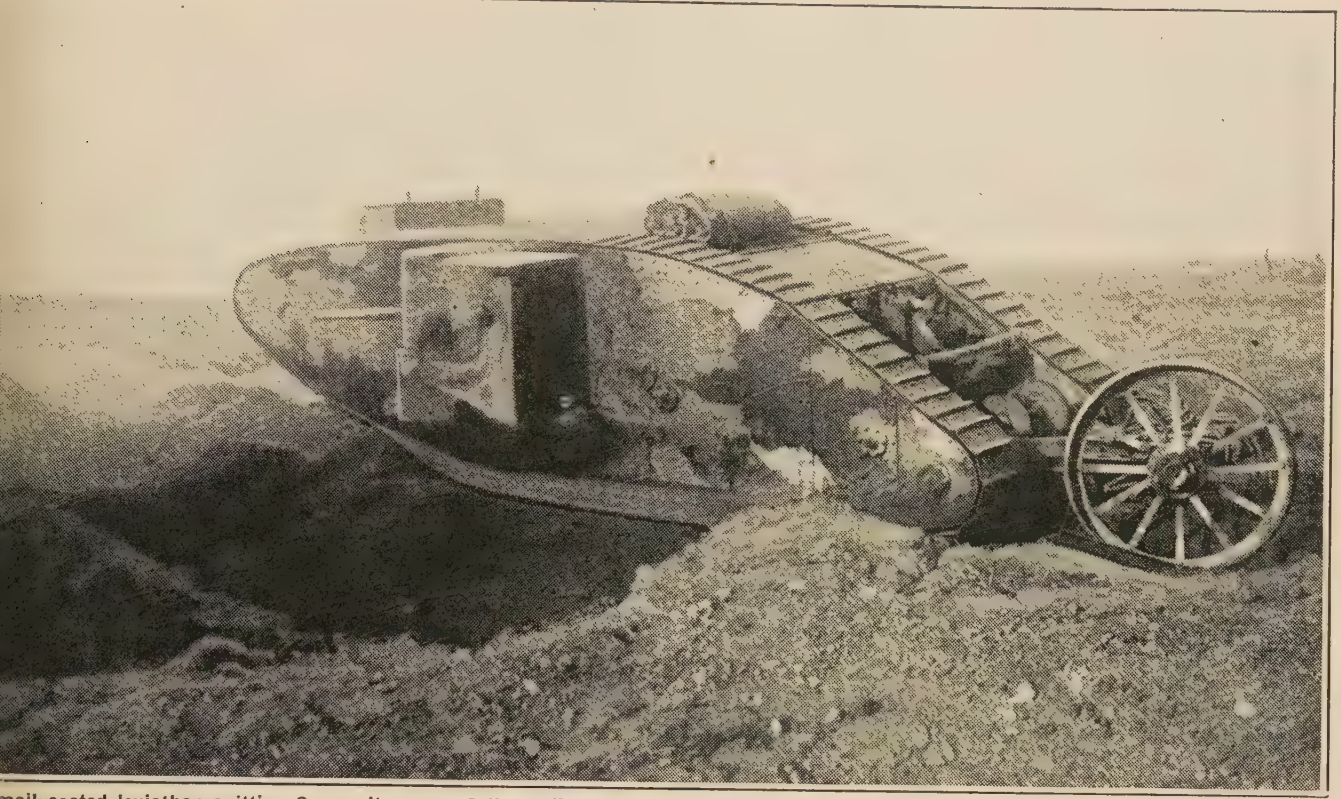
Mysterious Monsters on the Muddy Somme

Crash against the enemy, the "tank" goes into action with something of the bravado of a mediæval knight in armour. A monster of living steel, it churns its way over obstacles and into positions with a blind, implacable fury that recognises no obstacles.

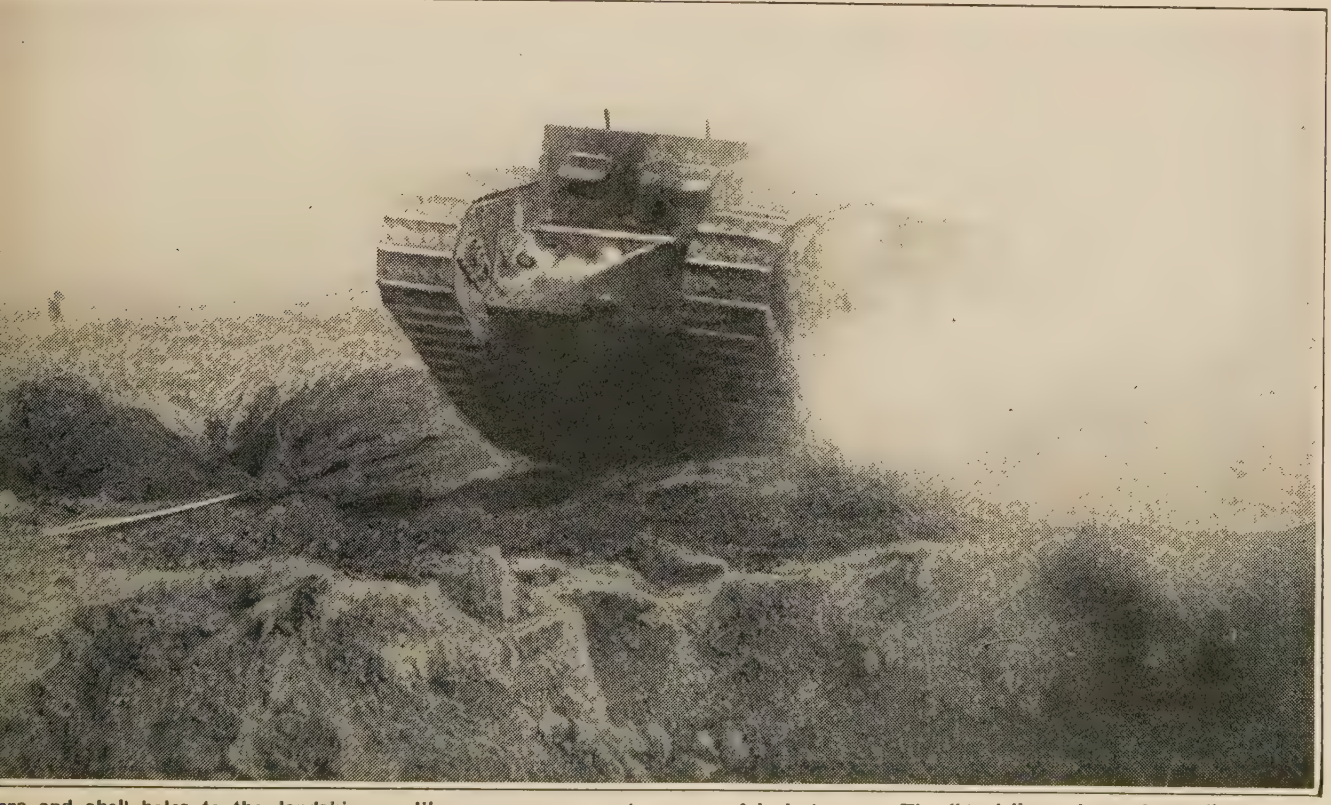
While the "tanks" caused roars of laughter from Britons who witnessed the first move into action, the Germans suffered a painful surprise, and, in many cases utterly demoralised by the steely and apparently invulnerable novelty, surrendered en masse.

Land-Cruisers Luffing into the Battle Line

Canadian War Records—Official Photographs



mail-coated leviathan spitting fire as it goes. A "tank" crawling over the desert of war steered by its invisible crew, whose bravery is akin to that of submarine men bringing their craft into position during a naval action.



ers and shell-holes to the landship are like so many waves to a powerful destroyer. The "tank" weathers them all with an imperturbability which is sometimes as comic to those behind it as it is tragic to those who have to face the onslaught.

Told by the Rank and File

THE COCKNEYS IN HIGH WOOD

BY CORPORAL T. BALL, LONDON REGIMENT

I HAVE been told by people who ought to know that the taking of High Wood on September 15th, 1916, was one of the most important events of the British advance, and as I took part in it—although I have only just reached England and hospital—I should like to tell you about it. The London battalions have obtained much glory in this war, though they haven't been credited with all the fine things they have achieved. There may be some military reason for this, but, speaking personally, the mere knowledge that your regiment's name is being mentioned in the descriptions of fights makes you feel that it is up to you to make the glory of that name more conspicuous than ever, if possible.

Nearly all the London troops employed at High Wood were Territorials, and proved their worth and mettle as fighting men to the hilt. I am a regular soldier myself, and I've never seen a crowd more eager for a fight and more reliable when in it.

Strongly Held Position

The wood itself had been a battlefield for just two months, and was full of dead soldiers of both sides. The Germans had been so harassed by constant attacks and artillery fire that they had been unable to bury their dead, although we managed to do so under conditions representing almost insurmountable difficulties. I cannot give you any estimate of the number of lives lost, but the enemy always made a point of massing soldiers there and holding the position in strength, and it was more than we could afford to hold it lightly.

The Germans made machine-gun emplacements in greater numbers every day, and brought up gun after gun to use in them. They strengthened them with iron girders and concrete blocks, and hundreds of miles of barbed-wire fronted their ground. They even attempted on two occasions to wire the ground within two hundred yards of our trenches, but the way in which we got busy soon stopped that little game.

Ceaseless Curtain Fire

And all the while a certain section of our guns devoted its whole attention to keeping a curtain of fire behind the wood, so that supports could not be brought up. This fire never ceased, and on the evening before our great attack it redoubled in fury.

Of course, the Londoners were not alone in the push, but we did happen to lie right in the dead front of the wood, and got the whole brunt of the attack. It was just dawn.

I shall never forget the picture that lay before us when we went "over the top" with shouts and yells of encouragement. Bits of men, of trees, of guns and rifles had been tossed all over the place by exploding shells; some were half buried, and others hung on the half-smashed trees. The undergrowth was torn and scattered on all sides.

The enemy, having had plenty of time to make his preparations, was ready for us. He was fully on the alert and in great force, and possessed every imaginable machine and weapon of defence. Machine-guns rattled deafeningly, drowning even the noise of the artillery, but the thing which struck you most, even amid that deafening din, was the crying of the stretcher-bearers as they scrambled from place to place calling for the wounded, and the smell from that dead-strewn ground seemed to rise up and hit you between the eyes.

Advancing behind the barrage fire of our artillery, we leapt into the open, but our progress was very, very slow. We advanced in three sections, each section having as its end a particular defence-trench. When we came to the first we found it full of dead and wounded enemy. There wasn't a single fighting man in the whole length of it, and it was the most magnificent testimonial our artillery could have had for accuracy of fire.

Leaving this behind, we embarked on the second section, and again found a trench occupied only by the dead. The last jump landed us in a shallow and ruined trench about a mile ahead of our last night's resting-place.

Of course, you must not think that we simply walked on from point to point unscathed. At all times, whether we moved or stopped, we were under raking machine-gun fire from every bit of the wood, and German snipers, aloft in undamaged trees, did their very worst on us. We crouched and crawled, took advantage of every nook and corner of cover, and scraped shallow pits in the ground, but try as we would we couldn't find any real protection. And the Huns gave us not a second's respite.

Advance by Inches

Our real struggles commenced now, as we entered the edge of the wood. Cowering behind broken tree-trunks, even using awfully-smelling dead Germans as head cover, we lay and fired individually at any head or part of an enemy's body which came within our range of vision. We were advancing, it is true, if only by inches at a time, but gaining ground all the same. You cannot have any idea of the beneficent effect it has upon a regiment's moral to know that, despite all the enemy's strenuous endeavours to hold them, despite all the good lads who are dropping on every hand, they are gaining ground. Nothing matters so long as you advance.

Five full hours—it seemed five centuries—we fought thus, and at the end of that time we hadn't gained more than a hundred yards. Then somebody got busy on the telephone wire and told the artillery what was happening.

"Hold on where you are," was the order from our officers. "Get under cover as much as possible; the guns are going to start in real earnest."

And they did, without a mistake. What had gone before was mere deliberate target practice to what came now. The shells never ceased to explode, and two full minutes was more than the enemy could stand. About three hundred Boches scurried out from under cover and surrendered unconditionally. We despatched them over towards our own lines, and waited still while the guns carried on. "God bless the guns!" shouted a sergeant, and the lads repeated the words with a fervour I have never heard equalled.

A few minutes later several hundred Huns broke cover, trying to get away from those terrible shells. It was our chance, and we took it immediately. They were only fifty yards away at most, and the way the trench-mortars, bombs, rifles, and machine-guns cut them up was wicked and wonderful. If a single German out of all that mob got away alive he did so unseen by me, and I had a specially good view. The dead lay around in stacks, some of them across bodies which must have lain untended for weeks.

This made our work easier, but we hadn't finished yet. A large number of infantry, well supplied with machine-guns, still held their ground, and a salient feature of their position was that any one machine-gun was as strong as a company of infantry. For two solid hours we lay in front of this position and engaged it hotly, but for all the valour and fierceness of our fighting we couldn't dislodge them. One by one, however, we managed to dispose of their machine-guns, and just at one o'clock a heavy shell sailed over and strafed the most deadly one of the remaining few the enemy had in action. It seemed to be drawn by this particular gun as by a magnet—it exploded in full view, and you could see bits of the gun and bits of the gunner flying through the air.

Paying Off Scores

"Bayonets, lads!" yelled our commanding officer; and we never heard a more welcome sound. We sprang from our cover, from behind trees, and out of hastily-dug pits, and went for those Germans with full determination to pay off all the morning's scores—and a few that had accrued during the last two years as well.

The fight was short but sharp, and the Germans, their nerves already wrecked by the hell of shell fire which they had experienced, and tried by the long fight and the vigour with which we had pressed home our offensive, soon saw fit to surrender. Then we had a rest in their captured position. And not a rifle was fired at us, not a single machine-gun attempted to enfilade us.

About four we sent out patrols—I was in charge of one—but never a sign of a living Boche—save those badly wounded and unable to move—could we find in the whole wood. They had decamped incontinently, leaving us in sole charge. We dug trenches in decided peace, and even sat out on the parapets smoking. It was like a rest camp, and the only thing that seemed hard to us was the order not to search the adjoining wood for souvenirs.

Three Months in Blighty

But that night a few wandering Boches tried to get into the wood, and my patrol met them. In the melée that ensued we accounted for eight, and wounded half a dozen others, losing one man, and one wounded—myself. I had come through all the hell of the advance without a scratch, and then, in a little scrimmage like that, got a wound which has put me out of action for at least another three months. Which I call hard lines—eh?

—o—

LA BASSEE ROAD

The night breeze sweeps La Bassée road,
The night dews wet the hay.
The boys are coming back again, a
straggling crowd are they.
The column's lines are broken, there are
gaps in the platoon,
They'll not need many billets, now, for
soldiers in Bethune.
For many boys, good lusty boys, who
marched away so fine,
Have now got little homes of clay beside
the firing-line.

—From "Soldier Songs," by Patrick MacGill (H. Jenkins).

Bringing Back a Trophy from High Wood

Bringing back a captured German gun from High Wood. In the first eleven weeks of the Somme advance the British captured one hundred and nine guns, besides two hundred and twenty-three machine-guns. (Official photograph.)

A French 4·8 in. gun battery. The long range and great shell power of these weapons permitted of their being dispersed in batteries, and even in sections of two guns, along the front of an army without forfeiting the power of concentrating their fire on any point.

Behind a British Barricade at Lesbœufs

British Official Photographs

No right of way for the foe. Preliminary and hastily-built barrier to help consolidate a gain at Lesbœufs. Some British soldiers are waiting behind the massed timber as if expecting a counter-attack. A machine-gun is seen on the extreme right of the photograph.

Off to the trenches through the slimy mud. With the advent of winter the hardships of the fighting men increased, and everything possible that could be done on the part of the civilian to mitigate the rigours of winter in the trenches became a bounden duty.

The Two Extremes of Courage on the Field

The work of the R.A.M.C. went forward day and night, none the less splendid because it was carried on in silence. Under fire and over the crater-marked ground these "gallant gentlemen" went out to rescue their wounded comrades, availing themselves of every shell hole, clinging to whatever cover presented itself, with a dexterity born of peril and experience.

During the fierce battles for High Wood a German 4·7 in. gun and crew were trapped in a heavy barrage, behind which a battalion of the New Army was working forward. The German gunners in their dug-outs resisted, but were either killed or taken prisoners. No aid was forthcoming from the enemy trenches on account of the British fire interposing between them and the German gunners.

Valiant Victors of Morval and Montauban

British Official Photographs

British wounded from an attack on Morval being brought back to our lines by a number of German prisoners. To the left a heavy shell has just exploded.

Luxury amid the debris of shells. British soldier enjoys a comfortable nap on a dug-out bed.

The church-bell of Montauban as a prop for a glance at aircraft through field-glasses.

The fearless gaze of zealous men waiting to go over the top.

German prisoner doubling towards the British lines. His alacrity is due to the fact that he is still within range of British artillery fire.

Crouched for the Spring in Trench and Brake

British Official. Crown Copyright Reserved

British troops waiting to attack on September 25th, 1916. This was one of the most successful days in the great Somme advance. Six miles of enemy trenches were stormed to a depth of more than a mile, and Morval and Lesbœufs were carried.

Eighteen-pounder gun in action in a tangled brake, where the dappled light and shade made the khaki figures almost invisible. The French "75's" won world-wide reputation in the war, but French gunners expressed admiration for our 18-pounders.

General Weather Commands over the Somme

British Official Photographs

Coffee-stalls were established along the roads behind the lines, where men obtained coffee and biscuits free at any time. Left: "Reminds one of Bond Street. What?"

Home. Misery that they never imagined and would have supposed they could not endure was borne without "grousing" and cheerfully by our incomparable soldiers.

Men of the Middlesex returning from the trenches. Right: Some of the Worcesters, almost tired out, resting on the bank and even on the road, indifferent to further discomfort. The mud, an officer "out there" said, was the only obstacle that delayed the Allies' advance.

To face page 92

THE "TANKS" IN ACTION. THIS WESTERN JUGGERNAUT WAS A VERITABLE LAND-CRUISER, TACKING OVER THE MUD WASTES OF THE SOMME.

Told by the Rank and File

A TRUE STORY OF THE TANKS

BY LANCE-CORPORAL HARRY RAYNER

I SHALL never forget the roar of laughter that went up from all the boys when we first saw the armoured-motors which have eventually come to be called "tanks." We were distinctly scornful of what they would do, and expected to see them crunched up in no time by the German artillery. The names that were attached to them in the first place would fill a book, and most of them have appeared in various papers. But there are one or two more that aren't quite common property yet. For instance, the Canadians call the machines "The Land Navy"; while the north-country regiments refer to them as "The New Infantry." "The Caterpillars," and "Kelly's Eye" are others, the last coming from a game called "House," where number one is always called out in this way.

My Leave Stopped

I have been out in France for twenty-two months, and through the whole of the Somme offensive. This latter started just as it was about my turn to return to "Blighty" for a few days' leave, and I can tell you that when we first started the "big push" I strafed more than a bit at my bad luck in missing my run home. But I'm glad I didn't go then—I should have missed two glorious sights if I had: the "tanks" and the charge of the Guards. These were worth stopping out here another year for.

I never saw the lads in the trenches so eager to go over the top as they were on that day when the "tanks" first appeared. We all wanted to see Fritz in a real fright, and I think we all got what we were wanting.

Fun in a Crater

One of the "tanks" came and stationed itself in front of my platoon, and we were told to advance astern of it, and to take advantage of all possible cover as we went. We could hardly advance for laughing at its antics. The ground was soft and slushy, and in one place the "tank" went walking down the side of an enormous crater made by three or four "Jack Johnsons" which exploded pretty well together. As it went down it was squirming all over the shop, and the wheels would slip round and round in the soft ground, throwing big chunks of it out astern on top of us lads. Then it tried to back pedal, and slithered still farther down, and at the bottom it side-slipped three yards, and nearly collared me. I had to jump quick or the wheels would have grabbed me and rubbed my nose in the mud.

But it was when it started to climb the other side that the fun started in real earnest. It was like the old tale of the snail who climbed up the side of a wall three feet and then slipped back two feet. That was exactly what was happening, and every time "Black Bertha" made a big dash and climbed partly up the crater side, only to slip back as soon as her stroke was exhausted, we nearly convulsed with laughter. We lay in that shell-hole holding our sides; we actually couldn't stand for laughing.

At last, with a supreme effort, "Bertha" reached the rim of the crater, and with a final cough dragged herself out on to comparatively level ground. Then the German machine-guns started taking aim at her, but the bullets only slithered harmlessly off her thick hide with little blue flames.

Getting Behind "Bertha"

Where "Bertha" was there the fire was hottest; she seemed to draw machine-gun bullets like a magnet. Most of the troops gave the "tanks" as wide a berth as possible, but my platoon satisfied themselves with getting behind Bertha as she trudged on, and thus we dodged all the bullets that came our way.

Every time we saw a German we would yell out, in unison, "Kelly's Eye!" and the "tank" would turn her machine-guns on and strafe him. "Bertha" accounted for a great many Germans that day. And at last we got into the village of Flers, and what we had laughed at before was child's play to what happened there. "Bertha" swung into her stride, and made down the main street, with us close under her lee out of the way, and her guns walloping into the Germans at the rate of several hundred bullets per minute.

At last we cleared the street, and got to the far end again, where fallen masonry blocked our way. The Germans sniped at us from the upper windows as we went on, and we thought we should have had to turn back and run the gauntlet again, on our way out of the town. But we hadn't reckoned on "Bertha."

We made for the German trenches next, and the shells started falling all round "Bertha." Evidently somebody was keeping a watch on her movements, for we found it unhealthy to stick too close to her. So we dropped back about two hundred yards, ready to take a hand in the fighting if we were wanted.

Futile Bavarian Charge

She got to the trench, where about four companies of Saxons and Bavarians were massed ready for a counter-attack. They charged at her, but they couldn't stop her. She turned on all her guns and strafed them as they came. But they were evidently annoyed, for in spite of the carnage she was doing, they raced up to her, while all the time their machine-guns were firing over their heads. And the bullets glanced off and went among their own troops, while the others went down before "Bertha's" advance like ripe corn.

And then, suddenly, there came a big shell over the town and dropped clean in front of "Bertha," hiding her from sight with smoke and dirt and stones. We thought the dear old lady had been done in, but when the rough stuff cleared away she was perched across the German trench, talking to them quite loudly and trying to get her own back for the insult they had put on her.

She wasn't moving, and the Germans thought she was a capture, and with loud yells of "Hoch!" they started to scramble all over her outside. This was where we came in, for we lay in a friendly shell-hole, and did a good bit of sniping on our own.

And then the machine-guns inside "Bertha" stopped firing, and we thought the old lady was done for.

"Come on, lads!" I yelled. "We can't let them take her prisoner like that! Charge!"

We started out across that two hundred yards of ground, but before we had gone fifty "Bertha" started to move, and, though she was running all over the place and steering very wildly, she was certainly moving towards the other German lines.

Shaking Off the Hun

The Germans on her back went slipping and sprawling all over the show, and fell off as she went on. Then her guns spoke again, and they raced for cover like rabbits. We followed her up again, and when we reached the fifth German line we thought we should have had a scrap of our own, but the Germans had received enough. They surrendered to us, and we sent them over the top under charge of two wounded lads.

"Bertha" was still going ahead, and large batches of Germans with their hands in the air doing the "Kamerad" trick were coming down. Suddenly she stopped again, and a man got out of her. He approached a wounded British soldier on the ground, and we thought that, after all, the Germans had captured her. We thought that he was going to kill the wounded chap off.

Mistaken for Fritz

"Hi, there!" I yelled. "Come out of that! Put your hands up!"

I had him covered with my rifle, and walked up to him, making him keep his arms up all the time.

"What's up with you?" he asked. "Gone loopy, or what?"

He spoke broad Lancashire, and I stared hard at him.

"Well, I'm damned!" I said. "I thought you were a Fritz, and that they had captured the old waggon there."

And there were a couple of lads in my platoon who even then wouldn't believe that he was one of our own Tommies, until at last he fished his pay-book out of his breast pocket and showed us his name, fully convincing us by comparing it with his identity disc.

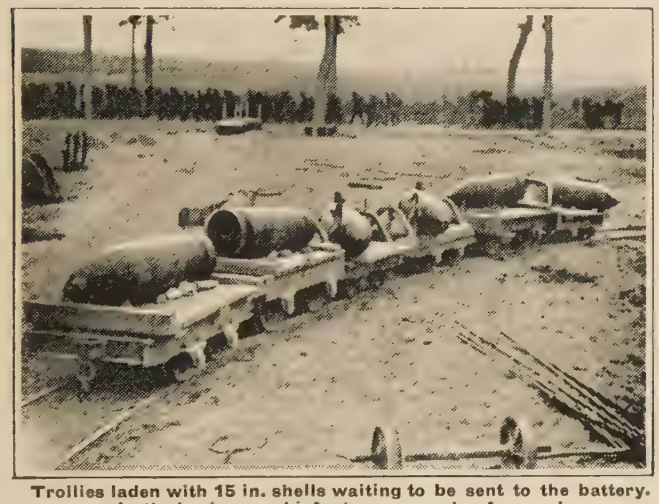
GOING OUT TO ATTACK.—Infantry spreading out when going up to attack on September 25th, 1916, the day when Morval and Lesbœufs fell into our hands. Our troops made three forward bounds between noon and three o'clock, and although they met a heavy barrage in some places and were punished, their losses were not only relatively but actually very light.

GOING UP IN SUPPORT.—The waves of attack were delivered "with the vigour of the hour of high noon," the men advancing with fine confidence directly our own barrage lifted. As a result of the capture of Morval, and of Fregincourt by the French, Combles was occupied by the Allies on the following day. (Official photographs. Crown copyright reserved.)

With the Heroes of Martinpuich and Thiepval

Sound asleep within a hundred yards of Thiepval. A British soldier resting after hours of hard fighting.

Two Gordons seated on a trench parapet with a mascot cat. Cats are said to show a curious indifference to shell fire.



Trollies laden with 15 in. shells waiting to be sent to the battery. In the background infantry are moving forward.

Shells bursting near Thiepval. The white ridges in the distance are the long lines of opposing trenches.

Hidden deep in a waste of rubble, a handful of Britons are seen in the foremost positions before Martinpuich. The debris of shell fire all round them, these hardy Scots are scarcely distinguishable from their environment, but any moment they may arise from their hiding-place to charge down on the enemy.

BATTLE PICTURES OF THE GREAT WAR

Night Cruising in a "Tank"

By MAX PEMBERTON

IT is evident that the " tank " has not come to stay. It is here to go on. When it first burst upon the astonished Germans like a dragon upon children from a wood of fables our critics were a little doubtful about its future. " It is experimental," they said. " Famous things have been done, but we do not know how far it will go." Well, it has gone a long way already, and we may say in all moderation that it has but begun.

There have been new things in this war—as, perhaps, in all wars—but the " tank " was both a new and a humorous thing. When Hannibal introduced the Roman to the elephant there may have been laughter in Carthage, but no historian has recorded it. Gunpowder about the time of Crecy does not appear to have inspired the Harry Tates of the time. The first man in armour may have amused his relatives at home, and no doubt the small boy of the period had observations to make upon his appearance. For all that, the man in armour is ever historically a gentle knight *sans peur et sans reproche*. Even throwing back to the East and the coming of the Juggernaut, it has needed a twentieth-century artist to hitch laughter to that singular coach. Yet I suppose the Juggernaut is the true forbear of the " tank." Some people will tell you that it all arose from the employment, both by us and the Germans, of the armoured car at the beginning of the war. We put machine-guns upon fine Rolls-Royce chassis, sent them into France and Flanders, and often left them in a few weeks but rusted wrecks upon a roadside. They were not new, for, oddly enough, in the very earliest days of the motor movement inventors came forward with contraptions of the kind; and so closely did they resemble the machines which fought in Flanders that one must look twice at the picture to discover their lack of modernity.

Deadly Drolleries of the Somme

For all that, the very failure of the initial armoured car inspired the inventor of the " tank," and his secret was well kept. How many people knew before that famous day of September 15th, 1916, that in many great factories the ribs and heart, the lungs and the steel bodies of these pachyderms had been hammered and forged during the summer of 1916? Soldiers sometimes learned of it, but wisely held their tongues. It may be that the higher authorities had little expectation of the monsters, and regarded them drolly as gargantuan puppets to scare the Germans. But, however it may have been, and whoever is entitled to the credit of them, a comfortable fleet of the new landships was parked for the battle of September 15th, and with such success that the whole of the world laughed at the story before twenty-four hours had run.

We have the photographs of these drolleries by this time, and the man in the street knows at last what they look like. Sometimes he will say that they are vast hump-backed turtles; others call them toads. They are driven, as we see, by two caterpillar bands, and they have controlling wheels behind which help them to steer.

New Knight of the Old Time

Functionally we must not discuss them, but we know that their crew of eight climb into their bowels through a panel, and that once inside nothing but a shell of large calibre can fetch them out. Eyes the monsters have, though vision thereby is—as Sam Weller's—limited. Their speed, they tell us, is as high as ten miles an hour, though frequently slower for obvious reasons. Nothing, as we know, stops them. They squat upon trenches and shell the defenders out. Houses come crashing down upon their approach. They break great trees like sticks; barbed-wire before them is like string at the touch of a locomotive. The captain of the " tank " is a new knight of the old time. He enters the dragon's wood, and should the beast devour him, there is none to hear his groans. His mission is not so much to slay as to prepare for slaughter. The infantry follow him as the Carthaginians followed the elephants more than two thousand years ago.

Let us take the imagined case of such a captain and of his adventure.

It is a night of early autumn, and a drizzling rain is falling. You cannot see your hand before your face, except in those lurid intervals when the star-shells burst like enduring meteors above. Fitfully the searchlights sweep the sodden ground, and their aureole is a mighty arc of silver.

Into the Bowels of the Mystery

The boom of cannon thunders everywhere; the far horizon suggests the forked lightning of a summer storm. The nearer field is ever and anon shaken by the crashing explosion of the larger shells. Men are dying in this darkness, but none see them fall. Night hides a thousand horrors. It hides also the British trenches, where the infantry are awake and waiting.

Meanwhile, the captain of the " tank " and his merry men are busy in their places apart. The oiling of the brute, the replenishment, the loading of munition, the many details of preparation, were done before dark came down. And now the crew climb into the bowels of the mystery as boys disappear through the manhole into a boiler that must be cleaned. They have their instructions, and yet, how difficult it would seem to carry them out! The luminous compass is in the captain's hand, but the void before him is black as Styx. He has to go over yonder and cut the wire of the German first and second and, perchance, of their third line trenches. Behind him, at a proper interval, will follow the infantry, held ready for the night attack. Well he knows the perils of the way. It is a horrid land of vast pits and craters and roads hacked to pieces—a land covered by the debris of ruined villages and factories laid low, and cemeteries so broken that the long-hidden dead have come to light again. But tell him this, and he and his men will laugh at you. It is all nothing to the " tank." The very mystery of it delights the boys who hold the castle. No youngsters upon a sand-heap which defies the tide are more merry. " Let her rip! " is the cry, and with the noise of half a dozen Zeppelins she digs her bars into the soft earth and heaves forward on her way.

Its Forward Plunge

" A black night," says the captain, as he stands trying to pierce through that fish-like eye of bullet-proof glass. He sees, in truth, nothing at all; has no idea what the ground is like over which he is lurching; can in no case make himself audible to the others because of the row. For all that he stands there, his men at their posts, the guns ready, the " tank " driven everywhere irresistibly. Sometimes at the very beginning there will be a terrible lurch, which throws the whole crew headlong, but is attended by nothing worse than the English of Stratford-le-Bow. " She is over! " you would say—and yet the words would hardly be out of your lips before she has righted herself again. Now it will be a monstrous plunge like that of a bull-nosed tramp into an Atlantic hollow; again a rearing-up as though she were a thoroughbred horse confronted suddenly by a peace tract on a high road. But the wildest capers are hardly incidents to the captain and his trained crew. " Cheer-oh! " they will cry, and " Good old girl! " —and they peer more intently into the blackness, and even their shield of armour cannot hide from them the nearer booming of the shells.

So we come to the first line of the German trenches. There is wire before them—a very forest of wire, crossed and tangled—a death-trap for any infantry that should come upon it unawares. To the " tank " it is a little scratching of the back—a light caress such as a patient dog will suffer at the fireside. Those inside do not know that they have gone through wire at all. There is a great

[*Continued on page* 2270

Ebb of the Tide of Invasion from Picardy

Official Photographs

Indian cavalry despatch-rider coming back from Flers. Sir Douglas Haig reported that most of the village was in our hands on September 15th, 1916, and very soon thereafter cavalry patrols were moving far beyond Flers near Gueudecourt, a sure sign of a German retirement.

Stretcher-bearers on their way out near Ginchy to bring back the wounded. Ginchy was the last observation-post of high value left to the Germans on this battle-front, and it was carried by a magnificent assault in which the Irish troops won conspicuous glory.

Moving the guns forward to a new position in the steady, victorious advance. Consciousness of our established and increasing superiority in artillery made our gunners elated, and our infantry actually incurred avoidable casualties owing to their too great zest.

NIGHT CRUISING IN A "TANK"

(Continued from page 2268)

jolt at the trench's edge—a warning cry; then the flashing of lights; the discovery in the pit below of the white and ghastly faces of men. Well may the Hun cry out in fear. What is this terror that is upon him? Is it of earth or hell? His flares show him the great round dome and the blinking eyes; never has he seen their like. Feverishly he heaves his bombs. They are but pebbles cast at the ramparts of a castle. He swings his machine-guns round and the bullets rain like hail upon the "tank." It does not answer; its laughter is imagined. Wilder and wilder still becomes the Boche. He yells in his fright, turns tail and would run, and then—then the "tank" speaks. Its deadly gun flares the trench in a twinkling. Flame vomits from unseen mouths. There is a *sauve qui peut*, a mad sortie of men—anywhere for safety. The captain of the "tank" gives an order; she climbs laboriously from the pit leaving, it may be, the crushed and mangled bodies which she has cast from her deadly embrace. Again she is a rover. Direction is only got by the compass, but that is well enough. There comes a fearful crash, and for a moment she staggers—a house, maybe, has stopped her, but soon it will be a house no more. She withdraws and charges it. A hail of bricks rains upon her. She crunches the fallen walls between her relentless teeth, and presses on she knows not whither.

Letting Her "Rip"

The wood that should have been impassable is clearly marked upon the map; but maps mean nothing to captains of "tanks." This particular captain drives on and merely cries "Hold tight!" when the first of the trees is struck. He knows now that he is in the wood, and "lets her rip" because of it. She ploughs onward over the stricken trunks, rolling them almost joyously in her jaws—emerging gorged upon the plain and confronting the second line of trenches. Within you hear the bullets raining upon her; you are shaken when the bombs burst; you feel her almost lifted when a great shell bursts near by—but confidence remains. "Nothing is going to hurt Creme de Menthe," you say.

Here is the second line at last; we are going to wipe it out as we wiped out the first. The infantry must soon be upon our heels. Dawn is breaking, and the whole of that drear scene revealed. Aurora has not looked down upon anything of this kind since the beginning. All the great plain is now alive with the activities of ten thousand times ten thousand. Infantry leap into the trenches and the Hun leaps out. The white and red and black loom of battle gives an immense circle of smoke for an horizon. Flashes of fire dart from concealed covers; cries come from the very bowels of the earth—and yet, after all, the number of men actually to be seen is small. Only his fellow "beetles" are of interest to the captain of the "tank." He sees them here and there as fabulous things that have come out of their lairs to greet the dawn. One over yonder has been struck by a shell, and lies upon its side. It is a barrier between bombers, who heave their grenades across it. Another has waddled into a trench and there is struggling to get out, while all the time its guns are rattling. A third has broken down, and is surrounded by a host of excited Huns. Now surely they have got it. Their cries are fiendish as they run right up to it and smash their bombs at its iron ribs. A colonel, flushed to the point of apoplexy, roars for a jack to lift the thing and heave it upon its side. He has caused machine-guns to be thrust at its very forehead, and there to be discharged triumphantly as though this must be the end. We watch the scene and laugh consumedly. Is it possible that Daphne is lying "doggo" with all the cunning of her sex? We soon learn that this is the truth. She has let the Germans cluster thickly about her before she looses off her guns. Suddenly with a cheering rattle she opens fire. The ground around her is strewn with dead before a man can count ten. The Boche flies terror-stricken—what is left of him. He will tell that tale with awe in any dug-out he can find to-night.

The Hun Watchword: "Surrender"

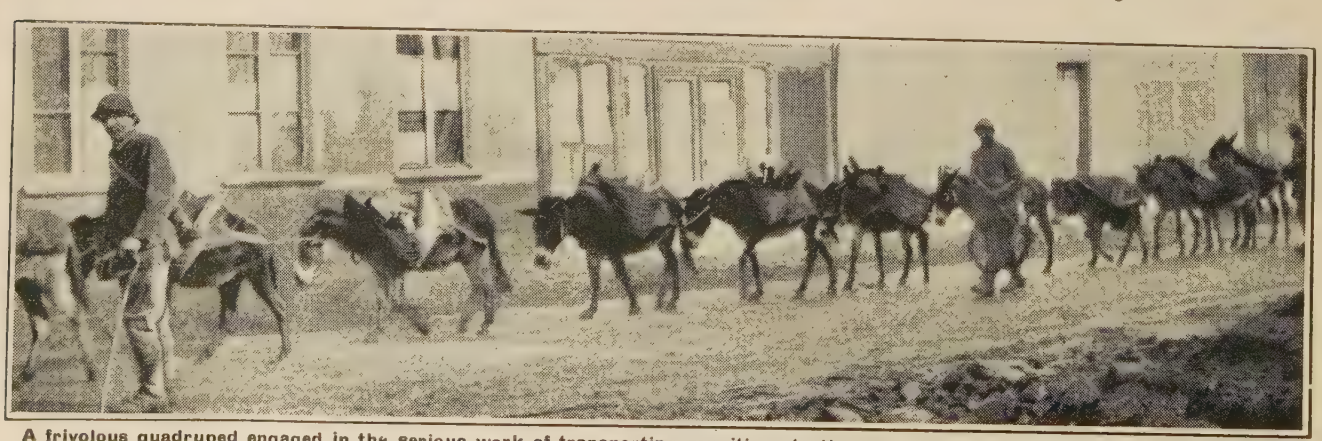
But if some of our consorts enjoy bad luck, others enjoy the best. Look at that fellow over there by the wood, who has been enfilading the enemy's trenches for a long while, and is now wondering why the infantry is not there to support him. Disturbed at being alone, he makes a return journey of more than 1,500 yards, to discover that his supports have been held up by a group of machine-guns turned upon them from a trench they thought unoccupied. "We will soon make an end of this," says the "tank," and calmly thrusting itself astride the trench it knocks out one machine-gun after the other until nothing but the bodies about them speak of its recent position. Farther away still, upon the brink of another wood, a white flag is being waved vigorously, and there are fearful howls for mercy. These are faint-hearted fellows whom Colossus has driven almost mad with terror. Surrender at any price is their watchword. They climb from the depths and run toward the unpitying horror with hands uplifted. It drives them headlong back to the cages, and they do not hesitate to tell of their gratitude. So at all points of the field the "tank" is making this a famous day. There will not be a dinner-table in London to-night which will not echo the story with laughter.

Like a Pantomime Animal

As for Tommy himself, we know well what he thought of it. "I heard," says one lad, "a sound out of the fog which was like three or four motor-horns rolled into one. Toot, toot, toot! and the boys came staggering along—all muddy and bloody; but some of them laughing fit to kill themselves.

"'Look out for the Lord Mayor's Show,' sings out one chap, and then through the mist came No. 1 'tank'—the most comical sight you ever saw in your life. She looked like a pantomime animal, or a walking ship with iron sides moving along, very slow, apparently all on her own and with none of her crew visible. There she was, and groanin' and gruntin' along, pokin' her nose here and there, stoppin' now and then as if she was not sure of the road. The last I saw of her was when she was nosing down a shell-crater like a great big hippopotamus with a crowd of Tommies cheering behind."

It could not be better. We take up Tommy's cheers for the "tank." May its shadow never grow less!



A frivolous quadruped engaged in the serious work of transporting munitions to the guns. The small proportions of the donkey render this animal less susceptible to shell-fire when passing through communication trenches.

Triumphant Tommies' Trophies from Thiepval

British Official Photographs

German trench architecture and construction were so sound that many excellent subterranean structures survived the bombardment and were occupied by our troops, who highly appreciated the comfort that awaited them. Left: A bed-room found in one captured dug-out, and (right) a telephone office fitted up in another.

Some of the men who stormed Thiepval, September 26th, 1916. German helmets and caps were the trophies first selected from this strong fortress position, but revolvers and cigars won much favour. The smile worn by all these men is peculiarly British.

With the Crown Camera Men on the Somme

An early morning move against the enemy. Scene in the reserve trenches on September 25, 1916. Infantry fully equipped going forward—bombardiers, men with the bayonets, and stretcher-bearers.

With wonderful deliberation, undismayed by heavy fire, British soldiers are clambering over the top. Spreading out in open formation, they went forward on their way to the capture of Morval.

ecording the Greatest Battle of the War

British Official Photographs

In single file a bombing-party leaves the trenches for a surprise visit to the German dug-outs, carrying enough explosives on them to blow up a small citadel.

gineers going forward to wire newly-won positions. Inset: Jubilant, though wounded, a regimental sergeant-major being brought back, on a stretcher, by four German prisoners.

Scenes of Valour When the Big Guns Lift

Some spirited hand-to-hand fighting characterised the capture of Thiepval village, a strong bulwark in the German line of defence. Only after a very complete bombardment did the British advance, and even then the enemy put up a stern resistance. This vivid illustration was designed to show the triumphant moments when our infantry secured a footing in the fortress, headed by the bombers.

Before Combles fell to British arms and prowess. Dramatic illustration showing a British officer standing on a parapet and giving the signal for the barrage to lift so that the infantry might advance. In the background are some heavy guns. The top right-hand corner shows the infantry going forward, while in the foreground a party of men are threading their way along a trench with a Lewis gun.

Foot and Horse Advance as on Parade

British Official Photographs

Reinforcements moving up towards Martinpuich, the scene of some of the stiffest fighting in the great battle for the villages on September 15th, 1916. The place was full of dug-outs manned by the 2nd Bavarian Division, who made their name at the Hohenzollern Redoubt.

Another view of infantry reinforcements moving up to the front on September 15th. On this battle-front alone the Germans had about a thousand cannon against the British, but the spirit of victory was so hot in our men that their officers had difficulty in keeping them back.

There was no finer sight than a cavalry division on the move in France. Though a friendly rivalry has ever existed between foot soldiers and horsemen, the modern infantrymen are happy to see cavalry canter past, for it is an omen that their advance has gone well.

Cavalry on the march near the Somme. It was hoped that the day was not far distant when British cavalry would have its great opportunity, when splendid Hussars, Lancers, and Dragoons would sweep through the territory in German occupation.

"THE GUARDS HAVE PASSED THIS WAY."—In the course of an advance in the direction of Le Transloy, between Combles and Bapaume, the Guards passed over a sunken road where the Germans had taken up a position, which, however, they had not time to fortify beyond pushing a few guns against the embankment in a rough-and-ready emplacement, slightly protected by a single wire defence. An officer going back over the conquered ground later found two abandoned German 77 mm. guns at this spot, with a number of dead Germans around—grim testimony to the irresistible onslaught of the Guards. The French and British had previously made thrusts at Le Transloy, meeting with determined opposition.

BATTLE PICTURES OF THE GREAT WAR

The Battle of the Abbaye

By MAX PEMBERTON

THE news which reached England on October 2nd, 3rd, 1916, opened a new page in the story of the Somme adventure. For the first time for many months we heard of green fields and of cavalry. Delighted British troops, looking across this scarred and withered No Man's Land, perceived beyond it the growing crops of sugar-beet and the villages which did not appear to have known war. The great high-road from Bapaume to Albert stood out as a very Route Nationale of the Napoleonic era. Poplars by its side were unscathed, and their leaves rustled in the breezes. Bapaume itself could be seen through powerful glasses, and there were even subalterns who declared that they set their watches by its clock. Not only was this the case, but cavalry patrols started off towards the end of the day to ride over ground where horses could feel their feet, and to amuse themselves with those "little affairs" which are dear to the cavalryman's heart.

All this, be it observed, was remarkable in its way, and bore witness to the attainment of a great purpose. We had achieved beyond question the summit of the ridge and had thrust the enemy below us. There was even some doubt as to the strength in which he held the decline and the points at which he held it. It was a Staff conclusion, early in the morning of October 1st, that many of the trenches in the neighbourhood of Le Sars were in possession of but a handful of men. Eaucourt l'Abbaye, on the other hand, stood for a more difficult proposition, and upon the capture of this Sir Douglas Haig was set.

Shattered Cloisters of Eaucourt l'Abbaye

We read of abbeys and envisage the picturesque. Tintern and Glastonbury and Fountains suggest sylvan scenery and placid streams, and monks singing sweetly as Knut might have heard them. There may have been a time when Eaucourt l'Abbaye would have invited the strolling artist to its doors, and sent him away in some content. On Sunday, when our men looked down upon it—men old in fighting and young, veterans who had battled on the Somme since July 1st, Londoners and troops from the shires who had recently crossed over and were wide-eyed at the spectacle of battle, Canadians all resolute and Guards determined—there was little to suggest the cowl or cloister, or that picturesque environment with which the religious were wont to surround themselves. Seen from the ridge Eaucourt l'Abbaye looked but a rectangle of ruins. Not yet utterly destroyed as the villages behind us which we have pounded to dust, its barns and refectories were nevertheless but tottering walls, and its courtyards but a harbourage for a battalion's débris. The strength of it lay round about in the deep trenches before it to the north; in its cellars, once generous in the red wines of Burgundy, but now rich in the number of its gunners and weapons they housed there. Lying as it does in a little hollow, local tradition speaks of wonderful tunnels below it, here reaching afar almost to Bapaume, there southward towards Flers, and again to the north-west to the village of Le Sars. With these we need not concern ourselves. The Abbaye remained the most redoubtable fortress between Martinpuich and Bapaume, and to take it was Sir Douglas Haig's objective on the first day of October.

No Rest for the Foe

This was a battle beginning, so far as our infantry was concerned, very late in the day. You should know that part of the old German third line ran roughly from Grandcourt, south-eastward through Le Sars, Eaucourt l'Abbaye, and Gueudecourt. The latter place we had some days ago, and Le Sars and l'Abbaye undoubtedly would have shared its fate before the end of September but for the heavy rain upon the last days of the month. Boggy ground and mists lying low over the land forbade offensive operations on the 29th and 30th. October 1st saw us applying our heavy guns to this particular purpose from dawn onwards. To be sure, there never was rest upon that amazing front, and truly has the Boche declared that it is hell behind his lines. Neither day nor night has given him relief. Now it will be a few desultory shots from one or two of the monsters. A lull follows, and is broken by a very avalanche of gigantic shells. They are dispersed over a wide area until the definite moment of action, then they concentrate upon their objective. On Sunday it was the trenches before Le Sars and, when these were done with, the colossal entanglements before the Abbaye and the dug-outs which lay deep down in the earth beyond them.

German Sailors as Infantry

These were bombarded relentlessly until half-past three of the afternoon. Occasionally our aeroplanes, never more conspicuous, were discovering many facts for us. To the north of Courcelette, for instance, there was but a thin wall of men, and it crumbled quickly to the attack. Not so at Le Sars and Eaucourt, where really strong forces held the ground; while between Courcelette and Grandcourt, in what is known as the Regina Trench, there were German sailors from the Belgian coast. Such fellows gave us the best of the hand-to-hand fighting which the Battle of the Abbaye was to witness. The 1st and 2nd Marine Regiments of the 2nd Naval Division had here replaced the 26th Regiment of the 7th Magdeburg Division, and their arrival was significant indeed. Did it mean, as the "Times" correspondent suggests, that sailors would face the terrors of the "tanks" with lighter hearts, or is the Boche so pressed that even the Belgian coast must be denuded of its garrison? We neither know nor care. With the greatest gallantry our men fought their way to the Regina, drove the Marines from it, were themselves on the Monday night driven again out of part of it, and finally on Tuesday stormed the whole position.

Enter the Hungry "Tank"

The sailors certainly had opportunity to test the quality of the "tanks," for they played a big part in the final operations. At one point south of Eaucourt the entanglement was unbroken, and our men lay down in the open, lobbing bombs over the wire at Germans lobbing back from the advantageous cover of a trench. Things were becoming critical when some "tanks" slugged solemnly from behind a copse; one "absolutely ate up the wire," and then nosed along the trench, squashing obstructions flat, and leaving a broad wake, along which the infantry followed it. Finally, in an impassable pit, it squatted down, sleepily satisfied with having cleared up the impasse, and its crew emerging from its carcase took an active hand in the fighting outside.

So fierce was the fighting that it degenerated often enough into wild encounters in the open, in which the cheers of the onlookers stimulated the activities of the detached partisans. Germans were seen, we are told, running like hares across the scarred fields. A Guardsman chased one for more than a hundred and fifty yards, caught him upon his bayonet at last, and pitched him high above his shoulder. A private of Territorials elsewhere took bombs in his hand, and caring nothing for the machine-gun which was turned upon him, ran madly along the parapet of a trench and killed the most part of those below him. Here a major takes half a company of Huns at the revolver's point; there a huge Bavarian, nearly seven feet high, falls upon his knees before a tiny subaltern and begs to be spared for the sake of his wife and his ten starving children.

This "scrap" lasted all day, and was still not definite on Monday night. Meanwhile, upon the right, Eaucourt

[*Continued on page* 2278

THE BATTLE OF THE ABBAYE

(Continued from page 2277)

l'Abbaye had practically been encircled and its doom decreed. We lost surprisingly few men in this adventure, though some eight hundred yards of ground had to be covered in the face of Eaucourt's fire when the word to "Go!" was heard in our trenches. Here the Londoner, just out, proved his mettle with a vengeance. Fearful he may have been of that whirlwind of German shells which shook the earth beneath his feet; scared beyond utterance by the scream of death in the air above and the figure of death in the fields below; awed by the rattle of machine-guns and the bullets which whistled about his ears—but never daunted, pushing on always with pursed lips and eyes which looked straight ahead across the wilderness, and fingers which twitched upon the rifle's butt. By his side were the veterans needlessly bidding him to be of good cheer. Not for him to-day were the horrors of Guillemont or the Trones Wood. So magnificently had our artillery done its work that it needed but one swift assault to drive the enemy from the outposts of Eaucourt. Within the ruined monastery itself there were the unnumbered hosts of hidden Germans, but with these the gunners had still to deal. Yard by yard we fought for the Abbaye gates, burst into the outbuildings, ferreted the dug-outs, and cleaned the ground—but never blindly as men who go to a holocaust, but always under the shelter of the terrible artillery which made our advance possible.

Great Advance by Veterans and Tyros

It should not be thought that such an advance was possible without some mishap. Mr. Philip Gibbs, in an admirable despatch, has told us of the tributes of the old troops to the new, but the word "loss" is not unheard among them. Difficult as the operation was, a gully of the Martinpuich-Eaucourt road added to its hazards; for here in the sunken way the German machine-guns could cover the storming-party and cause even the veterans to pull themselves together. These guns "chattered horribly" as our men swept past. "Lots of 'em dropped," said a veteran of the New Army as he related the circumstance; "but there was no kind of difference between us." Men who had not left London many days went side by side with ancients, who could speak of Loos and Neuve Chapelle, across the gully and the death-pits to the smiling fields beyond. Here was sugar-beet, red if not rosy. Boys made footballs of the vegetables and kicked them on toward the German trenches. "It helped us to forget," they said—and we who hear them may picture the sights from which their eyes were wisely turned. Brave men, down and out, were behind them. Others lay bleeding from wounds. Not a few, in their excitement, would have crawled after the comrades who were going on. Others were already in the stretchers on their way to the dressing-stations. Fitly did No Man's Land offer such a harvest to the reapers.

Our concern is not with these poor fellows. The tide surged past them and reached the Abbaye gates. Not many Germans lived to confront it, so well had our artillery work been done. The first and second trenches defending the monastery were heaped with dead, we are told. A few machine-gunners held on to the last with units of the 6th Bavarian Division brought down from Lille. They shot and would have bayoneted our vanguard, and when they could neither shoot nor stab, they lifted their hands and cried "Kamerad!" "Too late!" we read—and who shall wonder? For we know the Hun by this time, and in the heat of action it is impossible that our men should forget. "Kamerad" must bolt like a rabbit for the shelter of wall and dug-out, and we must fetch him out as we could. It was Tuesday afternoon before we were sure of the cellars of the Abbaye, and many of them are unexplored to this hour.

The Great Part of the Bird-Men

Once again our aeroplanes did yeoman service in all this fighting. Not only in reconnaissance but in actual attack have they proved their valour. One pilot, observing reinforcements on the Bapaume road, dropped to within two hundred feet of the ground and turned his machine-gun upon them. Anti-aircraft guns were boldly attacked from the air and their gunners shot down. Like vultures the 'planes swept over the harassed land, discovering derelicts here and hidden enemies there. They bombed or shot them with a recklessness which was superb. Upon one occasion (says a correspondent) a whole regiment, coming up to reinforce, was scattered by these dauntless adventurers. A great day for them, truly, when it may be said that the enemy's organisation behind the lines was broken up absolutely by our flying men alone. Undoubtedly they contributed to the sum of German losses, which were colossal. Some of the Bavarian companies from Lille lost seventy-five per cent. of their effectives. One went in one hundred and ninety strong, and had sixty whole at the end of the day. The prisoners taken were not many, but in the main they were of a coarser calibre than some captured at Martinpuich and Flers—little men, very dirty, and very glad to be with us.

Upon the other side is Sir Douglas Haig's assurance that our own casualties were surprisingly low in an action to which he attached the greatest importance.

A QUIET JOB FOR A CHANGE.—Guards carrying water to their billets. The Guards, with their superb tradition behind them, were on their mettle in the great advance, and their fighting at Courcelette and many another point was irresistible. (Official photograph. Crown copyright reserved.)

Britons at Home in Dug-outs of the Foe

The earliest inhabitants on the globe could not have lived under more primitive conditions than did the twentieth century fighting men. This remarkable photograph gives an excellent idea how British soldiers burrowed in the earth, impelled by the instinct of self-preservation to find cover from the diabolical instruments of German science.

Captured German dug-outs were found to be of great strength, and not infrequently furnished with home comforts. Life therein before the terrible British bombardment must have been comparatively easy. (Crown copyright reserved.)

TAKING A TRENCH AT THIEPVAL.—Thiepval and the high ridge east of it, stated by the Germans to be an impregnable fortress, were captured on Sept. 26, 1916, with 1,300 prisoners and a formidable quantity of artillery. "It was a terribly severe day," a German paper said, acknowledging a "tactical defeat," and spoke of the "inexorable storm" of our men, "fearless even to death, whose courage it is our duty to recognise and respect." Our artist's spirited drawing was made from particulars supplied by a soldier who took part in the victory.

To face page 928

THE HOUR HAS STRUCK! BRITISH FIRST LINE OF ATTACK IN THE "GREAT PUSH" TAKING UP POSITION IN FRONT OF THEIR BARBED-WIRE DEFENCES.

Told by the Rank and File

THE TAKING OF THIEPVAL

BY PRIVATE W. BROOKS

ALTHOUGH I'm telling this story, I want to say right at the commencement that you are not to run away with the idea that my regiment was the only regiment used in the greatest attack of all history. It was only one unit of a great force.

The night before the attack commenced we had a lecture by our commandant, who told us as much as the Headquarters Staff knew about Thiepval. He said that the place had been the headquarters of a brigade of Würtembergers for two years, and that the men had come to regard it as a soft and easy job. In fact, when they were about to be relieved by other troops and sent to other parts of the line, they begged to remain.

They had improved it in their own way, he said, and had underground passages running in all directions, to which they would descend when our artillery fire got too hot to be comfortable. They would, as a point of honour, hold the place to the end, and would no doubt fight strenuously before the end came.

Wine for the Winners

We were told that the hub of the defence would be the chateau, which had been made as impregnable as possible by every device known to warlike science. But—he finished—in the cellars of the chateau were a fine lot of cooling drinks—wines and the like—to slake the thirst of those who won.

We made up our minds to have some of these drinks at all costs, and as that meant the taking of the chateau, it of course also meant a warm time for the comfortable Huns. The artillery, as usual, opened the ball the night before, raking the place from end to end and combing it through thoroughly. Then, from our trenches at the foot of the hill—Thiepval lies on its crest—we advanced steadily, as fast as possible, but still only at a walking pace.

Every trench and shell-hole was held against us, but we simply marched up to them, whacked a few bombs into them, and then cleared them out with the bayonet. Whatever prisoners we took were sent back under nominal escort to the rear.

We had reached the second line of German trenches—they were mere heaps of mud and dead bodies, with here and there a machine-gun party strafing away at us as we marched onwards—when one machine-gun team surrendered en bloc. They hadn't used half their cartridges, either, and we could only surmise that they must have been fed-up with the war. Anyway, we put the sixteen of them in charge of two of our slightly wounded, and bundled them off to the rear, taking their gun and ammunition with us to strafe their comrades.

Prisoners Become Restive

Half-way down the hill these sixteen prisoners seemed to change their minds about being captives, for they made a dash at the two Tommies. As luck would have it they managed to keep the Huns off fairly well with their bayonets, though they sustained slight flesh wounds. Our sergeant saw what was happening, and took half the platoon down to talk to those silly Germans. We did—with the butts of our rifles, and when we had finished those sixteen went along as quietly as mice, without a word, and all whimpering and nursing the places where good, hard, English fists had touched them.

We advanced again, steadily, and all the time we were chafing because we had to wait for our own artillery to lift. It crept along cunningly and slowly, and at certain times jumped about a hundred yards. Then we broke into a run, bashed everything that tried to stop us, and settled down to follow the creeping, searching shells again.

The Tunnelled Chateau

We came near to the tunnelled chateau, and were held up, both by the artillery and the enemy's fire. He had as usual thousands of machine-guns, hidden here and there, popping up and down like Jacks-in-the-box. They were in shell-holes, in wired trenches, and in strongly held redoubts, and no ordinary troops could have lived through the fire.

But we had a "tank"—a great big beast of a "tank." It went ahead, straight up to the centre of the position, in spite of bombs, hand-grenades, and machine-gun bullets which the enemy aimed at it with all his vigour. Suddenly it started to add its din to that already existing, and we had to laugh at the way the Germans disappeared in front of it.

We didn't lose the opportunity, but dashed on after it, treading between the places where its caterpillar wheels had marked the soft ground. Just as we reached it the machine-gun people tied white flags to their rifles, though the trench holders still slugged away at it, trying to put it out of action. It simply turned to the right and went waddling down the trench, its guns going all the time. Some intrepid Germans even swarmed on its back, and tried to poke rifles through the slots in its armoured hide; but they fell off like dead flies.

A French aeroplane swooped through from the sky, and came down within four hundred feet to see the sport. The Huns thought they were going to be bombed, and, throwing down their rifles, did the Kamerad trick like one man.

Retreat to the Cellars

On the heels of this initial success the infantry dashed forward irresistibly. We stormed the chateau, fighting in the good old-fashioned style, though helped by our artillery, who dropped shells with a nice precision into it every few seconds. The Würtembergers retired to their cellars, leaving us in charge.

Then commenced the queerest part of this fight—the hunt underground. We would search around for the entrance to the cellars, when suddenly from behind us would come a volley of rifle fire. Turning round quickly, we'd be just in time to see half a dozen Germans doing the disappearing act down a tunnel. You can bet we were after them like terriers after rats. They had the advantage at first, being in the dark and invisible, while we were silhouetted against the light. But we pressed on, and engaged them on equal terms. They ran, and we followed. It was like fighting in a coal-mine. Every here and there passages would branch off towards the right and left, and sometimes we would hear the sound of firing, telling us that others of our lads were engaged in private hunts of their own. We never gave our quarry an opportunity to bolt, but keeping him in sight followed every twist and turn of the tunnels.

Bombs in the Dark

In one place they passed a heap of bombs, and as they went they stooped and slung a few back at us. When we reached the heap the rear men stopped and gathered armfuls of the bombs, while we in front kept in touch. When they rejoined us we made Fritz a present of a few of his own bombs, and judging by the shrieks and yells with which he received them, he didn't appreciate the gift a bit.

And all the time our lads were dropping, after three hours' fighting well below the earth's surface. But the Germans' game was up, and we got them in a corner. We expected they would fight like rats, but to our glad surprise they chucked up the sponge and came over with their hands in the air. And we fifteen marched back forty-three Germans, including one officer, right to the place where we had started from, after telling them that if they led us into an ambush they would get strafed first.

We found that what the lecturer had told us was quite the truth, and one of the great Würtembergers had the nerve to say to me, "We fought well, didn't we?"—after he had surrendered with a clean bayonet as well as a fully-charged magazine.

When we got to the top again and got rid of our lot of prisoners, we received orders to prepare for a gas attack. The enemy was still holding on to a house in the north-east part of the town, and he had to be smoked out somehow. We'd hardly got the gas-masks over our heads before the grey-green clouds rolled along, with the wind behind them.

Then the Germans gave us another Kamerad exhibition, rushing through the fumes with their hands up and their masks on to surrender.

Bombs, Liquid Fire, and Gas

For two hours we got a rest, and then the Germans, having massed all their available troops, came back again in a counter-attack. This was no Kamerad business—they were desperate, and, tired as we were, we had all our work cut out to hold them. But hold them we did, in spite of their guns and shells, bombs, liquid fire, gas, and machine-guns, and—what is more—we hurled them back and counter-attacked.

And as we went over the top of a battered and captured German trench, some spiteful machine-gun bullet came, smacked my steel helmet, and tore it off, tearing part of my scalp with it. And so, after the stress and turmoil of Thiepval, I'm back in a London hospital—and thank God for the rest! Though, mind you, I wouldn't have been out of that scrap—no—not even for a month's leave when the Cup Ties are being played.

—o—

BELGIAN SLAVERY

The German "round-up" in Belgium, which began in the middle of October, 1916, and embraced Flanders, the Tournai, and the Mons districts, was applied to at least 15,000 men. These unfortunate individuals were herded together in open trucks, exposed to all weathers, and sent like cattle to various destinations, some to Germany, others to the Verdun front, undoubtedly for work of a military nature.

STORMING SCHWABEN REDOUBT.—This formidable position occupied the crest north of Thiepval, the highest ground on the Thiepval Spur, commanding a full view over the northern valley of the Ancre. Directly the barrage lifted, our infantry advanced through a hell of fire, smoke, and death. At three different points in the front line the enemy raised white flags, indicating the surrender of positions which he had held for two years. When the redoubt was fully secured, hundreds of German prisoners were in our hands, and the maze of trenches down to the valley bottom, with support lines and communication-trenches, was completely dominated by the British on the crest of the ridge.

BATTLE PICTURES OF THE GREAT WAR

The Fight for the Warrens

By MAX PEMBERTON

THE week ending October 14, 1916, was for the most part quiet upon the west front. The Saturday, however, witnessed two pretty little battles, which in their effect were as important as anything done recently in the neighbourhood of Thiepval. We took both the Schwaben and the Stuff Redoubts upon that occasion, and took them with a loss which was inconsiderable. They were the very last of the really formidable subterranean fortresses between our front and Bapaume, and their possession has given our artillery a domination which is unquestionable. Henceforth our powers of observation are supreme. The redoubts alone had qualified them these many days.

To understand rightly the import of this success, a contour map is necessary. We all know by this time that we have fought for and won a position upon a ridge which the German Staff chose deliberately after the Battle of the Marne as the strongest it could find between the French and the Belgian plains. Beyond the ridge there is no other elevation of a similar height between us and Cambrai—none with an altitude of 500 feet, which this attains, and none which offers such unique opportunities of subterranean fortification. Everywhere from the summit, by Schwaben, the ground slopes down toward Bapaume.

Great Guns on the Heights

The Valley of the Ancre is below Thiepval, upon our extreme left. Our centre shows a rolling decline from High Wood through Flers and Gueudecourt. Upon the right there is the high ground beyond Ginchy and the more favourable inclination towards the Bapaume Road. In the old days an army which won the complete possession of this range of heights would have descended upon its enemy with a momentum which might have been irresistible. To-day it is not for the purpose of a massed attack that we have fought the fierce battles of the summit, but for the domination of the artillery of which I have already spoken.

Thiepval itself, as we know, lies upon the height of the ridge, but is in a hollow. Beyond it the ground rises for some thousand yards to the very summit of the range. It was upon this summit that the Germans had entrenched themselves in the Schwaben Redoubt. Here their old first-line trench used to run, and they have used that trench for many months as one of the high-roads to their labyrinth. The redoubt itself appears to have been of extraordinary strength. It was a maze of pits and cellars; its surface broken and pock-marked with shells, while below it there was a series of subterranean works which were almost as remarkable as those of Combles.

The redoubt covered an area, the "Times" tells us, of nearly 700 yards in its longest diameter. We have been for some time in possession of the greater part of its western trenches, but the enemy has clung desperately to the entrenched positions upon the north. So, despite our success along the whole ridge from Thiepval to Combles, he has still been able to hamper the sure advance upon Bapaume, and has maintained at the crest an artillery observation-post with the greatest advantage to him. This Sir Douglas Haig determined finally to destroy on the morning of October 14th, not only the Schwaben, but beyond it, a thousand yards farther on to the east, its twin brother, the Stuff Redoubt, whose defences were almost as formidable.

Wonderful Artillery and Infantry Co-operation

This appears to have been a very pretty little battle. We began, of course, with an inevitable and truly terrible bombardment. From quite early in the day the great guns behind the British lines were concentrating upon the Schwaben and the Stuff, and put a barrage between them which must have been singularly destructive to the Hun reinforcements groping along their battered trenches. So close were our troops to this barrage of fire that the greatest confidence in our own gunners was needed to maintain them there. But nothing has been more remarkable latterly than the fine shooting of the British artillery, and its reputation did not suffer upon this occasion. A good deal, it is true, we owed to our aeroplanes, which never had done better work.

Very early in the morning, we are told, the sky was alive with the daring airmen who have long since ceased to pay any attention to the Huns' attack, and are grown as bold as the warriors of the fables. Happily, the weather favoured them from the outset. There had been much rain earlier in the week, but the Saturday was a fair day of a typical autumn. A cloudless sky showed a sun which shone brightly upon the desolation of No Man's Land, while a gentle wind made trick-flying necessary, but not dangerous—conditions which favoured the airman.

Wings of Splendid Valour

No longer, we may remark, is that brave fellow content merely to take a flight over the enemy's lines and to signal to the artillery which is watching him. He has himself become a combatant. Daringly he swoops down like some ravenous eagle upon the Germans hunched in their trenches. Nothing for many miles behind the line is safe while such an intrepid adventurer is on the wing. He will attack a railway siding with a sang-froid which is matchless; swoop upon a regiment marching, and scatter it headlong; face a park of artillery and defy the gunners to touch him. Some, unhappily, pay with their lives the penalty of this daring, but the terror they inspire is not to be estimated in words, and the services they are rendering us are priceless.

The air was full of them on the morning of Saturday, and our fellows below watched them with an admiration which was natural. They themselves were waiting for the signal to be up and out, and waiting with that expectancy they have often described for us. To men bunched in a trench, with long hours of delay before them, time is an enemy indeed. Nothing matters but the work they have in hand. They are like lightly-clad runners who shiver at the post until the word for the race is given, but who shiver with impatience rather than with fear. The perils of the intervening hours may then be realised, even by the bravest. We do not hurl these countless shells upon the German lines without a quick reply, and just as the British eye can follow the flame and smoke of the devastation upon the enemy line, so may hostile eyes witness it in our own. Great guns hurl their monstrous projectiles, and those in the trenches hear them bursting all about.

Bombs Ready and Bayonets Fixed

Here and there a shot will fall into the trench itself, and the stretcher-bearers will creep forward and their ghastly burdens be carried gently to the rear. In the main, however, the shells across the Schwaben did us little damage, and already our men began to understand what artillery domination was meaning to them. There was no such wild firing as this at Guillemont or Trones, or even in Leuze Wood. Then the Germans were masters of the ridge; theirs was the advantage, ours the stern task of assaulting lines so advantageous.

We suffered, then, comparatively little by shell fire before the Schwaben, and our men were in high spirits enough when the afternoon brought the long-expected order to advance. Now the bombers made ready and the bayonets were fixed. This was not to be any orderly fight of mass against mass, regiments advancing here, platoons there, to objects clearly perceived. Schwaben, they tell us, was like a human warren. Our men burst into the labyrinth and instantly found themselves looking for the enemy whom the cellars had swallowed up. We knew that the 110th and 111th Bavarian Regiments were holding the place, but few of them we saw until the bombs had fetched them out.

Then came the duels *a outrance*—fierce fights apart and individual scraps; man hunting man out of touch with his

[*Continued on page* 2284

THE FIGHT FOR THE WARRENS (Continued from page 2283)

fellows; bayonet exercise in dark places—a very hue-and-cry in the bowels of the earth. So successful was it that we had three hundred prisoners before the night had fallen. Our losses were returned as comparatively light. We heard again of the splendid behaviour of the new troops; of acts of individual daring which have become commonplace. Finally, we had to record the complete success of this pretty operation which gave us the Schwaben, and the final mastery of the ridge.

The Stuff Redoubt proved to be an easier job. There had been tenacious fighting at the Schwaben, but in the Stuff the bayonet proved irresistible. Correspondents have told us that these were not the Germans we fought at Ginchy and Combles, and certain it is that the readiness to throw up the hands and cry "Kamerad!" was greatly to the taste of our fellows. Here again we have evidence of the terrible effects of that ceaseless bombardment of the German lines which our guns have undertaken since July 1st.

It may be true to say that the moral of the Boche is still magnificent upon occasion, but that vast numbers of his troops are shaken, no sane judge can doubt. Soldiers give us the most diverting anecdotes of some of these stricken warriors. We hear of men running as hard as they can, bayonets at their backs, their hands waving like the fins of a walrus, and their cries for mercy rending the very air. Some of them creep forward on their knees, that there shall be no mistake about it. And yet they are treacherous to the last, and when we had taken Schwaben we had by no means done with it. Machine-guns would appear suddenly in some crater where they had not been ten minutes previously. Snipers hid themselves in any odd crevice and opened fire upon any unsuspecting group they saw near by.

There were sudden sorties from deep cellars, resurrections of men who had come like moles from the depths of the earth—new and violent attacks when all was thought to be over. With these we wrestled for many hours. Going stealthily from pit to pit, the bombers hurled their grenades and waited, as Tommy would put it, for the groans. No depth was left unexplored; no dark place was passed until it had been searched with powder. To-day we hold Schwaben firmly, and the Germans are paying the price of their defeat. There must be hundreds of them buried down there in the pits they dug nearly two years ago.

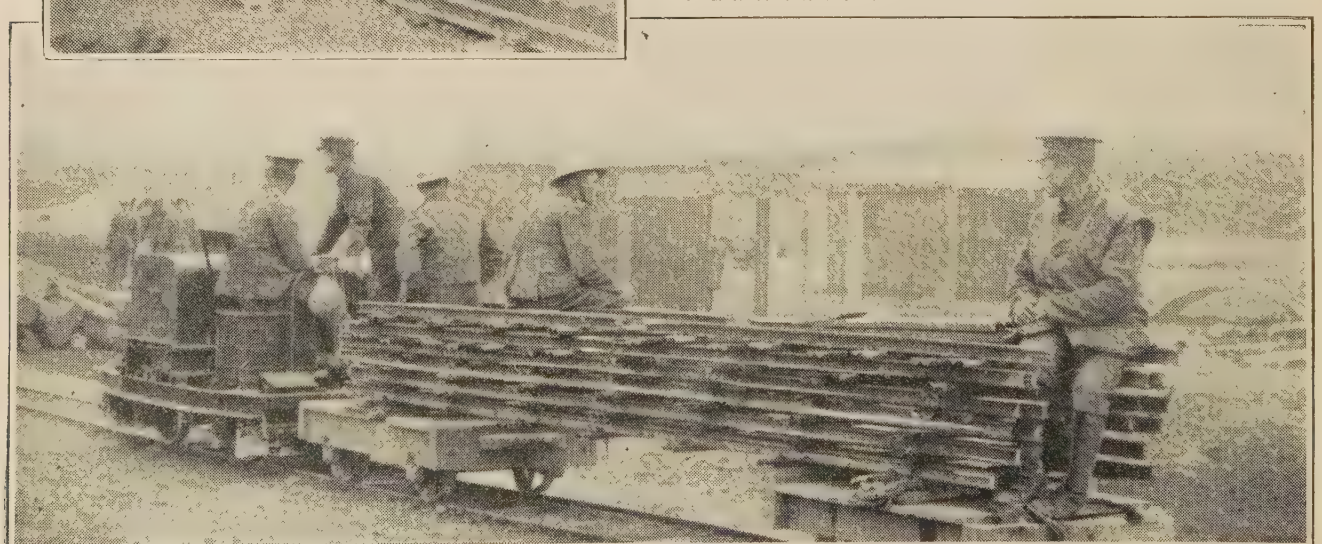
We took four hundred prisoners altogether on the 14th, and suffered little by way of counter-attack until the Sunday. The weather broke for a spell after we had concluded this successful advance, and the night of the 15th was pitch black and rainy. Some sort of a massed German attack, which was instantly broken, was the only event of the Sabbath. But as usual the night brought the ceaseless flashes of fire upon the horizon and the booming message of the artillery which never rests. All this means that we have consolidated the position of Schwaben and are moving the great machine forward for the next act in this colossal drama.

Our Ally Victorious at Sailly

Upon our right the French have not been less busy. The seizing of Sailly is a great event. There is, says a French expert, but a gap of the fifth part of a mile between the German line about Péronne and the River Somme, and even the High Command must begin to think their position precarious. Sailly has made it more so, and at a surprisingly little cost. It was a bitter fight, and remarkable for the tenacity with which the Huns resisted the brilliant dash of our allies.

Unlike many of the other villages, which are but dust upon the desert's face, Sailly showed the remnants of houses, each one of which had long since been a fortress. Here the French fought in the old style, as formerly they fought at Bazeilles in the terrible days of "'70." We follow the fearful melée in what once were streets; the vomit of fire from the sheltered walls; the rattle as of sticks upon a railing when the machine-guns opened up; the shrieks of men whom the bayonets caught—above all, the thunder of the cannon that sent their shells high above the village and devastated with their barrage the regiments that were coming up.

They call it an important action in Paris, and we may believe them. Day by day the great machine goes forward—now swiftly as a runner; again creeping as a snail—but irresistibly always towards that goal upon which the eyes of its masters are set.



A "SCOTCH EXPRESS" IN FLANDERS.—Light railway engine constructed from parts of a broken-down automobile. Inset: Conveying rails to lengthen the transport line just behind the British front. (Official photographs.)

THE WAR ILLUSTRATED · GALLERY OF LEADERS

Elliott & Fry

LT.-GEN. SIR THOMAS D'OYLY SNOW, K.C.B., K.C.M.G.

Commanding the Seventh Army Corps

PERSONALIA OF THE GREAT WAR

LIEUT.-GEN. SIR T. D'OYLY SNOW

LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR THOMAS D'OYLY SNOW, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., who commanded the Seventh Army Corps in the great Battle of the Somme, July-November, 1916, was born on May 5th, 1858, the eldest son of Mr. George D'Oyly Snow, of Langton Lodge, Blandford, in the Dorsetshire Heights. Educated at Eton and St. John's College, Cambridge, he gained his first experience of war service at the age of twenty-one.

First Experiences Under Fire

He entered the Army in 1879, the year in which hostilities broke out between the British and the Zulu King Cetewayo, owing to the refusal of the latter to make reparation for the raids by his people over the Natal border. This " little war " had a disastrous beginning for the Imperial troops. A British force crossed the frontier, but was surprised and attacked at Isandhlwana, on the left bank of the Buffalo River, 110 miles N. by W. of Durban. There it was defeated, with a loss of over eight hundred men, on January 22nd, the day on which D'Oyly Snow was gazetted a subaltern to Prince Albert's Somersetshire Light Infantry.

Reinforcements were hurriedly sent out from England, and young D'Oyly Snow went out with his regiment. The campaign, which, under Sir Garnet (afterwards Lord) Wolseley ended in the following September, is memorable for the part taken in it as a volunteer by Prince Louis Napoleon, who lost his life in a surprise attack on a reconnoitring party near the Mozani River. D'Oyly Snow, whose services were rewarded by the medal with clasp, was promoted lieutenant on July 1st, 1881.

Severely Wounded at El Gubat

Three years later General Gordon was despatched to Khartum to bring away from the Sudan several Egyptian garrisons that had been hemmed in by the Mahdi. This was in January, 1884. Gordon reached Khartum, but by the time he did so the whole of the Sudan was in a state of revolt, and in September an English army under Lord Wolseley was sent to his assistance. Lieutenant D'Oyly Snow was in this force as a member of one of the Camel Corps.

After a tedious voyage up the Nile a part of the force, under General Sir Herbert Stewart, marched across the desert and defeated the enemy at Abu Klea, about 120 miles from Khartum (January 17th, 1885). In addition to taking part in this engagement, in which the British, numbering only some 1,500 men, defeated 10,000 Arabs, Lieutenant D'Oyly Snow was present in the action a few days later at El Gubat, near Metemmeh, where a fierce Arab onset on the British square was repulsed with very heavy loss to the enemy. On this occasion Lieutenant D'Oyly Snow was severely wounded. But at the age of twenty-seven he had gained a second medal with two clasps and the bronze star.

With Kitchener in the Sudan

After serving as adjutant from December 30th, 1885, to December 29th, 1890, he gained his captaincy on July 1st, 1887, and passing through the Staff College at Camberley in 1893, he was, on May 1st, 1897, promoted major in the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, a promotion which involved the supersession of three captains who were his seniors. But it was already recognised that he was a man who from the first had taken up his profession seriously, and was, withal, not only an earnest, but a capable, soldier.

For some time before receiving his majority he had acted as brigade-major of the First Infantry Brigade at Aldershot (May 29th, 1895, to January 4th, 1898), and, returning to the land of Old Nile, he was brigade-major in Egypt and the Sudan (first of the British Brigade and then of the First Brigade British Division) from January 5th to September 29th, 1898. By January, 1898, Kitchener's plans for the reconquest of the Sudan were almost completed. The all-important railway, in the face of appalling difficulty and discouragement, had been pushed on to the Atbara. At length the awful war machine went forward. Mahmud was captured. Osman Digna was routed. It was with peculiar satisfaction that Major D'Oyly Snow, with his memories of 1884-5, found himself part of the machine that achieved this result. He took part in the Good Friday Battle of the Atbara, and in that of Omdurman in the following September. He was twice mentioned in despatches, given the brevet rank of lieutenant-colonel, and awarded the medal with two clasps.

Commander of the 4th Division

In April, 1899, he exchanged into the Northamptonshire Regiment, and, being appointed full colonel June 2nd, 1903, held in succession the following appointments: A.Q.M.G. Fourth Army Corps and Eastern Command (June 2nd, 1903, to July 6th, 1905); A.A.G. Eastern Command (July 7th, 1905, to May 31st, 1906); Brigadier-General, General Staff, Eastern Command (October 1st, 1909, to June 30th, 1910).

Created a Commander of the Bath in 1907, he was promoted major-general on March 31st, 1910, and in 1911 became General Officer Commanding the 4th Division.

When the British Expeditionary Force landed in France, on August 16th, 1914, the 4th Division was unattached. It included the 1st Warwicks, the 2nd Seaforths, the 1st Royal Irish Fusiliers, the 2nd Royal Dublin Fusiliers, the 1st Somersetshire Light Infantry, the 1st East Lancashire Regiment, the 2nd Lancashire Fusiliers, the 2nd Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, the 2nd Essex Regiment, and three batteries of artillery. The division began to detrain at Le Cateau, east of Cambrai, on the morning of August 25th, and proceeded to take up a position with its right south of Solesmes, and its left towards Cambrai, as an adjunct to the Second Corps under General Smith-Dorrien.

Gallant Work in the Retreat from Mons

A severer test of moral could not be devised than the position in which the division found itself. When the retirement from Mons had begun it fell to the lot of the 4th Division (in the words of the Commander-in-Chief) to " render great help " to the effective retirement of the Second and First Corps.

The British forces had been obliged to take part in a general engagement within two days of their concentration. They had no choice of ground or of time. In their withdrawal in the face of an overwhelming number of the enemy they had to keep pace as well as they could with our French Allies. Day and night—and the nights were dark and the rain fell in torrents—they fought and marched without halt or rest from August 23rd to September 17th. By this time, however, the foe, balked of its prey, had retreated in turn and entrenched itself on the Aisne.

Attached to the Third Army Corps, the 4th Division played a gallant part in the second Battle of Ypres (April-May, 1915), in which the Germans, with what Field-Marshal French spoke of as a " cynical and barbarous disregard of the well-known usages of civilised war," brought into play a gas of so virulent and poisonous a nature that any human being brought into contact with it was first paralysed and then met with a lingering and agonising death.

Leader of the Seventh Army Corps

So unexpected was this device of the foe that confusion was caused, and the situation east of Ypres Canal rendered very critical. Field-Marshal French, in his despatch of June 15th, placed on record the deep admiration he felt for the resource and presence of mind evinced by the leaders actually on the spot, of whom he singled out Major-General Snow for special mention.

On July 15th, 1915, Major-General Snow was appointed temporary lieutenant-general. His services were also recognised by the bestowal of a Knight Commandership of the Bath. Later he was given the command of the Seventh Army Corps, and in this capacity rendered service on the Somme which gained him a Knight Commandership of the Order of St. Michael and St. George.

A Justice of the Peace for his native county of Dorset, Sir Thomas D'Oyly Snow married, in 1897, Geraldine, second daughter of Major-General John Talbot Coke, of Trusley Manor, Etwall Derbyshire, and has two sons and two daughters

"The Great Push" of 1916

IV.—THE STORMING OF BEAUMONT HAMEL AND BEAUCOURT

On November 13th, 1916, the British made a great advance on both sides of the Ancre, where they had been held up at the opening of the Battle of the Somme. In this forward move the veritable strongholds of St. Pierre Divion, Beaumont Hamel, and Beaucourt-sur-Ancre were captured.

THE PRICE OF KAMERADERIE!—British soldiers, in process of clearing the dug-outs in a captured trench, help themselves gaily to the cigars and other good things with which the dispossessed tenants, now their very good "Kameraden," were well supplied.

Ceaseless Pageant of British Gun-Power

Forward, artillery! Great British gun shrouded with a tarpaulin labouring up an incline behind twelve powerful horses on the devastated front.

Transport mules floundering in a sea of mud, one of the additional difficulties engineered by the weather clerk.

The gun, having arrived at its new point on the fron a way for an infantry advance. The gunner

on the Mud-Clogged Ridges of the Somme

British Official Photographs

Even twelve Shire thoroughbreds and twenty brawny arms experience no little difficulty in hauling the heavy weapon to the front through a Somme quagmire.

is swung round into position, and will soon be pounding dug-out is seen on the right of this illustration.

Up to the advanced dressing-station by light railway. Medical stores for the Somme front arriving on an improvised truck.

A Royal Inspection of Stalwarts from Erin

British Official Photographs

Collecting German rifles left at St. Pierre Div.on, where some of the fiercest fighting took place on November 13th, 1916.

Irish troops marching past the Duke of Connaught, and (inset) the Duke inspecting men of an Irish battalion. Immediately after his return from Canada, where he had manifested constant solicitude in the raising and equipping of the Canadian Contingents, the Duke of Connaught visited the western front and inspected the Irish troops, who have added such splendid lustre to the Empire.

Derelicts that Lined the Way from Beaucourt

British Official Photographs

Shattered carts on the road to Beaucourt. Inset: Men of the R.F.C. dismantling a captured German aeroplane.

Soldiers taking rations on pack-horses through a ruined village which other soldiers are clearing up. The broken timbers are stacked for use in a number of ways, and the bricks and rubble are immediately employed in restoring some sort of surface to the roads.

BATTLE PICTURES OF THE GREAT WAR

Britain's Day at Beaumont

By MAX PEMBERTON

ON the morning of Monday, November 13, 1916, we fought upon the River Ancre the most successful battle which has been waged in France since the Marne. Verdun, of course, remains the last word in the heroism of defence, and the retaking of Douaumont and Vaux were gigantic achievements; but this new victory which Sir Douglas Haig has won is *sui generis* and altogether remarkable. Incidentally, it brought about the fall of the fortress of Beaumont-Hamel, which for nearly two years had been regarded as impregnable by the German Staff.

Neither Thiepval with its subterranean city, nor Combles with its amazing labyrinth of trenches, was considered by the experts to be the equal of Beaumont. "You will never take it," said a captured German officer to Mr. Beach Thomas as late as June 30th. We took it on November 13th, and with it that other fortress of St. Pierre Divion, which lies upon the very brink of the little River Ancre.

People at home are becoming familiar nowadays with this god-forsaken country, and are beginning to get some idea of the unsurpassable horrors of the Somme. They know that the scene is a vast landscape of chalky undulations, horribly pitted by the shells and so denuded of foliage that a few wan stumps alone mark the site of ancient forests. The villages within the fighting area no longer exist. There are not even the ruins of villages in many places, for the walls of church and street and mill and factory have been so powdered that their very dust has been absorbed again by Mother Earth.

Latterly all this wilderness has been little better than a woeful bog. Trenches have been running with water, the chalk has turned to a slimy mud into which men sank over their knees and through which it was almost impossible to walk. The rivers themselves—the wide Somme upon the south and the little Ancre upon the north—became flooded and overflowed, so that all the low-lying land about was nothing but a marshy and forbidding pool.

Hideous Conditions

So bad were the conditions that the Germans, forgetting our splendid victories, began to say that the advance upon the Somme was drawing to an end. Their papers spoke of a lull until the spring of the year, during which all might be repaired.

We knew that they had brought up vast quantities of heavy artillery and an odd assortment of troops—the overflow of divisions which Ludendorf had gathered in his wild striving for men. But these were to be the mere idlers in those advance trenches where nothing would be doing until the spring. How terribly Sir Douglas Haig undeceived them the record of November 13th and of the following days establishes in words that are unforgettable.

Take a map of the Somme district and study it closely. Pick out Thiepval and Courcelette, Eaucourt l'Abbaye and Gueudecourt—that is a line running over the high ridge of chalk, past the Schwaben Redoubt, which is at the summit, and so away upon the slope towards Beaulencourt and the Bapaume Road. Standing at any point upon this line and looking due north you will see the shallow ravine in which the River Ancre runs. Beyond this ravine the German trenches lay both north and south of the puny stream.

German Fortress Lines

They crossed the river practically at St. Pierre Divion, once a collection of a church and a few houses, but latterly a fortress only second in strength to Beaumont-Hamel; thence they ran northward by the village of Beaucourt up the rising ground to Beaumont itself, behind which is the considerable hill of the upland. So you see that both lines came down, as it were, from the north and the sea, suddenly swung respectively to the left and the right, and carried in that direction all the way to Sailly-Saillisel and the French positions.

The country itself is exactly as the rest of the Somme district, but its altitude is lower, for it is on a slope of the ridge which we have won by such desperate fighting since July came. The River Ancre itself has a marshy edge for a little way upon either side of it; then a steep, often cut by shallow ravines, and always affording the Germans an opportunity of digging into the earth and there establishing those vast subterranean barracks which are beyond the imagination of the maddest child that ever dreamed of a robber's cave.

Our task, then, was to take these fortresses, to drive ahead north and south of the Ancre, and to straighten our line, so that instead of running due west before Thiepval, we "tidied up" in the north and cut the German salient. So well was this done that we heard on Tuesday morning of the shattering of the great German first line on a front of some three or four thousand yards on the left bank of the river; of the capture of more than five thousand prisoners, and of the fall both of Beaumont and St. Pierre Divion at a single coup. Beaucourt itself fell late on the Monday night, and the fighting for consolidation was carried on vigorously all Tuesday.

An Amazing Triumph

So remarkable was the victory that the correspondents at the front were at a loss at first to give us any exact account of it. They spoke of varying numbers of prisoners from two to four thousand; told of wild wanderings in a fog; of surprising victories, here with hardly the loss of a man, there with stubborn fighting by which we suffered considerably. But all recorded that the troops engaged were chiefly Scottish and of our own home regiments. It was a famous day for the men of the shires. Never has greater coolness been shown by any troops since the action upon the Somme began. Let us tell of it now a little more in sequence.

The action began at six o'clock on the Monday morning. A weird fog lay over the barren land. It was one of those November dawns when the earth seems loath to discover itself. For a little while, when the troops were first awakened, there was not a sound on the still air. A loom of white vapour rolled everywhere unbroken. It chilled the waiting infantry to the marrow, and sent men stumping up and down the trenches for warmth, as those on a football field when waiting for the whistle. Everywhere in our lines the men of the shires were ready, and thought of nothing else but the enemy behind that great curtain of vapour.

Seething Cauldron of War

"It should," says a correspondent, "have been light after six," but it was still as dark as a November night, and the figures moved as the shadows of sleep; yet all was ready, and the signal awaited with just impatience. When it came it was not by voice or whistle, but with a crash and thunder of guns which made the very earth heave and churned the sodden fields until they frothed. Now the fog gave pictures like to none yet seen since the beginning. The red and brown and black smoke of the great explosives mixed with the looming mists to form a mighty curtain in the air, against which the play of gold and yellow light was ceaseless. Terrible to see and awful to hear, men hearing and seeing could jest when they thought of Fritz down there in the bowels of the earth, and wondered what he was making of it. Would he come out like the rabbit that will peep to see if the stoat be there; or was he lying low, believing in his boast of impregnability? Time would show—the end of that brief hour during which this unsurpassable tornado endured—not a long preparation, but sufficient for the work to be done.

Tommy at any rate believed it to be so, and when the whistle blew he went out of his trenches like a shot from a gun. Immense tasks had he done—a thousand heroic things since he set foot in France—but nothing like this thing. Helter-skelter into the fog, losing sight almost of the very man at his elbow, stumbling in and out of

[*Continued on page* 2294

Near Beaumont-Hamel After the British Victory

British Official Photographs

Hot drinks for officers and men on their way back from duty. Inset: Men of the Citizen Army filing into a newly-constructed trench.

German machine-guns captured in the victorious assault on Beaumont-Hamel, November 13th, 1916. Two British soldiers examining the weapons left fairly intact by the retreating enemy. On the right is the entrance to a captured German dug-out.

BRITAIN'S DAY AT BEAUMONT

(Continued from page 2282)

hollows and climbing up steeps, diving into unexpected trenches; yet all upon a compass line and wondering what in God's name he would find before him. Perhaps he hardly understood the superb gallantry of that first rush which carried him at a bound into Beaumont-Hamel and found him the master of it before he recognised where he was.

So swiftly was it done that Mr. Beach Thomas has said that the battle became in some places almost a rout at the very beginning. "The men who stormed the positions north of the river and along it might have been advancing over roofs in a street fight. Underneath them were rooms upon rooms containing hidden and unsuspected groups, and down in the street—trenches below—some nearly empty, some crowded—the enemy lifted their hands and shouted for mercy, or occasionally fired into the air."

These fellows were sent back in squadrons large and small almost from the first hour of the day. They went for the most part in good content, their officers insolent as usual, but Fritz himself whistling cheerily as one who should say "My war is over." One of them had the impudence to declare that he must now learn to love England. His officers in the same breath complained of the barrage of his own artillery and of the fact that he was herded too closely with "those swine"—truly signifying thereby the men he had just commanded.

These, however, were but instances apart. The great scene was over there in the ravine and upon the hillside—men moving they knew not with whom in the fog; odd platoons coming suddenly upon trenches and heaving their bombs at a hazard; others pressing on into Beaumont itself, searching the dug-outs, disappearing into the ground like hounds upon a scent, brought up here and there by machine-gun emplacements—always fighting with a ferocity which was amazing, dying when they died with a laugh upon their lips.

Gay, Gallant Shiremen

Nothing, surely, like this battle in the fog has been known in our story. The marvel of it is that we got through at all, picked our way across hill and hollow, discovered the trenches, had the nerve to go down into catacombs and bring the Huns out. Yet we did it with a sang-froid unsurpassed. These shiremen, says every correspondent, were the merriest fighters that ever came to the Somme. They were breakfasting off the coffee the Germans had left before the battle was two hours old, and the wounded among them declined to be moved while they could still see the fun. In all truth, this "impregnable" fortress was brought down by them as a house of cards by a child's breath. Yet even when they had taken it they hardly knew that it was done, so heavily did the mist loom upon their handiwork.

South of the river things went just as well. The "Daily Mail" correspondent has called Divion the crowning marvel of the German defence. "If you slip along the river road," says he, "you come to an opening about seven feet high in the clay cliff, and when you have penetrated into the secret place you find a new world—a Monte Cristo world. Even the guns, which thunder to madness outside, are blurred to a murmur; indeed are often wholly inaudible. A sickly reek pervades the place—not the reek of dead bodies, though a few wounded men from the battle, vainly seeking shelter here, lie where they have fallen in the passages.

"Meat and bread perhaps have mouldered in the stores and the volatile dust of the fungus blends with the pungent dankness of the clay. But those who first entered this cavern had no other thoughts than curiosity or apprehension. They walked into the unknown, on and on round one traverse after another, until the broad corridor—seven feet high and as much in breadth—was cut by another of like sort leading right and left. The leg of this T-shaped avenue is about three hundred yards, and the arms—not yet fully explored—are at least two hundred.

A Monte Cristo World

"Double bed-rooms and chambers of various sizes lead off from the corridor. How many men could barrack here I do not know; but over four hundred enemy soldiers took refuge during the attack and filed out meekly after it was over."

We took St. Pierre Divion—but it should not be thought that the task was light. Some of the old-style fighting characterised the fall of that redoubtable fortress—bayonet and bomb found men apart, sanguinary duels, and the death-cry which follows steel. So also at Beaumont there had been splendid work done, and Sir Douglas Haig justly reminds us of the personal heroism of the Scots and the shiremen by which this magnificent victory was won. The troops against us were a medley whose very variety is astonishing. Silesians were there and the Prussian Guard—old men and young men—units representing many regiments, the 2nd, the 15th, the 23rd, the 55th, and the 68th. They were all glad to come out of their burrows and surrender to the hated British who could go singing even into such a hell as this.

The King has voiced the nation's gratitude to Sir Douglas Haig and his men. The people echo the words gladly. A great victory—a day which may never be forgotten.

"ARTHUR" AT THE FRONT.—A London coffee-stall behind the lines. "Arthur's" familiar counters, with shining urns, glowing stove, and plates of cake and bread-and-butter, are a welcome sight in London on a rainy night. How much more welcome must they have been in the devastated, rain-sodden land behind the firing-line. (Official photograph.)

Five Thousand Captives Counted on the Ancre

Counting the 5,000 German prisoners as they came in from Beaumont-Hamel. Inset: A German prisoner, wounded and muddy, taken at St. Pierre Divion. (Official photograph.)

Collection of prisoners' effects, chiefly boots, assembled for disinfection after their long use in the pestilent trenches. The boots supplied to the German troops remained noticeably good, although in Germany their production was affected by our blockade.

After St. Pierre Divion: Rest Well-Earned

British Official Photographs

After heavy work a party of soldiers have foregathered in a comparatively sequestered corner for a brief rest. Inset: The sentry at the gate of a war-desecrated cemetery.

The Germans often suggested that they were short of munitions. Though, doubtless, these had wasted since the Verdun effort, such a spectacle as this isolated heap of bombs and mortars captured at St. Pierre Divion did not tend to prove any real dearth.

THE WAR ILLUSTRATED · GALLERY OF LEADERS

Lafayette

LIEUT.-GEN. SIR HENRY SINCLAIR HORNE, K.C.B.

Commanding the Fifteenth Army Corps

PERSONALIA OF THE GREAT WAR

LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR HENRY HORNE

LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR HENRY SINCLAIR HORNE, K.C.B., Commander of the Fifteenth Army Corps in the Somme battles of 1916, was born on February 19th, 1861. He was nurtured in the hard lap of the north, being a son of Major James Horne, of Stirkoke, Caithness, that bleak corner on the far north-west of the Scottish mainland. Son of a soldier, his own career and that of his younger brother afford very striking evidence of the way in which one family has spent itself in the service of the Empire.

Enters the Army at the Age of Nineteen

While Henry Sinclair was educated at Harrow, the famous school on "the Hill," and at the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, his younger brother, William Ogilvie, went to Clifton College, and then qualified himself at Trinity College, Oxford, for the Indian Civil Service.

Henry Sinclair entered the Royal Artillery as a lieutenant on May 19th, 1880. Two years later William Ogilvie joined the Indian Civil Service. He gave long years to the administration of Madras, holding in succession the offices of Collector, District Magistrate and Agent to the Governor in Vizigapatam, 1896-1901; Inspector-General of Police, 1902-8; Commissioner of Separate Revenue and Member of the Legislative Council, 1908; and Commissioner of Land Revenue and Forests, 1910. Made a Companion of the Order of the Star of India in 1912, he retired from the Indian Civil Service in 1914.

Slow but Sure Progress

Meanwhile his brother had been making slow but sure progress in one of the most exacting branches of the British Army. While during his leisure his younger brother found solace in hunting, shooting, and fishing, Henry Sinclair had but one out-of-door form of relaxation—polo. How thoroughly he devoted himself to his profession is proved by the record of his services during the great European War. Like Kitchener's, his advancement was at first a slow one. He had to wait eight years for his captaincy, being given this promotion on August 17th, 1888. He had to wait almost the length of another decade for his majority, which was gazetted on February 23rd, 1898. From September 20th, 1890, to May 22nd, 1892, he was Staff Captain for the Royal Artillery in Bengal.

Then he gained his first considerable opportunity. It was a double opportunity. On the one hand, it offered distinction in the field; on the other, it held out lessons for the future which Major Horne most demonstrably profited by. The reference is to the South African Campaign of 1899-1902. The immediate service half of the opportunity may be dealt with first.

First Services in South Africa

While at the outset of the campaign the severest fighting took place in Natal, the most important inland town of the Cape Province—Kimberley—was closely invested by the enemy quite early in the operations. It will be recalled that it held out for a period of 122 days until it was relieved by General French. Major Horne had a Staff appointment with the relieving force. He was present also in many a hard-fought action, including that at Paardeberg, where, on the nineteenth anniversary of Majuba, he witnessed the dramatic surrender of General Cronje. He was in the successful fighting near Poplar Grove, where the British overcame General Joubert. He was in the affairs of Karee Siding, Zand River, Diamond Hill, Wittebergen, and Colesberg. He took part also in the closing operations in the Transvaal and Orange River Colony.

He was mentioned in despatches, and was awarded the brevet rank of lieutenant-colonel, the Queen's Medal with five clasps, and the King's Medal with two clasps.

Development of Artillery Efficiency

We now come to the lessons of the South African War. Popularly, thanks to Lord Roberts's efforts, the public came to see that these had much to do with more efficient musketry training. They also had not a little bearing on our artillery efficiency. From the time of its formation no regiment has been more popular than the "Gunners." None, it has been often pointed out, has contributed more to our national prestige. The Royal Regiment of Artillery has ever lived up to its magnificent mottoes: "Ubique" (Everywhere) and "Quo fas et gloria ducunt" (Where duty and glory lead)—nowhere more certainly than in the Great European War.

Lessons Learned in South Africa

When the South African War came upon us, nearly half a century had passed since in mortal combat we had measured our metal against that of men of a white race. As it proved, the metal at our disposal was of a kind that left much to be desired. The men, as usual, were splendid, but many old guns, rifled muzzle-loaders, had to be pressed into the Imperial service. And yet there were those who had predicted that modern science and invention had so developed man-killing machines that war was all but a thing of the past; that before its potential horrors civilisation would shrink, universally. The illusion was as fallacious as that other illusion about the peace-power of international finance. But for the lessons learnt at such cost on the veldt, our Expeditionary Force, when it landed in France in August, 1914, would not have been able to write so glorious a page in our military history.

With the "Gunners" on the Western Front

But this is anticipation. To return to Lieut.-Colonel Horne. Promoted in November, 1905, to the substantive rank of lieutenant-colonel, he was gazetted to a brevet-colonelcy on September 24th, 1910, when he was appointed Staff Officer for Horse and Field Artillery in the Aldershot command. He held this position till April 30th, 1912. On May 1st, 1912, he became a temporary brigadier-general and Inspector of Royal Horse Artillery and Royal Field Artillery. He held the last-named appointment till the memorable 4th of August, 1914, in which year he was made a Commander of the Bath.

How valuable his work and that of his brother officers in the Artillery had been may be gauged by Field-Marshal French's constant and eulogistic references to the "Gunners" in his despatches. At the very outset, during the awful retreat from Mons, the Artillery, "although outmatched by at least four to one, made a splendid fight, and inflicted heavy losses on their opponents." In his third despatch, dated October 8th, in which Brigadier-General Horne gained mention, the Field-Marshal had already seen the vital part guns were going to play in Armageddon. He paid special tribute to our Artillery efficiency on the Aisne and in the first Battle of Ypres, and to the "skill, courage, and energy" of the commanders. In his long despatch of October 15th, 1915, Lord French, in the course of an extended comment on the splendid work of the Artillery, and the terribly exacting nature of its duties, declared that "to the many calls upon them the Artillery had responded in a manner that is altogether admirable."

Promoted for Distinguished Conduct in the Field

On November 3rd, 1915, the "London Gazette" announced the promotion of several temporary brigadier-generals to the rank of major-general "for distinguished conduct in the field." The names included that of Henry Sinclair Horne. Soon afterwards Major-General Horne was given the rank of temporary lieutenant-general and the command of the Second Division. He held this command for nearly a year with such success that he was awarded a Knight Commandership of the Bath, and, with the temporary rank of general, became Commander of the Fifteenth Army Corps.

Major-General Horne, who rendered specially valuable services in the capture of Montauban, and invented the method by which infantry follow close behind an artillery barrage, was afterwards appointed to the command of the Second Army. On New Year's Day, 1917, he was promoted to be lieutenant-general.

In 1897, Lieut.-General Horne married Kate, daughter of Mr. George McCorquodale, J.P., D.L., of Newton-le-Willows, Lancashire, and Gadlys, Anglesey, and has one daughter. His home is in East Haddon, Northamptonshire.

Sons of Empire in the War

The splendid deeds of the "Sons of Empire" on the western front and in East Africa form the subject of the following pages. The New Zealand Division achieved conspicuous success at Flers. "No praise can be too high for such troops," was Sir Douglas Haig's tribute. The Australians fought with magnificent courage at Pozières and the Canadians at Courcelette. The Imperial forces of South Africa performed deeds of prowess both on the Somme and with General Smuts in East Africa.

SUMMER TIME IN THE FIELD OF MARS.—How four ardent Anzacs got the better of a heat wave. Stripped to the waist, they continued their warm work of blasting the enemy positions, putting shell after shell on the mark, in spite of the temperature, enduring the physical and mental strain of keeping a giant howitzer in action with cheerful but indomitable will.

Told by the Rank and File

THE TAKING OF REGINA TRENCH

BY A CORPORAL OF THE CANADIAN INFANTRY

IF there ever was a bit of ground that made itself an infernal nuisance over on the Continent it was the trench we called Regina. It was a German hot-bed, reeking with snipers, and they made life miserable for us. You simply couldn't move in some parts without a bullet slamming into the earth alongside you, and more than one casualty has gone down to the base as a result of the unceasing vigilance of the Huns.

And there was no spotting the snipers, either, or some of our own marksmen would soon have put paid to their accounts. They were skilfully hidden, and the incessant firing that took place got on our nerves. And, like all the other ground over there, the place we occupied was all greasy, slippery mud—and you can't hop very lively in mud, even if Brother Boche has picked you out as his own special target.

Splendid Barrage Work

The operation was purely a minor and local affair, though we needed Regina for a variety of reasons. The troops employed were Canadians, and the artillery preparation that went before the attack proper was the best bit of barrage work that has been carried out over there.

It was a glorious sight. The night was brilliant, the moonlight perfect, and the sky seemed like some bright-blue silk curtain stretched across from horizon to horizon, and studded with pieces of looking-glass, each reflecting a special light of its own. And on this background the bursting of the shells seemed as though some giant hand was throwing heaps of diamonds and sapphires into the air, and scattering them with a burst of orange-red flame.

And the jewels turned and shifted in the air above a thousand yards of black-scarred mud, ankle deep, which was the snaky line of the trench. Part of Regina was already in our hands, but this thousand yards—past the turns in the original line of trenches—was strongly held by the Germans, and our attacks had failed to dislodge them. The guns roared and growled, and occasionally, like a tenor solo, you would hear the crackling of the smaller pieces as they took their part in that grim, great overture.

The Guns Lift

The barrage started just this side of the trench, and in spite of all the hail of shells and machine-gun bullets that came through it towards us, we clambered over the parapet and advanced steadily towards the enemy. We got close up—as close as we dared—to the fire-working shells, and waited for the guns to lift.

Two minutes at the longest was that wait, and then, timed to the precise fraction of a second, the whole line of fire lifted at the same instant, and started ploughing up the earth exactly a hundred yards ahead. There wasn't a hitch in the whole thing, and it struck one—even at the moment that one disappeared into a shell-hole to avoid the enemy's fire—that this had been carried through with hair-splitting precision, and at the cost of a great deal of organisation.

The ground was rotten, but the crust was fairly dry, for the winds had been at work on it, and although cold it was dry cold, and a mere fleabite to what we Canadians are accustomed to at home. I don't think the enemy expected the attack, and we certainly got the nearest to surprising him that has been done so far in this war of open and known movements. As a result of the surprise, he did not get a chance to use his machine-guns as freely as he desired, and we experienced very few casualties on the way up to the trench itself.

Hasty German Retreat

The machine-gun officer had a very miscellaneous collection of weapons in his section, as we afterwards learned from prisoners, and these included Maxims captured in East Prussia from the Russians, and Schwarzlon guns captured by the Russians from the Austrians, and retaken by the Germans in the east. We got the whole of these.

Most of the garrison of Regina Trench, when they saw us coming, took to their heels and flew, and the remainder, as soon as they realised the Canadians were up against them, did the "Kamerad" trick in approved Hun fashion.

LT. THE HON. V. S. T. HARMSWORTH, R.N.V.R.

Killed in action November 13th, 1916.

THE second son of Lord Rothermere and nephew of Lord Northcliffe, Lieut. the Hon. Vere Harmsworth was educated at Osborne and Dartmouth Naval Colleges. He became a midshipman in the Royal Navy, from which he retired on account of gun-deafness. Later he refused a Staff appointment, saying that the "greatest honour an officer can receive is to lead his men over the parapet." His end was splendid, and the men of his battalion who survived the action were thrilled with pride in his name. Though wounded twice, he led his men to the third German line, where he was hit by a shell and killed, but not until by his courage and endurance he had brought his men through a highly critical juncture.

We captured fifty men and three officers in the trench, and before we sent them back took their names and regiments. One chap smiled as he told us, and then, when asked what the joke was, replied:

"You got a bit of a surprise when you took Mouquet Farm, eh?"

"What are you talking about," I said. "We haven't had any surprise at all."

"What, hasn't there been an explosion? Haven't your men been all blown to pieces?" he asked, flabbergasted.

"Not a bit of it," I replied. "Why?"

He didn't seem like telling me, but I fetched it out of him all right. It appeared that the farm had been extensively mined by the Germans against the day we should take and occupy it, and that it should have been touched off, but something went wrong with the arrangements. This prisoner of mine had been one of the fellows who'd had the job of getting the dug-outs and tunnels beneath it ready for us. Of course I reported the conversation to the officer, and I believe that when Fritz went to the rear the Staff had a special confab with him, and perhaps this chance-gained bit of information saved quite a lot of lives.

"Remember the First of July!"

There wasn't much fight about the capture of Regina, although we gained ground to the depth of five hundred yards over the thousand yards of front, and joined up with the other British regiments to right and left of us. That was one of the main reasons for trying to take it, as the enfilade fire the Huns turned on our lads was more than hot at times.

We expected, of course, that, seeing that it was so important, the Huns would have put up a bit of a fight, and our watchword as we advanced was "Remember the First of July!" We have a special score to pay off on the Huns for that day, but we didn't do much towards chalking it off at Regina, beyond taking the ground from them.

The artillery were pleased that we'd managed to take it, and refused to share the honours, although we who took part in it know that the excellence of their fire saved hundreds of lives. The Huns were dazed by the incessant rain of shells, and hardly had any fight left in them when we reached them.

The morning dawned gloomy and cloudy, with a promise of more rain, and just after eight the German gunners set to work to try and smoke us out of the trench. But their shell fire was nothing like what ours was. Some shrapnel occasionally spluttered the earth around us, and about ten o'clock they strafed us in real earnest for about ten minutes. They had no observing airmen aloft, and so could not correct their range.

Shelling and Counter-shelling

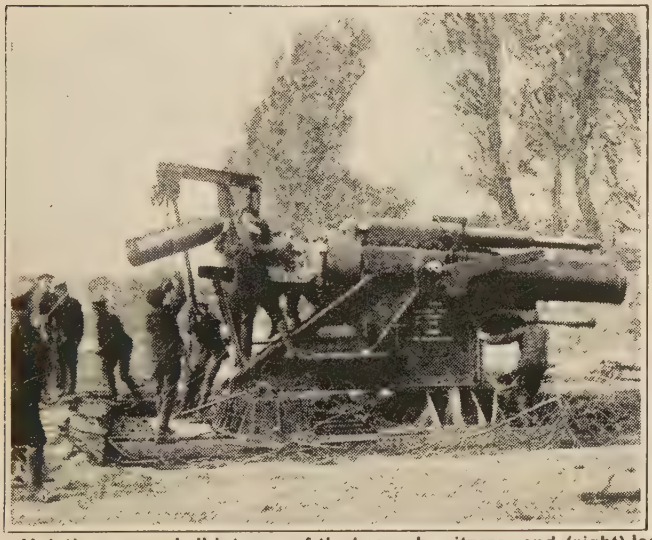
One big gun kept dropping shells in precisely the same spot. One—the first—came sailing over, and dropped with a crump and a scrunch that shook Regina. Then a second shell followed, and before the mud and stones had properly settled down from the bursting of the first shell, they were flying in the air again.

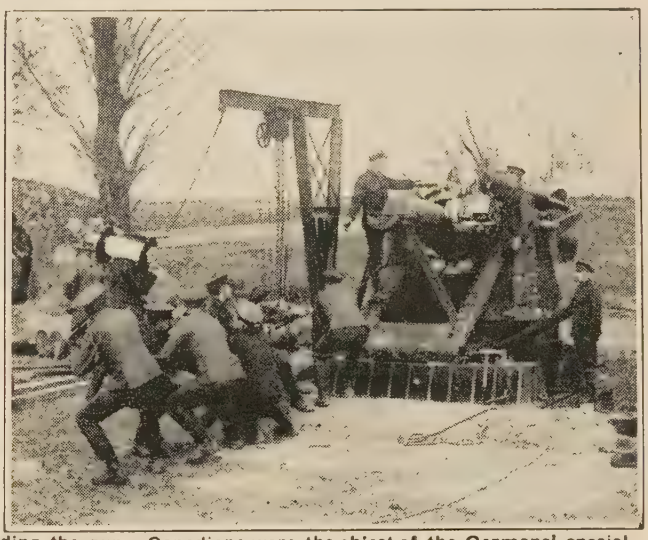
At noon our own guns started giving Fritz something more to do than shell the trench he could not hold, and for about half an hour the ruined woods and scarred fields were lit up through the sullen daylight with the flashes of our own shells. This gave us an opportunity for getting to work to consolidate the position we had taken. And now the field is at its usual winter quietness—the winter quietness of the Somme.

Canadians on the Somme Remember Ypres

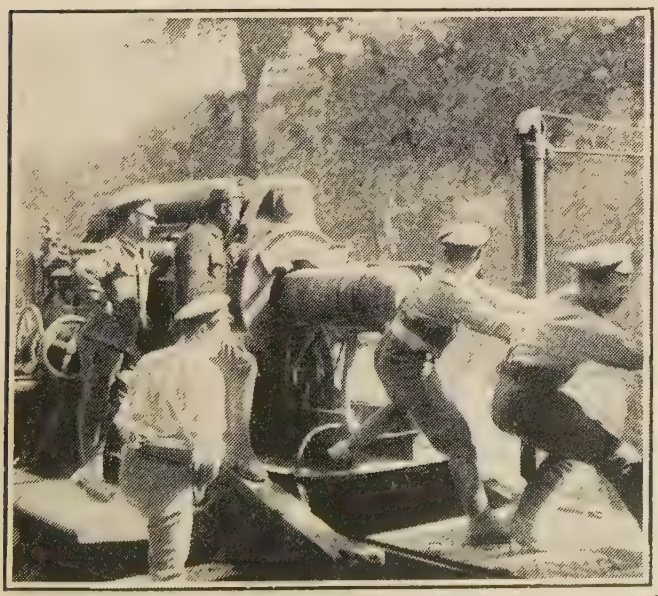
Canadian Government Official Photographs

Canadians who took part in the Battle of the Somme rolling in shells for their heavy guns. Right: Inscribing on 15in. shells messages to the Germans, to whom they were about to be consigned with efficiency and despatch.





Hoisting up a shell into one of the heavy howitzers, and (right) loading the gun. Canadians were the object of the Germans' special animosity in Belgium, and no troops welcomed the opening of the British offensive in France more than they did.



Ramming home the shell, and (right) the howitzer at the moment of firing. Canada had a long account to settle with Germany. In the Battle of the Somme she repaid with interest what she had received in the Battles of Ypres.

Sir Sam Hughes Inspects Maple Leaf Veterans

Canadian and British Official Photographs

Some of the splendid Canadians under review by General Sir Sam Hughes, who is seen taking the salute.

Lieut.-General Sir Herbert Plumer and officers standing on the lip of a mine-crater. The charge was exploded for instructional purposes. Inset: German prisoners carrying a wounded British soldier from the battlefield.

Exits and Entrances on the Stage of Battle

Official Photographs

A Canadian who had finished his share in the battle smoked a cigarette with composure while a brother of the Red Cross, taking his turn, tied up several damaged limbs. Right: Four Indian soldiers carrying in a wounded officer.

"Good refreshment for man and beast" by the roadside. References to the activity of our patrols pressing on the heels of the enemy suggested that the Germans were breaking from cover, and were giving our cavalry a chance of resuming their proper function.

From the Golden West to the Sombre West Front

British Official and Canadian War Records

Sturdy fighters in a shallow trench at Guillemont. Welsh Guards killing time after having disposed of more tangible quarry.

Joy for the Maple Leaf men. The mail, just arrived from Canada, about to be distributed among the men of the Dominion on the west front. Inset: Taking the letters from the Far West to the sorting-house.

Canadians in Training and First-Line Veterans

Canadian Scottish troops training somewhere in England on their way to dig trenches in anticipation of active service in France.

British troops marching through a ruined village adjacent to the Somme front. (Official photograph.) Inset: Canadian Scottish putting in some spade-work along the peaceful British countryside, thereby completing their training for the battlefield.

Canadians Answer the Signal on the Somme

Canadian Official Photographs

It is difficult to contemplate any impression of soldiers "going over the top" without being moved to admiration of the courage that impels them towards the enemy through a veritable hell of gun fire.

The last men to leave the trenches. Inset: The whistle for the advance has sounded. Before our artillery has lifted, the infantry fixes bayonets and moves forward. The supreme moment of each man's life has struck, but no sign of anxiety seems visible in the expressions or attitudes of these splendidly disciplined fighters.

Back from the Firing-Line by Road and Rail

Canadian Official Photographs

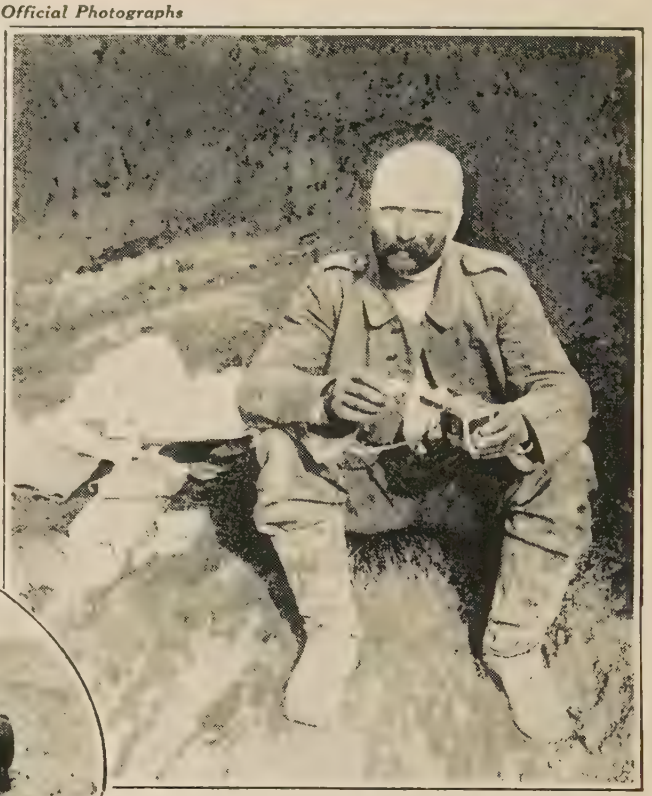
Canadian infantry just out of an advance oblige the photographer by "looking pleasant." In the great Somme fighting the Canadians gave a demonstration of dash and courage which have inspiring significance, and which absolutely established their ascendancy in battle.

Canadian wounded coming down from the firing-line to the first dressing-station. On October 8th, 1916, battalions from Ontario, British Columbia, and Alberta attacked German positions on a front of two miles, and experienced some exceptionally heavy fighting.

Imperial Fighters Most Feared by the Prussian

British and Canadian Official Photographs

After the bayonet the pick. Sturdy warriors from the Golden West on their way to consolidate new Somme gains.



A delicacy for Fritz. German prisoner sampling with obvious relish a tin of bully beef.

Canadians loading ammunition on to an auto-train. Inset: Canadian official photographers gathering Somme films, while two artillery observers are spotting for their gunners. From authentic accounts the Prussians considerably respected the fighting power of Canada

Wattle and Maple with the Rose La France

With the gallant sons of the Maple Leaf. Sorting out the rations in a Canadian camp behind the lines.

A Canadian field post-office. After their heroic endurance at Hooge the brave Empire troops welcomed news from home.

Australians at work behind the lines on the western front. These stout-limbed giants found filling sandbags and digging trenches comparatively easy labour.

Winnipeg Battalion of the Canadian Forces in reserve. In June, 1916, the Germans captured the Canadian trenches south-east of Zillibeke at terrible cost. On June 13th the splendid Canadian troops made a spirited attack and regained all the lost ground. Inset: Canadian soldier burning rubbish in a field furnace on the western front.

BATTLE PICTURES OF THE GREAT WAR

Anzac and Africander in Action

By EDWARD WRIGHT

AFTER the Southern British Army had broken the centre of the German second line at Bazentin, some formidable bastions remained in the enemy's hands. The German commander was reinforced with the flower of Prussian soldiery taken from all points of the western front, and particularly from Verdun and Ypres. The most critical part of our line was that which ran from our advanced centre, on the ridge of High Wood, towards our right salient at Delville Wood and Longueval, and our lower right flank by Waterlot Farm and the village of Guillemont.

On July 14th, 1916, a superb body of Highland and English battalions had broken through the German positions at Longueval and Delville Wood. The Highlanders were led by their pipers into the thick of battle to the tune of "The Campbells are Coming." With bayonets and hand-grenades the men in tartan came, and the men in field-grey went. Instead of cautiously bombing their way along the enemy's communication trenches, the Highlanders ran above, under heavy fire, and then leaped down upon the enemy and took him in the rear with steel and high-explosive missiles. They worked southward past Waterlot Farm, leaving the German garrison there unattacked for a day. Then, having enclosed the Germans, they smashed them in a hand-to-hand bombing and bayonet conflict, which they waged with indescribable fury. Their own losses were terrible, but they remained not merely undaunted, but full of the grim and deadly joy of battle. Never has the Gael shown such sustained fighting power.

On July 15th the Highlanders were reinforced by Brigadier-General Lukin's South African Brigade, fresh from their victorious battles in the Libyan Desert against the Senussi. Under Colonel Tanner, part of the South African force went into Delville Wood to hold the line the Highlanders had won, and another South African force, under Colonel Jones and Colonel Dawson, strengthened the Highlanders' position in Longueval village. As a matter of fact, the village and the wood formed one large salient, with the trees running like a green screen amid fortified buildings, deep-dug trenches and caverns, where fighting went on continually with the enemy. From the left of Delville Wood a dry ravine ran towards our centre at Bazentin-le-Grand. The Germans held the northern slopes of the ravine and the British troops held the southern slopes.

Imperial Troops Go Forward

We were using nearly a quarter of a million shells a day in blasting new paths of advance from Bazentin to Longueval and Guillemont. But on July 16th and 17th heavy rain and mist impeded the work of our artillery observing officers. It was a period of fierce in-fighting with bombs, Lewis guns, and rifles, in which we achieved a notable success on our left flank at Ovillers. This very important position was surrendered by a remnant of the Prussian Guard on July 17th, with the result that a way was opened for an advance in force towards the dominating position of Pozières, along the highway from Albert to Bapaume.

So long as Pozières, on our left, and the northern part of Delville Wood, on our right, were held by the enemy, we could not progress from our centre at Bazentin-le-Petit. We had to withdraw from the crowning point of the ridge at High Wood, because High Wood was swept by German batteries in front, with one smashing side fire from Pozières, another smashing side fire from Delville Wood, and a rear fire from the enemy positions along the Bazentin Ravine and the northern houses of Longueval.

In these circumstances Sir Douglas Haig gave an inspiring Imperial touch to his operations by detailing an Australian Division to attack the German bastion of Pozières, while the South African Brigade advanced into the other German bastion at Delville Wood. Both horns of our advancing crescent were thus formed by the splendid fighting men from the Oversea Divisions—the Anzacs, hardened and tempered in Gallipoli; the Africanders, inured to warfare in the deserts of German South-West Africa and Libya.

But the German Commander-in-Chief employed the pause in our attack in the two days of mist and rain to prepare a tremendous counter-blow. It is clear he no longer regarded our New Army as an army of amateurs. He brought up against our men the pick of all the finest forces of Prussia. As he proclaimed to the world, the Brandenburgers, who had stormed Fort Douaumont, were brought from behind Verdun towards Delville Wood. Then the Prussian regiments of Magdeburg were brigaded with the Brandenburgers, who were further strengthened by large fresh forces of Saxons and the remains of two broken divisions of the Prussian Guard. Hundreds of additional heavy guns were sited around the Delville-Longueval position, and in some places 13,000 troops gathered for the attack on a front of 2,000 yards. It was the first time since the opening battle of the Somme that the enemy had really counter-attacked, and he certainly succeeded in putting a terrific weight into his blow.

All day Delville Wood looked like a stretch of subterranean fire. The trees were blotted out by a pall of smoke, and through the smoke came jets and spits of flame, caused by bursting shells. Then at half-past five in the evening three great Prussian and Saxon columns advanced on the three sides of Delville Wood against the South Africans, while other Prussian forces attacked the South Africans and Highlanders in Longueval, Waterlot Farm, and near Guillemont.

Ordeal of Fire and Poison

Near Guillemont our troops joined the famous French corps which contained the Iron Division, and the principal aim of the German commander was to cut through Delville Wood and make a deadly disorganising gap between the British and French armies. The brunt of the attack fell upon the South Africans. They were blinded with bromide shells, poisoned with gas shells, burnt with liquid-flame shells, and annihilated by huge high-explosive shells which made forty-feet craters. Our hastily improvised trenches in the wood were wiped out, and the South Africans were forced back in small broken bands to a reserve trench held by the Highlanders. This trench was as weak as those that had been lost. There had been no time to construct elaborate, deep dug-outs, and the enemy's shells had blown away half the sandbags. If the little weak force of South Africans and Highlanders had made a stand in the trench they would have been wiped out. They would also have been wiped out had they tried to retire through the enemy's curtain of fire on their rear.

They charged forward. It was one of the finest feats in the whole war. Fragments of battalions, scraps of companies, shreds of platoons—they rallied and swept forward in sheer, desperate desire to die fighting. But by getting into a mad, stabbing, hand-to-hand combat with the German troops in the mazy screen of trees, they not only avoided the German shell fire, but strangely picked up reinforcements as they went on. One South African, the only man left out of a Lewis gun-team, came up with his gun at a very critical moment, swept a large force of the enemy back, and wiped out one of their machine-gun parties. Then another advance party of South Africans was found still holding out on the edge of the wood, by an open drive known as Buchanan Street. As they were despairingly fighting against a ring of flame, the ring was broken by the extraordinary charge of the remnants of the South Africans and Highlanders, who thus obtained further reinforcements.

All night the battle went on, and all the next day and the next. The enemy's curtain of fire on our rear made it difficult to bring up British reinforcements, but they slowly filtered through the barrage of gas shells, liquid-flame

[*Continued on page* 2312

Anzac Valour in Flooded Trenches at Fromelles

In the British advance at Fromelles the Anzacs underwent an ordeal as terrible as any they had experienced on Gallipoli. After stubborn fighting they occupied some German trenches. In addition to concentrating a murderous fire on the captured position, the Germans flooded the trenches with water, and very soon the men from Australasia were fighting up to their waists in it. After holding on bravely for some hours the Anzacs were ordered to retire from their critical position.

ANZAC AND AFRICANDER IN ACTION (Contd. from page 2310)

shells, and "Jack Johnson" shells. So the line through the wood and Longueval village, won back by the South Africans and the Highlanders, was held and gradually strengthened. The South Africans were withdrawn from the position they had captured, after fighting for five days and nights and leaving the flower of their brigade in the wood they called Devil's Wood. The Highlanders were also relieved after six days and nights of the most bloody struggle in history.

Many of the relieving battalions were formed of men recruited under the Derby Group System. When they went into the fight in Delville Wood on July 20th they were called Derby's Men. When they came out of the wood on July 31st they were called Derby's Devils. They had taken all Delville Wood, stormed the last enemy stronghold in Longueval, and broken up innumerable German counter-attacks. By their achievement the right flank of the German second line was definitely conquered, allowing our dominating centre at High Wood to be again advanced to the high part of the ridge.

Midnight Charge at Pozières

This extremely important movement on the High Wood-Delville-Longueval sector was greatly helped by the Anzac advance on the Pozières side of our line. Sir Douglas Haig used his forces in a balancing line. On July 23rd, when the Germans were concentrating their main available forces on the western front against the Delville Wood sector, hammering our trenches there with incessant shell fire and sending out wave after wave of infantry by day and night, Sir Douglas Haig answered this terrific pressure on his right flank by exerting a still more violent pressure from his positions on the left flank.

For some ten days a fine force of men, recruited from the Stock Exchange, Lloyd's, the Baltic, and Corn Exchange, had been continuously fighting upward from La Boisselle towards Pozières. They cleared the way for a grand attack by an Australian division and a force of English Territorials. The Territorials advanced from Ovillers towards the north-west side of Pozières, while the Australians advanced from Contalmaison towards the eastern side of Pozières. All the day and part of the night our massed guns battered Pozières village and flattened it to the ground. Then unexpectedly, at midnight, the Anzacs and the Territorials charged up the trenched and pitted slopes.

The Australians had to storm three successive fortified lines. First a sunken road, which they took with ease; then a new system of entrenchments, where they made a great kill of Germans, and last the high road running from Albert to Bapaume and forming the village High Street. The road was transformed by the Germans into a great embankment for their final line of trenches, and in front of the embankment were innumerable redoubts formed by the cellars of the shattered houses. Here the fighting was of a terrific violence.

In the wild night battle the Australians drove through machine-gun fire and barrages of shrapnel and shell, bombed their way through caverns and round all kinds of difficult angles. The Germans fought magnificently; their machine-gunners especially displayed deadly skill and coolness. The Australians worked forward in silence, with no shouting or battle-crying, and though the Guard regiments against them sometimes fought almost to the last man, the High Street and the eastern part of the village were captured by daybreak. On the other side, the Territorials went through a rain of liquid-fire shells mixed with gas shells, and broke the German line about the village and began to work towards the cemetery higher on the ridge.

At daybreak on July 24th the German artillery observers were able to measure exactly the ground their troops had lost. Then it was that the innumerable German batteries put the Anzacs and Territorials to a test of superhuman endurance. Not only did the Germans obliterate with high explosive their lost lines, but they employed increasing quantities of liquid-flame shell against our men. After each furious bombardment the German troops sprang from their shelters with loads of grenades, in an attempt to finish off what remained of our gallant infantry forces.

But the enemy was at a serious disadvantage in regard to position. Pozières formed a wedge in our lines, and the wedge was being attacked in superior force on two sides. So long as our men were able to hold out and be supplied with ammunition and food, the German garrison in the salient was kept at a disadvantage. For our artillery was still equal to the reinforced German artillery. Our "Grandmothers" hurled 15 in. shells into the German lines; our "Auntie Marys" knocked the heavy German trenches about with 12 in. shells, while our "Little Mothers" pitched hundreds of 9·2 in. shells into the enemy dug-outs in and around Pozières.

Capture of Windmill Hill

Amid a noise like that of a hundred thunderstorms the ghastly hand-to-hand fighting went on, in daylight and darkness, through the village. By the evening of July 25th the Anzacs had smashed through all the houses, and as they arrived at the top of the village the victorious Territorials met them below the cemetery. The two forces then went up the ridge to the dominating point that used to be topped by a windmill. Windmill Hill was captured in another fierce action on July 26th. This completed our conquest of the German second line, which had begun on July 14th. Twenty-four square miles of trenched, caverned, barricaded, fenced, and fortressed hill country, constituting the strongest system of fortifications in the world, had been stormed and occupied by the Southern British Army. All that the Germans had accomplished in their first attack on Verdun was far surpassed. Our New Army had proved itself. Heavy its losses naturally were, but the men had beaten the best veteran forces of Germany. And probably not one victor in a hundred had the slightest knowledge of how to handle a rifle on August 4th, 1914.

Kit inspection in the battle-zone. One of the first rules of discipline is that the soldier should be smart in appearance. Even under stress of battle, and during inclement weather, the British soldier contrived to keep this cardinal rule.

Solid Souvenirs of British Prowess on the Somme

Inspiriting scene within the Australian lines on the western front. A battery galloping up to where a heavy gun already is in action.

Smiling volunteers working with alacrity to take away a heavy gun captured from the Germans. Above: Captured German howitzer on the battlefield not far from Mametz Wood, which was won by the British on July 12th, 1916. (Crown copyright reserved.)

Highlanders and Anzacs Where the Battle Rolls

British Official Photographs

Pipes and drums at its head, a valiant Scottish regiment taking the road to the trenches. Inset: King George's Hill, the point whence his Majesty watched the Battle of the Somme.

Field-kitchen within the Australian lines. Some of the men are enjoying a cup of tea. In the background can be seen a terrace of dug-outs, each entrance being neatly supported by sandbags and roofed with squares of corrugated iron.

Shells Galore and Some New Colonial Warriors

British Official Photographs

A few shells wh'ch contributed towards victory. During the autumn of 1916 Great Britain surpassed the enemy in shell output, in spite of his long start.

Men of the West India Regiment who helped to swell the British ranks at the front. Inset: Three of these doughty fighters cleaning their rifles. There was no part of the Empire that did not send soldiers to the Homeland in her time of need.

Australian Premier Visits Anzacs in France

On May 8th, 1916, the Anzacs arrived in France under the command of General Birdwood, and the Hon. W. M. Hughes, Prime Minister of Australia, seized an early opportunity of inspecting them. Anzac infantry passing before the Prime Minister.

General Birdwood addressing the troops after the inspection. His name will go down to posterity coupled with the phrase "the Soul of Anzac," applied to him by Sir Ian Hamilton in an historic despatch from Gallipoli. Mr. Hughes is standing beh nd him.

Taking the salute of the guns. Anzac artillery marching past Mr. Hughes, who is standing with General Birdwood at the corner of the buildina. (The three illustrations on this page are from official photographs issued on behalf of the Press Bureau.)

New Zealanders in Fine Form South of the Ancre

British Official Photographs

New Zealanders at home in a shell-hole near the German lines after an advance on September 15th, 1916. Right: Enemy dead in their front-line trench.

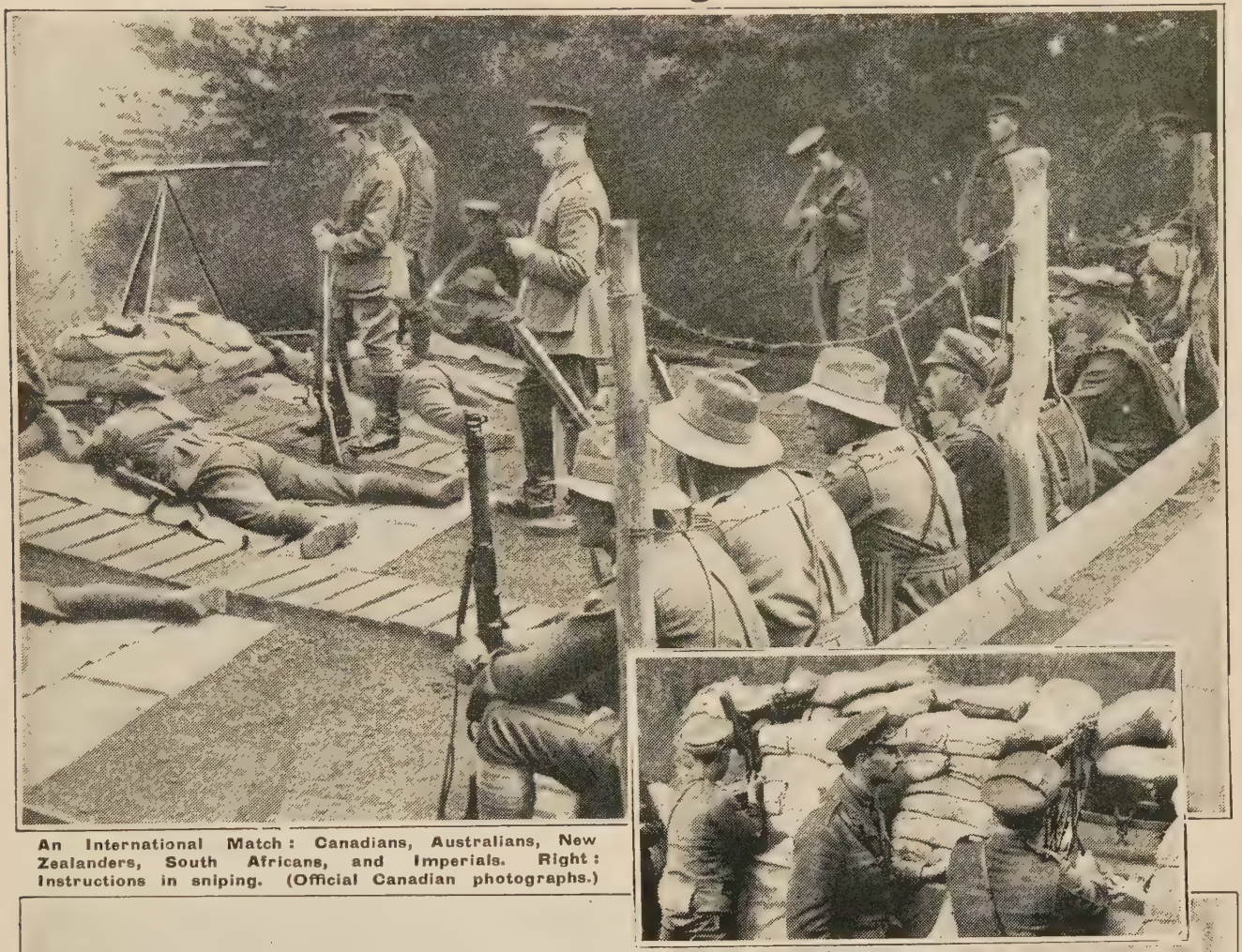
Men of the New Zealand Contingent eating bread and jam after having consolidated a switch trench. The oval photograph shows British officers observing the German front from a position captured six hours previously.

Rest and Recreation Amid the Glades of War

Australians enjoying a spell of leisure behind their trenches somewhere in France. The poplars snapped by shells attest the close proximity of these imperturbable fighting men to the enemy whom they chiefly desired to meet. (Official photograph issued by the Press Bureau.)

Clearing in a wood effected by the art of war instead of forestry. The wood was actually being shelled by the Germans while this photograph was being taken.

Crack Shots in the Making Near the Trenches



An International Match: Canadians, Australians, New Zealanders, South Africans, and Imperials. Right: Instructions in sniping. (Official Canadian photographs.)

Sir Charles Wakefield, Lord Mayor of London 1915–16, is Hon. Colonel of the Royal Garrison Artillery and a keen soldier. During the month of June, 1916, he visited the western front and spoke to many men of the London battalions.

From Pacific Shores to the Stormy Somme

Official Photographs. Crown Copyright Reserved

A column of New Zealanders and transport on the road to the trenches in France.

Another fine impression of the Dominion men on the march. "What a country to fight for!" was the exclamation of many Anzacs when they first set foot in France, and magnificently did they fight for her. Inset: Long queue of men waiting to get to the canteen.

Gallant South Africans Conquer Kilimanjaro

A 4 in. gun from the Konigsberg blown up in the operations. The Germans in German East Africa had sixty guns.

Hospital waggon crossing a river. Heavy work devolved on the medical staff, who evacuated the wounded with great expedition.

The British camp. Mount Kilimanjaro can be seen faint in the distance. The British troops had to move on a very light scale, and the consequent hardships of the conquest of this region were very great.

Through Scorching Sand and Yawning Drifts:

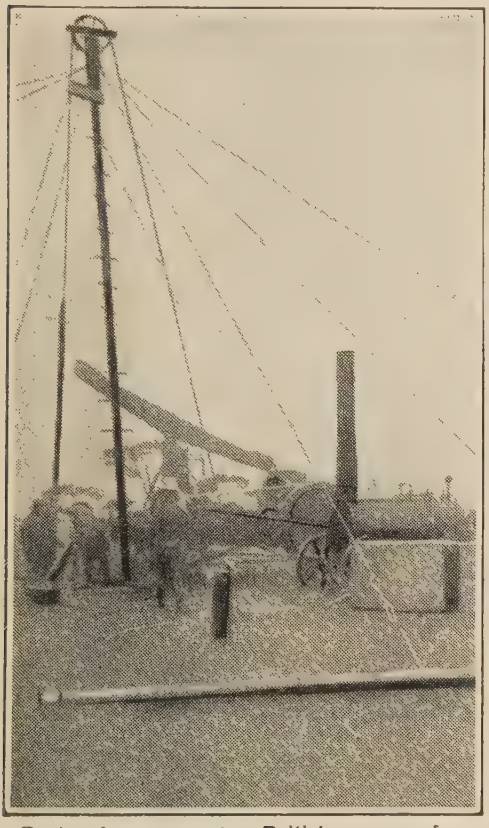
British troops marching on Taveta across a drift of the Lumi River. Inset: Chief of Kilimanjaro (seated), who expressed his friendliness to Britain.

British engineers rebuilding a bridge over the Lumi River. One of the chief difficulties of the war against Germany's last colony was the interruption of communication. This undoubtedly accounted for the prolongation of hostilities.

Great British Activity in Tropical Africa

Armoured car proceeding along a typical highway in East Africa. It will be seen that the wheels are several inches deep in dust.

Water-tank automobile being assisted over a drift in East Africa. An everyday incident with Smuts on the offensive.



Boring for water at a British camp, a frequent additional operation to actual fighting.

Portable aeroplane hangar at Serengeti Camp, showing a machine at rest.

Courtyard of Fort Moshi, one of the most powerful German positions which was captured by the British.

Destroyed railway bridge, blown up when General Smuts advanced to seize the Moshi-Tanga line.

Native troops building huts with that dexterity of hand peculiar to all coloured peoples.

With General Smuts' Forces Nearing the Goal

Wonderful everywhere, the aeroplane seems a thing of greater magic when it soars over the wild places of the earth. In Africa aeroplanes flew over the sands of the desert and dropped bombs, as shown here, on enemy camps near Kilimanjaro and the great lakes.

Washing-day is any possible day with British soldiers campaigning, and much of their healthiness as well as their smartness is due to their passion for cleanliness. Right: A transport steamer on Lake Nyanza, from which the German flag was cleared in 1916.

Watching a German camp somewhere in East Africa through a powerful telescope set upon high ground. Right: Back view of a machine-gun emplacement fashioned out of one of the giant ant-hills which are a remarkable feature of the landscape in many parts of Africa.

General Smuts' forces had to travel very light owing to the variety of the country over which they operated. Transport, nevertheless, was arduous work, as may be inferred from the quantity of material required to construct a camp like this pitched in a treeless waste.

German 'Harbour of Peace' in British Possession

Dar-es-Salaam (a name signifying the Harbour of Peace), the capital of the German colony in East Africa, which surrendered to the British forces on September 4th, 1916. Inset: The palatial residence of the German ex-Governor.

German gunboat lying off Dar-es-Salaam. The Germans selected Dar-es-Salaam as the site for their capital in East Africa because of its good harbour facilities.

Picturesque glimpses in our new territory. King's African Rifles at an outpost in German East Africa. Right: A primitive but effective way of crossing a river in flood by means of a box worked across by rope and pulley.

Tracking the Fugitive Foe in Africa and Egypt

Native labourers included in General Northey's command laying a roadway of tree-trunks along which the advancing column was to pass. After the fall of Dar-es-Salaam, September 4th, 1916, General Northey's column pursued the enemy towards Mahange.

Stalwart German prisoners captured among Turkish units during the attack against the Suez Canal, August, 1916.

Bringing in German prisoners who misled the Turks. Of twenty-two captured, seven were wearing Iron Crosses.

With General Northey's artillery harassing the fugitive foe. A field-gun has just discharged a shell. German East Africa, the enemy's best and last colony, was practically conquered when the capital fell on September 4th, 1916.

THE WAR ILLUSTRATED · GALLERY OF LEADERS

Lafayette

GENERAL SIR HERBERT PLUMER, G.C.M.G., K.C.B.

Commanding an Army on the Western Front.

PERSONALIA OF THE GREAT WAR

GENERAL SIR HERBERT PLUMER

GENERAL SIR HERBERT CHARLES ONSLOW PLUMER, G.C.M.G., K.C.B., Grand Officer of the French Legion of Honour and of the Belgian Order of Leopold, Hon. Colonel of the 4th (Waikato) New Zealand Rifles, and commander of the Second Army, was born on March 13th, 1857, son of Mr. Hall Plumer, of Malpas Lodge, Torquay. He is thus one of the noble company of Devon men—Monk and Marlborough, Raleigh and Drake, Hawkins and Grenville, to name but a few—who have won distinction in their country's cause. Educated at Eton, he has been one of the most loyal sons of the famous College beside Windsor, his love of his old school being finely expressed in the speech he made on December 6th, 1916, when seventy-three old Etonians met under his presidency to celebrate Founder's Day at the front.

Under Fire in the Sudan

Gazetted to a lieutenancy in the 65th Foot, the 1st Battalion of the York and Lancaster Regiment, on September 11th, 1876, he was adjutant from April 29th, 1879, to January 26th, 1886, gained his captaincy on May 29th, 1882, and had his first experience under fire in the Sudan campaign of 1884, being present at the battles of El Teb and Tamai. He was mentioned in despatches and awarded the medal with clasp, the Bronze Star, and the 4th Class Medjidie.

Appointed on May 7th, 1890, D.A.A.G. in Jersey, and given his majority on January 22nd, 1893, his next spell of active service was in the Matabele Campaign of 1896, when he raised, organised and commanded a corps of Mounted Rifles, known as Plumer's Horse. He was again mentioned in despatches, received the medal, and was promoted to a brevet lieutenant-colonelcy.

His Gallantry at Ramathlabama

We next hear of him as D.A.A.G. at Aldershot, an appointment he held from May 5th, 1897, to July 14th, 1899; and then we come to the great Boer War, in the records of which his name appears as that of a commander who never made a mistake. Going out as a Special Service officer, and appointed later to the Staff, he commanded first the Rhodesian Frontier Force and then the Colonial Mounted Brigade. One never tires of reading the accounts of his heroic attempts to relieve Mafeking and his tireless pursuit of De Wet.

When almost within reach of Mafeking, he and his little body of Rhodesians found themselves suddenly confronted with an enemy force in great strength. He was compelled to withdraw to Ramathlabama and then to his base camp. There was little or no cover. The action lasted for three hours. One half of the officers were wounded; Colonel Plumer himself was wounded in the right arm, and had his horse shot under him. But he extricated his men, in the retirement walking with the rearmost of them. After long, weary months of continuous fighting his force was strengthened by a battery of Canadian artillery and a body of Queenslanders, and, joining hands with Colonel Mahon's force, he at length had the satisfaction of participating in the relief of the little town and its gallant garrison.

Golden Opinions of Lord Kitchener

Afterwards Lieutenant-Colonel Plumer was given the command of the Mounted Brigade, and won golden opinions from Lord Kitchener, the result being that for the first part of his services (1899-1900), in addition to mention in despatches, he received the Queen's medal with four clasps, the brevet of colonel, a Companionship of the Bath, and appointment as A.D.C. to King Edward VII. For his work during 1901-2, he was promoted to the rank of major-general, and received the King's medal with two clasps, besides further mention in despatches.

In the succeeding years he held a series of high commands at home. From October 1st, 1902, to December 7th, 1903, he was commander of the Fourth Brigade, First Army Corps; from December 8th, 1903, to February 11th, 1904, commander of the 10th Division and 19th Brigade of the Fourth Army Corps; from February 12th, 1904, to December 17th, 1905, Quartermaster-General to the Forces and Third Military Member of the Army Council; from April 30th, 1906 (in which year he was made a K.C.B.), to February 3rd, 1909, commander of the 5th Division of the Irish Command. On November 4th, 1908, he was promoted lieutenant-general, and from November 10th, 1911, to December 31st, 1914, he was General Officer commanding the Northern Command.

Leader of Fifth Army Corps at St. Eloi

During the earlier months of the Great War, Sir Herbert Plumer was engaged in the training camps at home; but early in 1915 he was sent out to the Front as commander of a new army corps numbered the Fifth. This corps included the 27th and 28th Divisions and Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry, the first of the overseas troops to be engaged in a first-class action. Both divisions had with them several Territorial battalions. Neither division had previous experience of European warfare, and a number of units composing the corps had only recently returned from service in tropical climates. In addition to these handicaps and the inclemency of the Flemish winter, the Fifth Corps, which was attached to General Smith-Dorrien's Second Army, was allotted the dangerous angle at St. Eloi, south of Ypres. The ground was marshy and the trenches most difficult to construct and maintain. Up to the beginning of March the corps was constantly engaged in counter-attacks.

On March 14th an action of considerable importance was brought about by a surprise attack against the 27th Division holding the trenches east of St. Eloi. A large force of artillery was concentrated by the enemy under cover of mist, and a heavy volume of fire was accompanied by two mine explosions. The immediate result was the capture of the position by the Germans, who, however, only held their gain for a few hours. Well-directed and vigorous counter-attacks, in which the men of the Fifth Corps showed great bravery and determination, restored the situation. Field-Marshal French paid a splendid tribute to the "gallantry and devotion" of the troops and to the "skill and energy" of their leaders.

His Fine Defence of Ypres

In April, Sir Herbert Plumer took over the command of the Second Army, and with the temporary rank of general added to his laurels by his "fine defence of Ypres throughout the arduous and difficult operations" of this and the succeeding month. Lord French's despatch of June 15th, 1915, dealt at considerable length with these operations. In their second terrific assault on Ypres the Germans relied partly on the preponderance of their artillery and partly on their introduction of the barbarous device of poison-gas. Wherever the foe engaged in actual fighting he was annihilated; but the use of poison-gas necessitated the retirement of the Second Army to a new position on May 2nd.

"I am of opinion," wrote Lord French, "that this retirement, carried out deliberately, with scarcely any loss, and in the face of an enemy in position, reflects the greatest possible credit on Sir Herbert Plumer and those who so efficiently carried out his orders. The successful conduct of this operation was the more remarkable from the fact that on the evening of May 2nd, when it was only half completed, the enemy made a heavy attack, with the usual gas accompaniment, on St. Julien and the line to the west of it. An attack on the line to the east of Fortuin was made at the same time under similar conditions." In both cases our troops regained all the lost trenches at night. It was a case of Ramathlabama again, but on an unprecedented scale.

Rewards for Good Service

In October, 1915, Sir Herbert Plumer was created a Grand Officer of the Legion of Honour. Early in 1916 his services were rewarded with the G.C.M.G., he was made a Grand Officer of the Belgian Order of Leopold, and promoted to the rank of general. Later his name figured in Sir Douglas Haig's despatch on the Somme battles among those whose "distinguished and gallant services and devotion to duty" were considered deserving of special mention.

In 1884 Sir Herbert married Annie Constance, youngest daughter of Mr. George Goss, and has one son and three daughters.

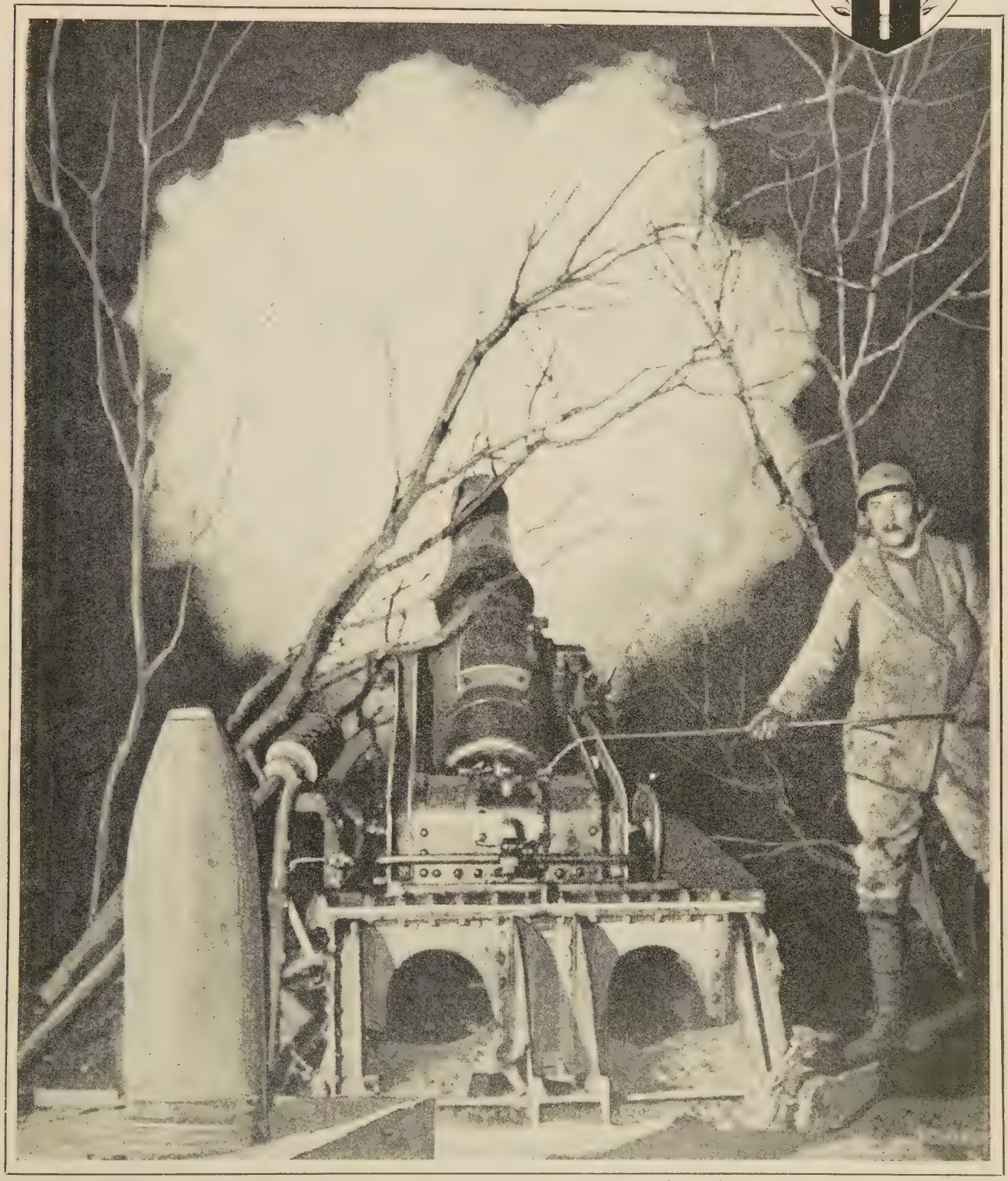
To face page 2319

CANADA'S GREAT DAY AT COURCELETTE. THE DAUNTLESS STAND AT THE SUGAR REFINERY.

Our splendid Canadian soldiers took part in the storming of Courcelette, September 15th, 1916, and fought a fierce battle round the sugar refinery. Men lobbed bombs at one another at short range, taking cover by cylinders and other parts of the refinery which had become detached from the main building.

For the Glory of France

In the following pages the glorious part played by France in the Battle of the Somme is graphically shown. So far from being exhausted by the terrible struggle for Verdun, our splendid ally was able to render substantial assistance to the British in their "great push," and also to take the offensive at Verdun, winning back Fort Vaux, Douaumont, and other key positions defending the great Meuse fortress.



A THUNDERBOLT IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT.—French gunner firing a heavy cannon in the "Great Push." The tornado of shells and the unsurpassable gallantry of the French troops robbed the foe of the initiative, and won important successes.

ONE HOUR BEFORE THE DAWN OF VICTORY—On a road winding through a Somme valley, beyond the view of the enemy, a concentration of French troops is taking place. It is an hour before the attack on Sailly-Saillisel, and the Poilus are being brought up by light railway. Quietly the troops were assembled, rifles were piled, and the men meanwhile rested on the embankment until the moment of the attack was announced—an attack which was to be crowned with the laurels of success: the village was won on November 1st, 1916.

How I got into Rheims during the Bombardment

By JULIUS M. PRICE

Artist-Correspondent of the "Illustrated London News"

Mr. Julius Mendes Price has crowded adventure into his life since he became attached to the "Illustrated London News" as war-artist and correspondent. For journalistic purposes he enlisted as a trooper in Methuen's Horse in the Bechuanaland Campaign of 1884-85, and served with the regiment till it was disbanded. Later he went with the Exploration Expedition to open up the Nordenskiold route to the interior of Siberia, and afterwards travelled alone across Mongolia and the Gobi Desert to Peking. He was with the Greek Army in the Greco-Turkish War of 1897, and with the Russian Army in Manchuria in 1904-5. There was thus little for him to learn when he went to France for his paper in the Great War, and his thrilling yet amusing story, written specially for this volume, shows once again that in daring and resource, and in power of graphic writing, he retains to the full his position in the first rank of war-correspondents.

DURING the early weeks of the war the life of the correspondent in France was scarcely worth living, as for unexplained reasons the authorities were one and all determined he should see as little as possible of what was going on, with the result that unless he was content to fool away time in Paris, waiting for permission to go to the front, he might as well have returned to London forthwith.

After a very short time this irksome and apparently needless restraint got on my nerves. At the Ministère des Affaires Etrangères, where a "Press Bureau" had been established, the officials were courtesy personified, but you soon realised that this was but a polite method of putting you off.

So at last I determined to kick over the traces, and decided—if I may be forgiven the "bull"—to take French leave as I couldn't get it, and was so far successful that I managed to leave Paris, get into the war zone, and remain there four months.

It was not, however, easy sailing by any means—for with me the bump of inquisitiveness is strongly developed, and as a result I was continually getting into hot water somewhere. I forget for the moment how many times exactly during those four months I was arrested for being in places where I was not welcome; I believe it was six in all. But anyhow, of one thing I am certain as I recall them to mind now, that every one of them was worth all the risks entailed.

[*Elliott & Fry*

Mr. Julius M. Price

There is an element of adventure which imparts additional zest to the knowledge that you have no right to be where you are, wherever that may be. In my particular case, the fact of my intimately knowing France and its customs, and speaking French as easily as English, gave me the opportunity of wandering far afield, and enabled me also to make friends everywhere.

The Friendly French

There is no more cheery companion in the world than the average Frenchman, and if he takes to you, you have in him a real friend. I was particularly fortunate in this respect during my wanderings, and met a lot of good fellows who went out of their way to be of service to me.

In this connection I recall what was perhaps one of the most thrilling adventures I had while at the French front. Hitherto I have refrained from narrating it for fear of getting anyone into trouble, but as it occurred as far back as September, 1914, I feel that there can be no harm in relating it now.

I was in Epernay shortly after the Battle of the Marne, and was trying my utmost to get a permit to go to Rheims, which was then in the throes of the bombardment—but without success. In the meantime, I had made friends with an officer of the train des equipages (motor-transport convoy), that went every day with stores from Epernay to a distributing depot a few miles from Rheims. He genially offered to give me a run out there in his car any day if I could get permission to go with him.

The Commandant d'Armes, after some demur, consented to my having a laisser passer, which allowed me to go to several places along the line—amongst others the destination of the transport convoy. I ventured to hint that while he was about it Rheims might be included, since it was only a few miles farther on—but to no effect. If I could get permission from the "privante" (i.e., the gendarmerie) to go there, well and good, but so far as he was concerned he could not give it to me. My transport friend was as good as his word. On seeing my laisser passer he agreed to take me with him the following day.

Humour in a Motor-Waggon

The convoy left Epernay every morning at seven o'clock, and I was advised not to bring any bulky luggage, as the car was only a small one. As I only had my rucksak with me, this did not trouble me. When I turned up, my friend informed me that he regretted he would not be able to go with me, so he would put me on the leading waggon, which was driven by the sergeant in temporary command of the convoy.

It was a bit of a disappointment, after looking forward to a jaunt in a luxurious car, the more especially as I should be with men I did not know at all; but there was no help for it, and no time to lose, as punctuality was strictly observed. So up I climbed on to the box seat and off we went.

The convoy consisted of every description of motor-waggons and some Paris motor-omnibuses—about a dozen in all—packed full up with army stores, forage, etc. There were three soldiers, including the chauffeur, to each car, so it made a pretty tight squeeze, as I soon realised. But my companions had a keen sense of humour, and treated my being with them as quite a good joke; in fact, we were speedily on the best of terms.

It was a dull, grey, autumnal morning, with a snarpish wind that cut through one like a knife, and was, moreover, very cramped and uncomfortable on the unsheltered seat of the waggon. I was wearing breeches and gaiters and a Norfolk jacket, with only a light "Burberry" waterproof as overcoat, so before we had gone very far I was chilled to the very bone. Almost needless to mention, my companions were wearing their heavy army greatcoats.

A few miles along the road we stopped for some reason or another, and I profited by it to endeavour to make myself a bit more comfortable. The sergeant stowed my rucksak under the seat, and kindly got a man to fetch a blanket to go over my knees.

Suddenly it seemed to occur to him that my waterproof was not very warm, and he insisted on my getting into a spare greatcoat that was in the waggon. It was very big for me, and came well down below my knees, and thus

[*Continued on page* 2332

HOW I GOT INTO RHEIMS

(Continued from page 2331)

hid my breeches. The greatcoat of the French soldier is practically his entire uniform, as he always wears it—summer and winter.

I could only guess the transformation in my appearance by the laughter it produced. "He only wants a képi to look a typical reserviste," someone remarked. "Then lend me one," said I, "and I shall not look out of place on the waggon." This was agreed to nem. con. In a few moments a cap was found that fitted me, and that fortunately, like the greatcoat, had no regimental number on it. Quite a bit of luck, in fact. I pulled the cap well down over my eyes, turned up the collar of the coat, and felt that my best friend would have failed to recognise me.

As I clambered back to my seat the thought flashed through my mind what a mad thing I was doing, and that there would be the very devil to pay if I were caught masquerading like this; but the thrill of the adventure and the humour of the situation soon made me feel at my ease again, and as we passed several officers I took the cue from my companions and, to their great amusement, saluted as they did.

"Where is it you want to get to?" asked the sergeant suddenly, as though an idea had struck him.

"Rheims," I replied, "if the gendarmes will let me."

"You need not trouble about that," he remarked. "I will drive you on there after I have got rid of my cargo. I don't suppose we shall be very long unloading, and then I am free for a few hours."

Hospital train near the front. Light railway behind the line of the British advance in the west for transport of wounded. (Official photograph.)

"It won't get you into any trouble, taking me there?" I asked, for I did not want to take advantage of his good nature.

"Not in the least," he replied. "I want to get a few things one can't buy in Epernay, and it will be an excuse to try and get them in Rheims. And at the same time we can have an apéritif together, if there is a café left." So it was arranged that I should remain in the waggon while it was being unloaded.

I felt I should be showing nervousness if I made any objection, besides which we were now quite close to our destination, and I had no chance to alter my mind and get out of the uniform, even if I had wanted to.

The distributing depot was a sort of junction where several big roads converged, and it would have been impossible to picture a more animated scene of military activity. Officers and men of apparently every branch of the French Army were there; military vehicles of every description were drawn up awaiting our arrival.

"I shall have to leave you for a little while," said the sergeant as he pulled up. "But you just stay where you are, and no one will take any notice of you." And without giving me time to reply, he jumped down and disappeared in the throng of soldiers. Meanwhile, his companion had hurried off to the back of the waggon and started unfastening the flaps. So I was left quite alone.

As may be imagined, I felt anything but comfortable. I realised now the risk I was running, for round about I could see several gendarmes, and it was not difficult to imagine what would happen if they "spotted" me. A military officer might perhaps look upon my escapade as a joke, but a gendarme sergeant would have no such sense of humour. I had already had experience of his views of "duty," and the mere thought of getting into his clutches again made a cold shiver run down my back. The French gendarme is conscientiousness personified, and he is hard as several bricks.

Since no one seemed to take any particular notice of me, I lit a cigarette and assumed as nonchalant an air as possible.

A little incident, however, occurred which even now makes me shudder when I recall it—for I was within an ace of being discovered.

Within an Ace of Discovery

A load of empty sacks had just been dumped on the ground in front of me. Then a big empty "camion" drew up alongside. At this moment an excitable captain of dragoons, who was evidently hustling around looking for something to find fault with, noticed a soldier standing idly by my waggon, with his hands in his pockets.

"What are you doing there?" bawled the officer.

"Nothing for the moment, mon capitaine," was the reply.

"How nothing? Then set to work and do something! Pick up horse dung—anything—but, N—— de D——, don't stand there doing nothing!" Then suddenly espying the heap of empty sacks, to my consternation he called out to me:

"Where are these sacks to go—in this camion?" indicating the one that had just drawn up.

I could not risk a complicated reply, in case my accent might betray me, so without the slightest hesitation I saluted smartly and replied, "Oui, mon capitaine!"

To my relief he took no more notice of me, but in less time almost than it takes to relate, he had got the soldier hard at work piling the sacks in the van. In a few minutes it was loaded up. "En route!" the officer called out to the chauffeur, and off went the waggon with the sacks. Where they got to, heaven only knows—perhaps they are still travelling.

Meanwhile, the distribution of stores had been proceeding rapidly, and the various regimental waggons were starting on their return journeys with their loads. The throng was thinning out. The day's routine of our convoy was ended.

At last the sergeant turned up. "Well, they haven't shot you?" he exclaimed jocularly, as he accepted a cigarette I offered him. "How have you got on? No one took any notice of you? I told you they wouldn't. I'm sorry I was away so long, but there was a lot to see to."

I told him the incident of the sacks, whereupon he gave a long whistle, and then roared with laughter at the dénouement. He evidently thought it a capital joke. "And now for Rheims and our apéritif!"

Bombardment of Rheims

It was a run of about eight miles, and once past the depot we seemed to leave the military zone for the time being. It was a delightful country road, typically French, and for the first mile or so, had it not been for the distant booming of big guns, one might almost have forgotten the war. But a turn in the road brought it back in all its reality.

One saw the Cathedral of Rheims standing out in sharp silhouette against the sky. All around were significant columns of smoke—the bombardment of the city was continuing with unabated fury.

The guard at the Porte de Paris took no notice whatever of us. No doubt hundreds of military transport waggons passed through the gates every day.

The sergeant knew his way to the café, where I had been told I could get lodgings, and drove through an unfrequented lane, where he pulled up and advised me to get into civilian attire again. The sense of relief I experienced when I had got out of the regimentals can be better imagined than described. I felt I would not have gone through the adventure again for a pension!

Up to the Somme Front and Back from the Yser

French and Belgian Official Photographs

Zouaves coming up to the Somme line. These Colonial troops emulated in Picardy their glorious work before Verdun.

Belgian soldiers entering a large loft, which constitutes their billet. They have just left the trenches after a spell of duty in the rain.

"Na-poo"—nothing doing. An easy day in part of the French line. One soldier sleeps, another writes, while a third watches.

New French Recruits to Advancing Batteries

French Official Photographs

A Somme village with French artillery batteries on the way to the front lines. The convoy coming in the opposite direction consists of ammunition waggons returning empty after lodging their loads at the various batteries during the night.

Artillery waggons waiting behind the front for night to fall, when they will proceed to their batteries with fresh supplies of ammunition. This, of course, represents only part of a single night's supply at one point on the French front.

Bombs Before Bayonets: The Last Fifteen Yards

The official phrase "some progress was made by bombing" covers stories of some of the fiercest fighting that occurs. These Frenchmen were bombing the German trenches near Maurepas from a range of fifteen yards, and the bayonet charge was imminent.

The Battery's Half-Holiday from its Strenuous Work

THOUGH many more powerful guns have been invented, the French gunner is still justifiably proud of the Seventy-Five, the simple, delicate machine which served France so splendidly in her most critical hour, the only artillery which was, at that tim superior to the German guns. To keep the weapon trim is l bounden duty and delight. On the bank of a swift-flowing river

'Seventy-Fives' in Repose Along a French River Bank

ttery of these guns is undergoing a rigorous toilet, preparatory being placed in position again in the line. But for the Seventy-ves, this beautiful photographic study bears no suggestion of war, though no doubt the sound of furious battle echoes audibly enough from over the hills and valleys of the Somme, where the Allies were pounding away with confidence and elation born of victory.

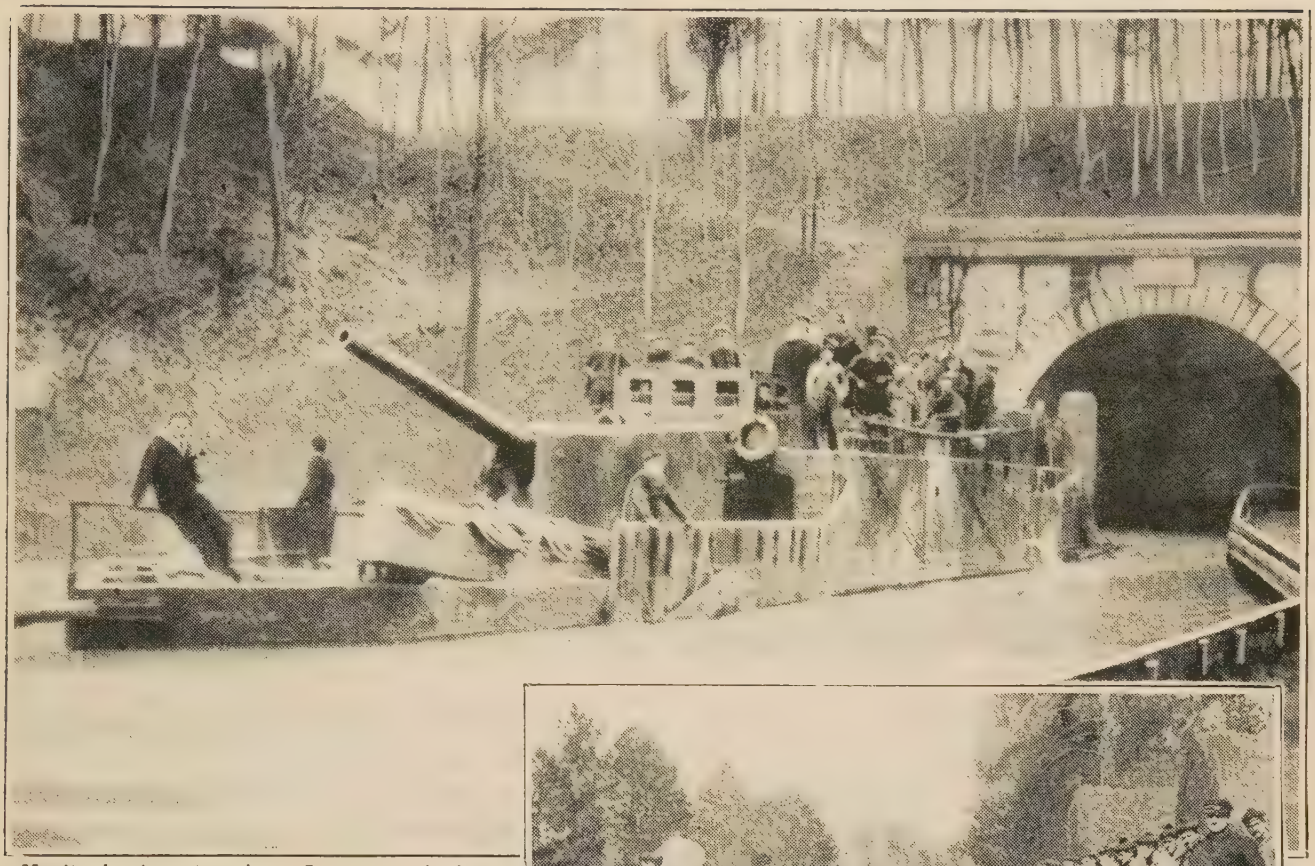
An Irresistible Wave all Blue and Steel

By word of mouth the signal for the advance is given. Along the trench line it passes, and quick as lightning steel helmets and blue uniforms rise above the parapet and make deliberately for the enemy lines, a rolling cloud of discipline and strength.

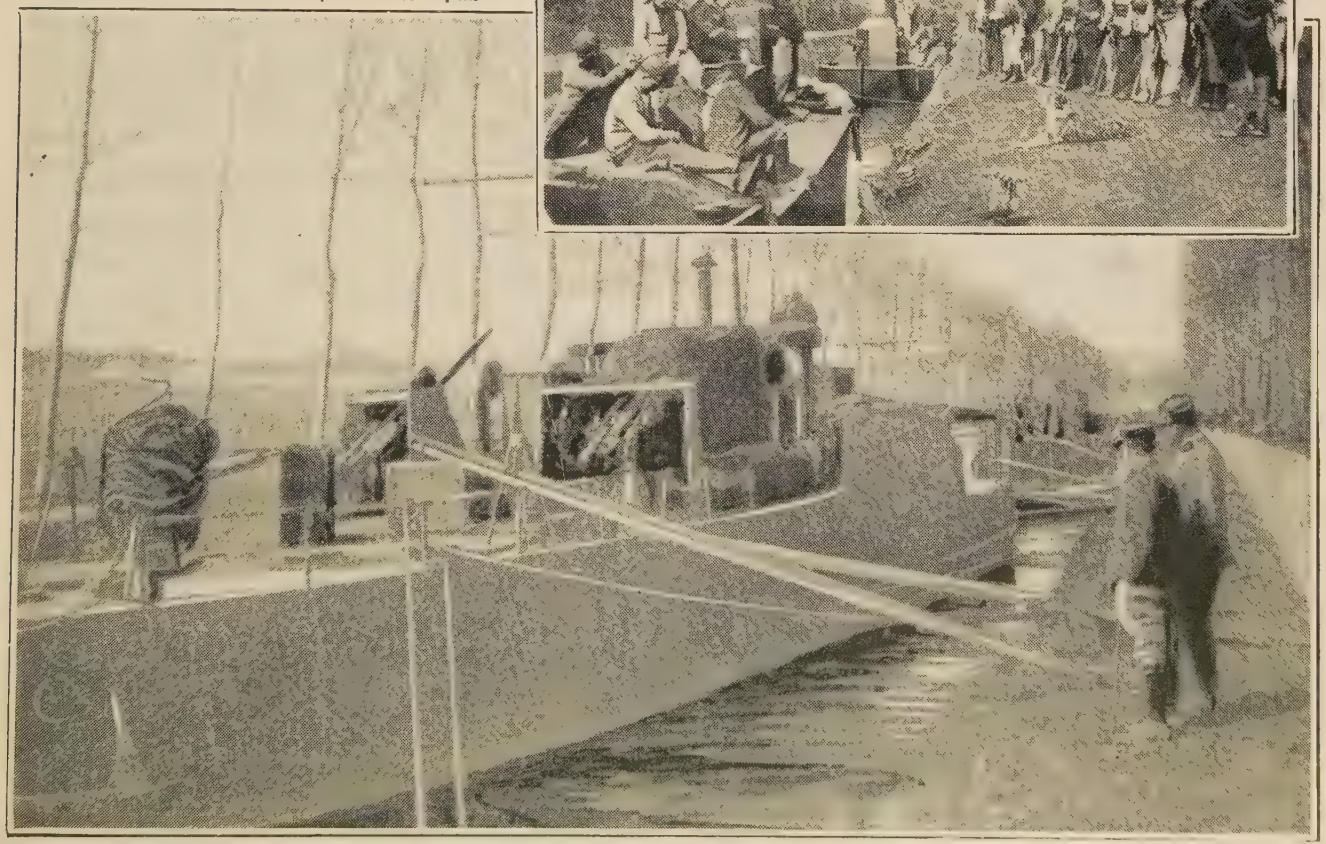
It is still customary to imagine that soldiers rush headlong at the enemy trenches, but their heavy equipment alone makes the "lightning charge" possible only in rare circumstances. A slow, ordered advance in the face of danger exacts the greater courage.

Sometimes the most elaborate artillery bombardment may leave a stretch of barbed-wire intact. Then the advancing infantry clip the obstruction with special scissors, generally in the face of terrible enemy fire. The above photographs are from the area of Maurepas.

French Ironclads on the Somme Canals



Monitor leaving a tunnel on a Somme canal. Inset: Crews of motor-boats lined up on the tow-path.



There is a network of canals along the Somme, and this was navigated by ironclad monitors. They co-operated with the land forces in the bombardment of Mont St. Quentin, advancing their positions gradually with the closing in of the land artillery lines.

Chivalry of France Spurring Ever Forward

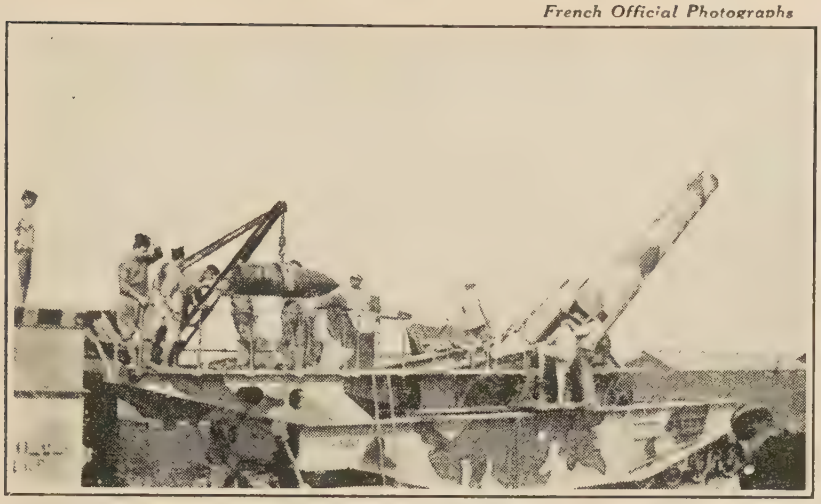
French Official Photographs

Rushing a battery of "75's" up to the front. The supremacy of the French artillery was definitely established by the "75." Its accuracy of fire and its mobility rendered it incomparable.

People who complain that modern war is not picturesque should be silenced by these photographs of French cavalry spurring along the Somme. All the glamour of old romance gathers round these helmeted, lance-armed knights of modern chivalry.

Guns, Shells and Men in Flaming Picardy

French Official Photographs



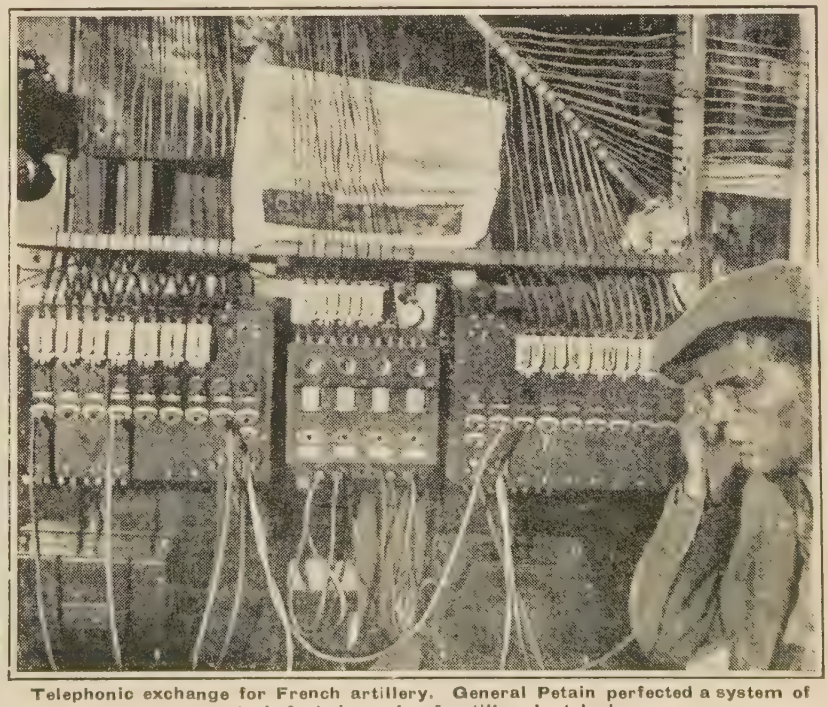
Enormous French cannon on a rail emplacement. The weapon fires a shell of the greatest known calibre.

Lull after battle. French warrior's timely nap on a field adjacent to the zone of fighting.

Africa in the greatest European battle. Senegalese fighters marching up to the Somme first line.

Convalescent Senegalese going through native dances and songs to amuse their wounded comrades.

Shells of great calibre. A reassuring photograph from behind the Somme line.



Telephonic exchange for French artillery. General Petain perfected a system of control of whole parks of artillery by telephone.

THROUGH WICKED WIRE ACROSS THE POCK-MARKED PLAIN.—Ever since the allied movement, which began on July 1st, 1916, the French and British advanced nearer the goal. All military progress, however well the plans are prepared, is subject to occasional checks, but the main object was all along strictly adhered to, and it is safe to say that the Germans could never again win the initiative in the west. The elan of the French and determination of the British daily sent the enemy back an appreciable distance, in spite of his most strenuous efforts at defence. This photograph of a charge along the Somme symbolises the spirit of France at a period in the war when conditions never looked more hopeful.

Organising Terrain Won at Sailly-Saillisel

French soldiers in the German trenches at Sailly-Saillisel, which were captured on October 24th, 1916. Sailly marked at that date the limit of our allies' advance on the Somme. A Poilu is seen crouching forward as if Boche shells were coming over.

Collecting booty—rifles, equipment, etc.—from the debris left by the French bombardment of Sailly-Saillisel. Some of the earth-sacks still remained in position, and awnings were improvised by the new-comers until the enemy dug-outs could be reconstructed.

Incidental Duties in the Great Somme Effort

French Official Photographs

Quaint vision on the Somme front. French Colonial chauffeur with his convoy. Inset: Trap for the impetuous Hun. Preparing a cheval-de-frise.

Beginning of a cheval-de-frise to consolidate a newly-captured position. Barbed-wire is coiled round three stakes, and a number of these obstructions are placed together to form what is the most formidable defence work available in a short space of time.

German Legions Reach Verdun in Bondage

Surrounded by the havoc of their own guns some of the thousands of enemy prisoners are lined up in the Place de L'Archeveque. French soldiers wearing the steel helmets may be identified here and there, while German officers are being interrogated by interpreters.

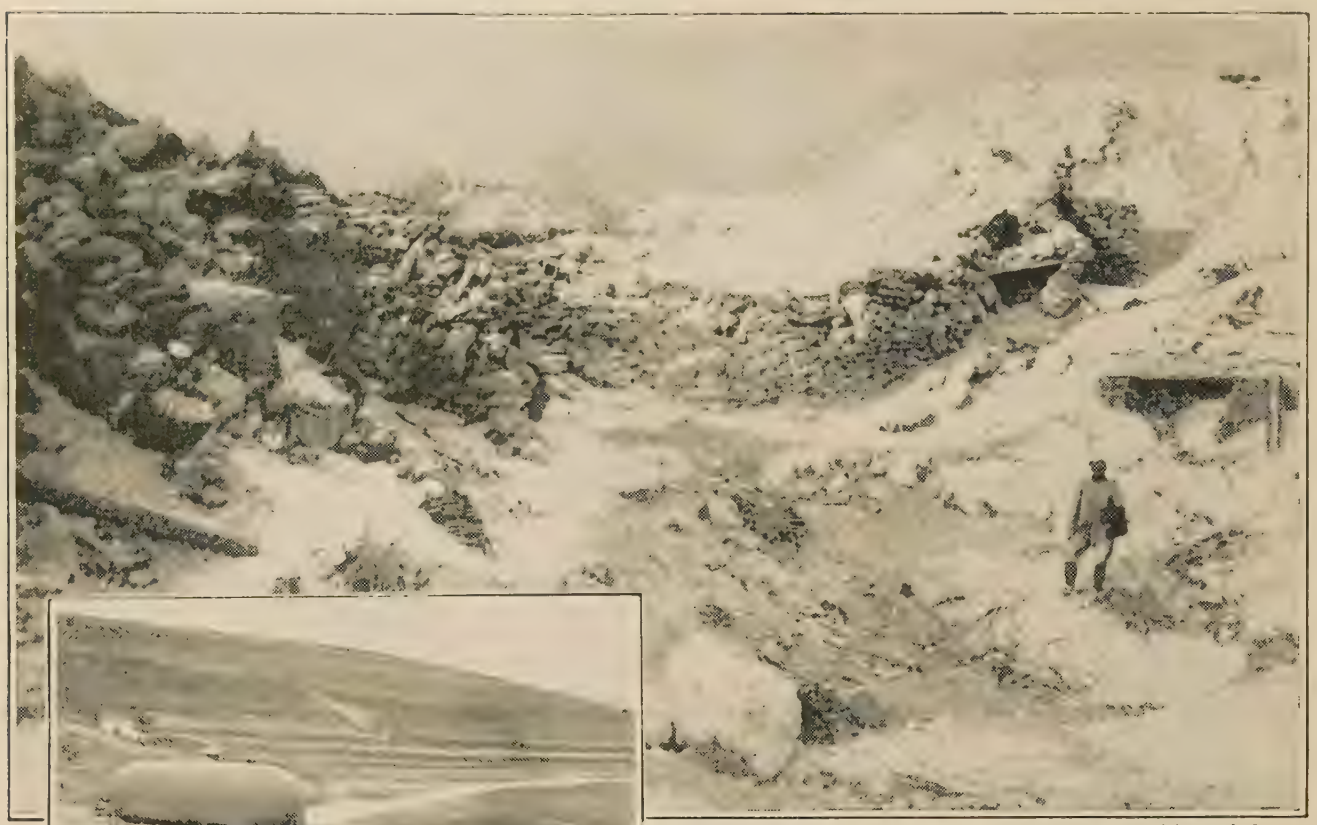
German airmen venturing over the Somme front had to be unusually brilliant to discover dispositions. Most of the bridges were so screened with rushes and foliage that it was almost impossible to detect them even within a few yards. (French official photograph.)

VERDUN THE GLORIOUS.—Only posterity will know the vital part that the defence of Verdun played in the overthrow of the Central Powers. The wonderful, skilful defence of the citadel is perhaps the greatest victory on the west front. Looking at the panoramic impression of this, the most prominent landmark in the war, the city seems to stand out like a rock battered by a terrific storm, but still steadfast and strong. The Germans could only reach it with their long-range guns. The cathedral and many houses were shattered, but never a Boche set foot within its precincts, hallowed by the indomitable spirit of France. To the north-west cannons boomed and bayonets flashed, for the French retaliated with the victories of Douaumont and Vaux, wresting from the foe all that he gained after three months of careful preparation and six months of reckless carnage.

Monster Mortar Hurling Defiance at the Huns

One of the defence mortars at Verdun in the very act of hurling an eleven hundred pound shell over a hill into a living target signalled from a captive balloon. It was carefully concealed from the eyes of enemy observers, who from the beginning of the battle did their utmost to locate this royal old warrior. In ten days this monster flung a thousand shells at the German host. The soldiers came to know its mighty voice, and when they heard it the French advanced with greater confidence.

Where the Tricolour Flies in Splendid Triumph:



Work of French artillery fire on German positions before Douaumont Fort. The memorable position was captured by a brilliant French action, October 24th, 1916.

Advent of winter over ground which once was a luxuriant forest. All that remained of the Caillette Wood—a stretch of calcined territory on the Verdun front. Inset: How a stationary balloon was defended against aircraft by a mitrailleuse on terra firma

Douaumont Fort Recaptured by General Mangin

Douaumont Fort, captured by the Germans on February 25th, was retaken by the French under General Mangin, October 24th, 1916.

Bringing in wounded across open ground at the edge of the forest. Inset: French soldiers laying an underground telephone cable. The apparatus ploughs a furrow along which the reel lays a cable. The furrow is then filled in by an inverted ploughshare behind the reel.

WELCOME REFRESHMENT FOR HEROES OF VERDUN.—In startling contrast to the din of battle, this pleasing picture shows men of France enjoying welcome warm coffee. They are the men who for many weeks withstood the brunt of the German attacks around Verdun. With ragged and mud-stained uniforms they have just been released from the bombarded trenches for a short period of rest behind the lines. Despite their awful experiences, they have the look of men who know how to conquer and, if need be, to die for their beloved land. Confronted by heroes like these, all the terrific German shocks failed to break the French line of steel.

From City Boulevard to Battlemented Hill

French infantrymen on their way to be reviewed by General Gouraud. Marching with their gallant defenders and to the stirring music of the band are two French boys and a mother wheeling her child in a wheelbarrow.

In the French line before Verdun. A soldier about to fire an aerial torpedo under the direction of an officer. The smoke of an enemy shell is visible behind the jutting wall of sandbags.

With our Dauntless Ally on the Meuse Heights

The deadly 95 mm. French artillery going into action in the Verdun sector. Inset: Working the optic heliograph on the French front.

Fully-equipped reinforcements going up to the first-line trenches to relieve some of their comrades holding the enemy at bay. Nothing like the French resistance at Verdun has been known, a resistance which entirely disorganised the German plans and upset all their calculations.

BATTLE PICTURES OF THE GREAT WAR

France Triumphant at Verdun

By MAX PEMBERTON

THE communiqués told us on the evening of Tuesday, October 24th, 1916, that the French had that day won a great and striking victory at Verdun. Coming as it did upon the unsatisfactory tidings from the Dobruja, the good news would have been welcome in any case, but, associated with Verdun and our gallant Allies, it provoked an enthusiasm such as we have rarely witnessed since the days of the Marne. Very properly men said that it was more than a set-off to Mackensen's success. But there was more than this in their tribute—a realisation perhaps of the true meaning of this famous story; a retrospect which could not but stir the pulse.

Verdun! In what letters of gold is not the name written in the history of Armageddon! Very early in the war we had a picture of the Kaiser standing "in shining armour" upon the heights above Nancy and watching the slaughter of his troops who were battling westward toward the citadel. Many men then heard of Verdun for the first time since the outbreak of hostilities. Great as the fortress was, it stood for little to the uninformed. Even the ancients who remembered "'70" would also recollect how little was done at Verdun during those memorable days. True, a part of Bazaine's army was there at the outbreak of hostilities. Napoleon rode thence to Saarbrücken and witnessed his son's baptism of fire—that wholly theatrical display which was so soon to become a tragedy.

Critical Hours at Verdun

When the French, fighting gallantly as ever, were beaten at Mars-la-Tour, the Emperor quietly entered his carriage, and surrounded by an escort of hussars set off to Verdun. But the fortress, though one of the greatest in France, never loomed large in the fighting, and there was a time even in the present campaign when it seemed that a similar story might be told of it. This was in the early days. The war had swung northward. The line of the Aisne permitted the faint hearts to speak of "stalemate." There were the terrible days in Flanders, when our men lived in ditches and the Germans fired a hundred rounds of their artillery for every four we could muster. Verdun became, as it were, a side-show. People rarely spoke of it until that famous February 1st in this present year of grace, when there came the startling news from Paris that the Crown Prince's army had opened a terrible bombardment upon the outer works, and that Verdun suddenly had become the danger-point.

They were critical hours. For three days Paris was at a tension. Was it possible that the French Staff had been caught napping and had made no adequate provision against the vast preparations of men, guns, and material the Huns were known to have completed on the eastern bank of the Meuse? It might have seemed so in the first hours of this titanic conflict. The thinly-held line was driven in by an artillery bombardment surpassing all precedence. There were orderly retreats, shortenings of the line, throwing up of new defences; the summoning of new generals; the reorganisation of commands.

The Key of the Coveted City

With an unfailing instinct, Joffre sent for the one man who was to save Verdun—General Pétain, the possessor of one of the shrewdest brains in France. We know the sequel well. Reserves were hurled forward in camions. A subtle strategy yielded fort or hill when the Boche had paid the price. We began to hear of the attack in waves. Vast masses of Germans would suddenly leap from their trenches and cross the terrible zone, shoulder to shoulder, as sheep for the slaughter. They were mown down by the thousand and the hundred thousand. In a despatch—the best that the war has given us—Lord Northcliffe told how, standing with a battery of French artillery, he witnessed a whole plain covered suddenly with the blue-grey forms; heard the deadly rattle of the "75's"; perceived that plain blotted out by a loom of thick black smoke; watched the smoke drift away, and then looked for the hosts that had been. But not a German could he see.

Of all the thousands who had rushed valiantly to the attack not ten minutes before, the glass could not discern a single stricken man advancing or retreating. Such slaughter went on day by day, until April 9th made it clear that the great assault had failed, and that Verdun was saved.

For all the French gallantry, the situation of the splendid citadel became precarious more than once before July had come. The chief of its great strongholds were lost by then. Haudromont Quarries had gone; the village of Vaux and the citadel of Vaux were taken with terrible German loss—above all, Berlin had become delirious at the capture of Douaumont. This fell on February 26th, and moved the Kaiser to a frenzy of bombast even he has rarely surpassed. It was the key to the coveted city, he said.

The Somme and the Meuse

In Berlin they even cried the fall of Verdun itself. Only in Paris was there no excitement. The "Il les aura" of Pétain was never for an instant forgotten. The French believed that the Germans would never get there, and they were right. July 1st brought our own great offensive on the Somme and ended in a twinkling the menace to Verdun.

For the next three months we heard little news from this sector. Everybody supposed there was great inactivity there. But if we had forgotten the citadel, we were reminded of it on August 18th, when the French retook Fleury after a brilliant assault. Then again came stagnation. All the beautiful district of the Meuse appeared to have dropped out of the picture. If we tried to conjure up the scene, we saw trenches but lightly held; artillery that but nibbled the enemy; the somnolence of the hill-lands in the truce beyond the river.

Verdun itself, lying in the hollow of the hills, we knew to be grievously hurt. The beauty of its ancient buildings was sadly marred. The churches were but ruins; its splendid buildings but whited sepulchres. Occasionally travellers gave an account of the country to those who were unfamiliar with it. I have seen many word-pictures of Verdun, but none which described it in a sentence so well as that phrase of Lord Northcliffe which says: "It is like looking down on Perth from the hills round about."

General Joffre Strikes

If these hills be imagined to be twice the height of those which surround the Scottish city, then we get the panorama in its due proportion. The hill upon which Fort Douaumont is built rises, for instance, to an altitude of three hundred and eighty-eight metres. There are others almost as high all about, and the ravines between them used to be as picturesque as anything the Valley of the Meuse can show. Now they are sadly scarred—their woods but cemeteries; their trees but ghosts haunting the once beautiful woodlands so characteristic of the district.

Here was the scene of the great advance on Tuesday. Through these ravines in three splendid columns the gallant French set out at 11.40 upon Haudromont and Douaumont and the ghastly Caillette Wood. They found the Hun taken wholly by surprise. Yet he should not have been, for ten days previously the French had begun to bombard his positions, and his aeroplanes should have told him of that endless procession of camions rolling up on the great white high-roads behind the French lines. Apparently they did not, and he droned on in the lazy confidence that the Somme was occupying all the Allies' energies.

[Continued on page 2354

FRANCE TRIUMPHANT AT VERDUN

(Continued from page 2353)

For ten days this belief seemed justified. Rain fell incessantly. The deep ravines ran with water. Mists loomed above the river. The dolour of autumn lay heavy upon the land, and nothing could be done. Even on Tuesday the weather did not favour the glamour of battle. Fine rain fell all day, we are told. There was mist in the morning and wreaths of it still hung about the hills when the action began. But the French had had enough of waiting. General Joffre was at Verdun. At any cost, General Pétain must show him what his splendid fellows could do.

Dawn of Victory

So the rain and the mist are disregarded and the welcome word goes forth. Very early in the morning the hills resounded to the thunder of the " 75's " and of the great howitzers behind the lines. Everywhere the roads were alive with the dense masses of troops who moved upon them ; camions and cannon, transport and ambulance, Staff officers on horseback, and regimental officers on foot —all the countless items which go to make the sum total of battle as we know it to-day. In Verdun itself, in the cellars below its once splendid houses, those who have made the French Army what it is sat in earnest conclave, directing the course of that victory they knew to be inevitable. A terrible bombardment they decreed upon it, a barrage as daring as any yet attempted. The troops were often to be but twenty-five yards behind the torrent of shells which hewed a path for them. Thus do the French wage war—so are their losses but few. They took more German prisoners on Tuesday than all their own casualties. Truly an astounding victory !

It was twenty minutes to twelve precisely when this great battle began, and after five o'clock at night when it was finished. The word being given, the three columns dashed forward like hounds that are unleashed, and soon their grey figures were to be discerned behind a curtain of flame and smoke, pressing on through the ravines, swarming the heights, and anon disappearing in the woods and thickets of a far horizon. Upon the left at Haudromont, where the hill-side is a hive of quarries, they had expected a fierce resistance, but found nothing worse than a few machine-guns still undestroyed and a few hundred desperate Huns who crossed bayonets with them but were speedily worsted. A rocket soon signalled to General Joffre that the quarries had been taken, and hardly was this splendid news realised when the Staff heard with amazement that the general in command of the centre had surpassed all hopes by capturing the Fort of Douaumont itself.

This, certainly, was not expected. At the best an envelopment had been looked for. But who could hold the Poilu on such a day ? All the finest traditions of fighting France were with him as he went. Cheering like a boy at play, he stormed the forbidding heights and plunged into that maze of trench and dug-out. Soon " Kamerad " was holding up his hands or dying. A whole regimental command was taken here—and next day the commanding officer came up from the very depths of the pit. Such a triumph could not have been looked for by the warmest friends of France.

What France Rewon in a Day

On the extreme right, the third column penetrated the Bois du Caillette, that place of the skull whose ghastly story is world-famous. These were the troops who were to be threatening the Fort of Vaux next day after the fiercest slaughter of the battle. But here, as elsewhere, the splendid work of the French artillery minimised the French loss, and so wonderfully did the men fight that their onslaught proved wholly irresistible. The citadel of Vaux itself may have fallen by the time these lines appear. There would, indeed, appear to be nothing this superb army of Verdun cannot accomplish in its present mood.

Three thousand five hundred Boche prisoners were the first-fruits of Tuesday's advance. Another fifteen hundred were taken on Wednesday the 25th, and the total was five thousand by the 26th. The material booty has not been less generous. Europe rightly deemed this one of the most striking victories the war in the west has vouchsafed to us. And why should there be any other verdict ? Has not France rewon in a single day the losses of those bloody battles the Germans waged from April to July ? The Hun stands where he did toward the end of February, and he has sacrificed 500,000 men to attain that end. The Kaiser's " bright jewel " has fallen to French valour and efficiency ; and Verdun shall ever be remembered to the honour and glory of France.

" SHELLING-OUT " IN A SHELL-HOLE.—With characteristic placidity the officers of a certain regiment on the western front utilised a shell-hole as the local branch of their pay department, and, comfortably installed at the bottom, " shelled out " their pay to the men on presentation of their pay-books. (Official photograph.)

Outposts in the Valley and on the Heights

French Official Photographs

The duty of outposts, whether aviators or infantry, is one of heavy responsibility. Apart from following the movements of the enemy, they have to keep a close eye on their own infantry, seeing that they do not advance too rapidly and thus come within range of their own artillery fire. This photograph shows two French scouts working a wireless installation on the Somme.

Remarkable photograph showing a French soldier in the act of hurling a huge boulder on the enemy assaulting a ridge. A second French soldier is about to hand his comrade another stone. To the right of the photograph is a soldier mortally wounded, having just been struck by a bullet from the oncoming Germans.

Battle Music: Roar of Gun and Ring of Spade

French Staff officers watching and directing an attack. A group of liaison officers are standing by ready to carry orders.

From the comparatively safe shelter of an attic a Poilu keeps watch upon the enemy. Left: Belgian Marine Fusiliers in the trenches.

It is of the work of the guns near Verdun that one heard chiefly, but the work of the spade was quite as unceasing. The construction of deep communication trenches was of vital importance, and it never stopped.

With the French Parrying the Thrusts at Verdun

Wastage of war on a battlefield before Verdun. A destroyed gun, some trench mortars, and captured German rifles.

Pile of twisted metal and distorted machinery—all that remained of a field-gun after one of the battles round Verdun.

French reserves enjoying a comfortable luncheon on the wooded slopes of the Meuse and within range of German shell fire.

Types of the men who fought round Verdun and experienced the heaviest bombardment of the war. Muddy, battle-stained, and tired, these Frenchmen were on their way to billets for a spell of rest. Inset: An ancient weapon which was very effective in trench warfare—an arbalest in use in a French trench.

Through the Verdun Inferno to the Prison Camp

Wounded Germans on their way to a base hospital after a repulsed attack on Verdun. After months of hammering at a door they were told would yield in five days, to be wounded or taken prisoner was their only hope of release from the terrible sacrifice to Imperial vanity.

Taken prisoners on the Somme, these Germans presented a study in type that animated every man of the Allies to drive them off the soil they had invaded. The dejection of failure only emphasises the animal sullenness of their heavy faces.

THE WAR ILLUSTRATED · GALLERY OF LEADERS

Manuel

GENERAL NIVELLE

Succeeded General Joffre in the Command on the French Front, December, 1916

PERSONALIA OF THE GREAT WAR

GENERAL SIR ROBERT NIVELLE

GENERAL SIR ROBERT GEORGES NIVELLE, K.C.B., Grand Officer of the Legion of Honour, and Commander-in-Chief, in succession to Marshal Joffre, of the Armies of the North and the East (of France), has been aptly described by one of his compatriots as "the Entente Cordiale incarnate." The son of an officer in the French Army, his mother was an English lady, Louisa Sparrow, daughter of Captain Robert George Sparrow, of Deal, who fought with Wellington in the Peninsular War and also at Waterloo; and he has several relatives in the British Navy.

His English Descent

On his mother's side General Nivelle is a descendant of the Rev. Nicholas Carter, D.D., perpetual curate of the Chapel-of-Ease at Deal, who belonged to an old Bedfordshire family that settled at Higham in the reign of Edward IV. Dr. Carter's first wife, Margaret Swayne, was descended, through the Dorsetshire family of Trenchard, from Princess Elizabeth, daughter of Edward I., by her marriage with Humphrey de Bohun, fourth Earl of Hereford, third Earl of Essex and Constable of England. Of Dr. Carter's two daughters, the learned Elizabeth, friend of Dr. Johnson, and translator of Epictetus, did not marry. Her sister Margaret married a member of the Muncaster family, the Rev. Thomas Pennington, D.D., rector of Tunstal, Kent. Their two sons, Thomas and Montagu, both entered the Church. Louisa Theodora, daughter of the former, married Captain Robert George Sparrow, and their daughter Louisa, while studying the French language in Paris, met and married General Nivelle's father, who was at that time a colonel in the French Army.

His Thorough Military Training

Robert Georges Nivelle had a thorough military training. He went to St. Cyr, the French Sandhurst; he studied, as young Joffre did, at the Polytechnique; he passed through the cavalry school at Saumur, becoming a superb horseman, and found the task-work peculiarly fitted to his genius as an artillery cadet at Fontainebleau.

Tall, handsome, vigorous, quick in decision as in thought, it is said of him that he has the look of the old France, but the ways of the new. Ordinarily a grave, silent man, who relaxes in congenial society, he has a quiet gift of humour, and the faculty of winning the absolute devotion of all under his command.

Entering the artillery, he served both at home and in Algeria with distinction. He was a major when he took part in the allied expedition in China, during the Boxer outbreak of 1900, and he contributed some valuable memories of that affair to one of the Paris reviews in 1903.

In the fateful August of 1914 he was Colonel of the 5th Artillery Regiment, stationed at Besançon, a venerable fortified town on the Rhone-Rhine canal, east of Dijon, in the department of Doubs, and the headquarters of the Seventh Army Corps. With his regiment he took part in the stirring raid into Alsace, and there captured the first fruits of the révanche in the shape of twenty-four German field-guns, an achievement which won for him special mention in the Army Orders of the day.

Gallant Deeds on Marne and Aisne

He again distinguished himself during the retreat from Charleroi. In September, on the Ourcq, during the Battle of the Marne, he saved a critical situation. The Seventh Army Corps was at the momentary mercy of a large enemy force, when, getting together all the guns available, in an incredibly short time he had them concentrated against the foe, with the result that an entire German division was partly annihilated and partly routed; and the Seventh Corps, rallying, won the day. He was the hero of an almost identical feat on the Aisne rather less than a fortnight later. In the month following his services were rewarded by promotion to the command of a brigade.

In January, 1915, he defeated the German attack on Soissons, and was promptly promoted to be a general of division (the Sixth), fully justifying the confidence thus reposed in him by recapturing the salient of Quennevières, breaking through the German lines and inflicting heavy losses on them.

Then came Verdun, whither he went in April, 1916, during the height of the siege, as commander of the Third Army Corps. As General Pétain's right-hand man he contributed more than anyone else, with his great skill in the use of artillery—he may be described as the genius of the "75's"—to the successful defence of the right bank of the Meuse. At this time Mr. H. Warner Allen, the representative of the British Press with the French Army, paid an eloquent tribute to him. "In General Nivelle's sections," he wrote, "all the newest scientific inventions were welcomed and put to a thorough test. He is a magnificent type of the French soldier. He is never happy unless he is in the front trenches and under fire, and his determination to see for himself everything that happens often leads him into positions of considerable risk. His men would follow him anywhere."

In Command of the Army of Verdun

In May, when General Pétain was given the command of the Central Armies operating between Soissons and Verdun, General Nivelle succeeded him in the command of the Second Army. In September he was appointed Grand Officer of the Legion of Honour, with the following official mention: "For four months he has commanded the army that has victoriously resisted repeatedly renewed attacks of the enemy and has endured the severest trials. With the most brilliant qualities of leadership he has shown in this command an energy and strength of character that have had a powerful influence on the development of operations all along the front. After stopping the advance of the enemy towards an objective that had become the moral stake of the war, he has step by step retaken the offensive, and by repeated attacks has succeeded in dominating the adversary on the very ground chosen by him for decisive effort."

His response to this new distinction was characteristic. In October he retook Douaumont and Vaux Forts, and before the year was out he had regained from the Germans in front of Verdun, at comparatively small cost in the lives of his men, ground which it had taken the enemy seven months of continuous and desperate fighting to win. Early in December he was appointed to succeed General Joffre in the command on the French front with the title originally held by General Joffre of Commander-in-Chief of the Armies of the North and the East. And once again was promotion signalised by a new victory.

The Glorious Victory of December, 1916

Within a week an attack, organised by General Nivelle, and carried into effect by Generals Pétain and Mangin, on a six-mile front, had driven the foe back for about two miles farther from Verdun, with a loss of nearly twelve thousand prisoners, including two hundred and eighty-four officers, and one hundred and fifteen guns. The victors dashed over the crest of the Côte du Poivre (Pepper Hill), and on to Louvemont. They carried Hill 378, overlooking the Bois des Fosses. They went through Vauche Wood and Hassoule Wood, to the north of Douaumont, and they overran the minor forts of Bézonvaux and Hardaumont, to the north of Vaux—in the words of the "Times" correspondent—"like international Rugby football forwards making mincemeat of a village team."

It was a glorious day for France: a crushing reply to the boast of Von Bethmann Hollweg, uttered only a few days previously, that the German lines were unassailable, especially as there were only four French divisions against five German divisions. Well might General Nivelle exclaim, on leaving the Second Army after the victory, "The experiment has succeeded; our method has justified itself; victory is assured;" and General Mangin declare that the soldiers of the army of Verdun had shown themselves the Republic's best diplomatists.

In the autumn of 1916 General Nivelle was invested with the insignia of a Knight Commander of the Bath.

Along the Russian Fronts

The following pages deal with incidents in Russia's wonderful recovery in the summer and autumn of 1916. General Brussiloff's great drive into Galicia, in which operation he was ably seconded by Generals Sakharoff and Lechitsky, resulted in the capture of 300,000 prisoners. The Austrians were driven back from the Pripet on a front of 220 miles.

THE TSAR PLANS VICTORY FOR HIS COUNTRY.—The Tsar, as Commander-in-Chief of his gallant armies, played as great and active a part in Russia's Holy War against the Central Empires as did King Albert with his valiant Army on the western front. In spite of serious military reverses, and a skilful, far-reaching German political intrigue to detach Russia from her Allies in the west and win her over to the ideal of Prussian autocracy, the Emperor of Russia steadfastly remained loyal to France and Britain. In various ways his Majesty fostered the nascent spirit of freedom and democracy for his Empire, and demonstrated a will to fight till victory was won, thereby dashing all German hopes of a separate peace. This exceptionally striking picture shows the Tsar, with the Grand Duke Nicholas and some of his Staff, planning a victorious campaign.

BATTLE PICTURES OF THE GREAT WAR

The Russian Drive into Galicia

By EDWARD WRIGHT

AT the end of June, 1916, it seemed as though all that the Russians had done to recover their full striking power had been done in vain. By an unexpected explosion of force they had again crippled the Austrians. Out of five Austro-German armies, ranged on a front of two hundred and sixty miles from the Pripet Marshes to the Bukovina frontier, two had been broken and two badly battered. Only the Central Austrian Army, under the Bavarian General Count von Bothmer, remained strong and firm. Of the total forces of nine hundred thousand Austrians, Hungarians, and Germans, a half had been put out of action.

Yet the Russian commander, General Brussiloff, who had accomplished this extraordinary stroke of surprise, could not claim a definite victory. It seemed, indeed, as though his successes would prove his undoing, for Hindenburg had come with tremendous energy to the rescue of Austria. All the year the field-marshal had been quarrelling with Kaiser, Crown Prince, the German Chief of Staff, and the Austrian Chief of Staff. He held that the Verdun and Trentino operations were disastrous mistakes, and that as Russia was rich in men and poor in machinery, every available man, gun, and shell should have been launched against her early in the spring of the year.

Undoubtedly the old marshal was right. Events had confirmed him. So he insisted, in the first week of June, in getting practically all control of the war in his hands. He stopped the Trentino operations, slowed down the Verdun affair, and brought troops by the hundred thousand from the Italian and French fronts. The main stream of shells, the daily output of which was nearly half a million, was directed towards two places marked by arrows on Hindenburg's map. These places were Kovel and Lemberg. Something like a thousand more heavy guns were railed to the Kovel and Lemberg sectors. Two powerful new armies were transported towards the positions at which Brussiloff was hammering.

Then, in the third week of June, 1916, Hindenburg opened one of the two most important campaigns in the war. Next to the Battle of the Marne ranks the Battle of the Styr. Everything between October, 1914, and May, 1916, is episodal to these two powerful turning-points in the European conflict. Hindenburg did not intend merely to recover the ground at Lutsk and Dubno, which the Austrian Archduke had lost. He aimed to drain Russia of all her remaining strength by a long, horrible grinding movement through the wheat-belt towards the Black Sea. Russia was still weak. Her new 6 in. guns were outranged by hundreds of German and Austrian monster pieces of artillery. Her shell supply, though fairly good, did not permit her gunners to maintain a long, hurricane fire.

The Battle of the Styr

Hindenburg, on the other hand, could keep a thousand guns in action, day and night, for a month, replace them when worn out, and maintain his shell supply. Behind his lines was a vast and intricate network of light railways, connected with old and new main tracks. Germany's enormous production of rails, locomotives, and trucks was quite as important as her enormous production of shells and guns. Hindenburg fought chiefly by means of railway power.

His method was a slow one, and by the end of June his Kovel army had only regained the Stokhod River marshes and advanced a few miles towards the Styr River line. For the rate of the advance was conditioned by the rate of reconstructing the main railway track and building the light railway branches. But the method seemed irresistible. The hitherto victorious Russian armies, under General Kaledin and General Sakharoff, were overwhelmed by an almost continuous tempest of high-explosive shells and shrapnel bullets. Only when the new Russian trenches were flattened did the German and Austrian infantry send out patrols with machine-guns, and then advance in force. Much of the land by the Stokhod River was swampy, so that the Russians could not dig deep caverns for machine-gun shelters. Stubbornly fighting, and with many skilful rearguard actions, Kaledin withdrew towards Lutsk, while Sakharoff protected his flank in the Dubno sector.

When night fell on July 3rd, 1916, it looked as though Hindenburg was likely to win the grand success in the war. So far the battle was not immediately decisive, but it was testing fully the strength of Germany and Russia; and Russia, despite the help obtained from British, Japanese, and American war factories, apparently could not withstand the pressure brought against her. And if she could not resist on the ground she had chosen for a display of her renewed strength, what could she do when Hindenburg had broken through?

But on the morning of July 4th, 1916, there was an extraordinary change in the situation. The explanation was that General Brussiloff had foreseen everything that his opponent would do. He had foreseen it for quite a year, when he was fighting Mackensen and Linsingen in Galicia. And he had been preparing for a year against the Hindenburg-Mackensen blasting tactics. Two new mighty Russian armies, composed of several millions of men, had been training all the winter, spring, and early summer for a decisive test of strength against Germany's siege-guns, shell factories, and railway works.

Old Asiatic Warfare Revived

Unknown to the Germans, a third Russian army, under General Lesh, advanced under cover of darkness in the Kovel sector, towards the Styr front at Kolki. Lesh, who had fought Mackensen at Cholm, in August, 1915, was one of the most original minds in the Russian Army. With Alexeieff his chief, Brussiloff his local commander, and his comrades Kaledin, Sakharoff, Tcherbacheff, and Lechitsky, Lesh had worked out a strange, new, stern way of fighting.

All these Russians, with Alexeieff drawn from the peasantry and Brussiloff from the old aristocracy, had gone back studiously and deliberately to the old Asiatic form of warfare. At first there was nothing remarkable about Lesh's infantrymen. They came forward in open artillery order, while their guns were breaking paths for them in the Austrian wire entanglements. The advanced companies, charging over the wide spaces between the opposing trenches, took shelter in shell-holes, linked some of them together by digging, and helped to cover with their musketry and machine-gun fire the next open, thin wave of attack. In all this there was nothing different from the British and French method of infantry advance, except in regard to artillery support.

The Russian guns could not dominate the greater number of more powerful German and Austrian pieces of artillery. The gunners, indeed, often could not spare shell to batter and choke all the enemy's dug-outs. Generally, they dodged the hostile counter-battery fire, broke paths in the entanglements, and maintained a curtain fire on the Austro-German second line. Their chief task was to hinder ammunition and food reaching the enemy's first line. All the grand work of attack was carried out by the Russian infantry and cavalry.

For the waves of advance continued, until their number began to grow terrifying. In places the Germans say they counted a series of thirty-six waves. Yet the tactics were not those of the German mass attack. No large, compact targets were presented amid the hurricane of shrapnel and squalls of machine-gun bullets with which Linsingen tried to break up the advance. The Russians were wide apart, and after a short rush they fell and dug themselves in with intense labour.

When most of the old shell-holes were full of Russian

[*Continued on page* 2364

Russian Leaders and Men in the Hour of Victory

General Brussiloff. A striking portrait of the victorious Russian leader.

General Sakharoff, co-operating with Brussiloff in the great Russian push.

General Lechitsky, forming the trio of Russia's successful leaders in 1916.

Russians digging along the River Dubno after having driven the Austrians from the houses and gardens in this vicinity.

A few planks, some energy and skill sufficed to restore a bridge destroyed by the Austrians in retreat.

Russian officers and some fugitive peasants watching the progress of an east front battle. Three little children are seen in the foreground, two of whom, standing hand-in-hand, are not concerned as to the problems of Empires.

THE RUSSIAN DRIVE INTO GALICIA

(Contd. from page 2362)

infantrymen, firing against unbroken, fortified lines of parapets and redoubts, tens of thousands of Cossack horsemen galloped out and over their crouching foot soldiers, in an apparent act of general suicide. The German and Austrian gunners lifted too late to catch the wild horsemen, who, while the enemy was changing the range, whirled through the tempest of shrapnel. Instead, however, of riding on, madly and hopelessly, at the hostile trenches, the Cossacks leaped from their little horses, turned their mounts into living cover, and opened fire. Then the Russian waves of infantry resumed.

The method of the Russians became clear. They were adapting to modern conditions the swarm attack of the Mongol era. In her day of extreme crisis, strange, mediæval, half-Oriental Russia, with her terrible memories of the Mongol and Tartar conquerors of the world, reverted to the swarm method of ancient Asia. All that she had learnt in other periods of bitter strain from Genghis Khan's and Tamerlane's lieutenants she revived and modernised for use against Germany. Millions of armed, newly-trained men were echeloned between the Styr and the Black Sea. As the front ranks wasted under the hurricane fire from the Teutons' guns, the mass behind surged onward in another wave movement.

If the Russian gunners could maintain their curtain

This Russian soldier's burden is neither a strange form of bagpipe nor a harmless hookah, but a gas apparatus captured from the Austrians during General Brussiloff's great push.

fire over the Austro-German communications the end was inevitable. It was reached in twenty-four hours in one sector and in thirty-six hours in the other. Then naked human power—a long steel weapon in the strong hands of an angry peasant—triumphed over all the elaborate mechanism of slaughter devised by German science. Mainly with the bayonet and sabre the Russians struck home. High explosive was needed too much by gunners to spend on hand-bombs, and the Russians preferred the bayonet, despite its awkwardness in trench and dug-out fighting.

When the new Austro-German front broke, the terrific Russian pressure at once produced large results. The mounted Cossacks spread in a mobile flood in the rear, towards the Pripet Marshes, surrounded brigades, and shot down gun-teams. Nearly half the hostile forces on the sector were put out of action. But when General Lesh and General Kaledin came to the Stokhod line they were held up. Rain fell heavily, widening the marshes by the river, and, under these untoward weather conditions, the advance on Kovel had to be postponed.

But only the direction of the great Russian thrust was altered. Kovel had been an alluring goal of attack, because it was a main railway junction, where the German and Austrian forces connected. Had it been taken, Hindenburg's Polish and Courlander lines would have been seriously endangered. But as Kovel was newly moated by the rain-soaked marshlands, General Brussiloff turned towards Lemberg.

The enemy's Lemberg line was defended by a man of Arab blood, Böhm Ermolli, whom Sakharoff, in the first surprise attack, had pushed back towards Brody. In the second week in July, Sakharoff was given the great stream of men that Kaledin and Lesh were for the time unable to use. Sakharoff struck on July 16th, 1916, with unparalleled effect.

Russian Night Swarm Attack

He had learned that Hindenburg's Staff was arming Böhm Ermolli for a more terrific attack than Linsingen had delivered. Linsingen's vain thrust had only been intended to shake the blunt front of the Russian salient. Böhm Ermolli's task was to win a decision by striking a terrific blow low on the Russian flank. For three weeks he had been increasing his forces and his heavy-gun power and storing shell. In village cellars, which the Teutons afterwards had no time to blow up, two hundred thousand shells were found, and more than that quantity was exploded by them in their retreat.

Sakharoff could not await the blow. His guns were too weak to answer the enemy's monster artillery. So he attacked at the time when the over-confident, careless enemy was immersed in the muddle of his own final preparations. Avoiding the Styr line, where the chief phalanx of Krupp and Skoda guns was placed, Sakharoff struck at his enemy's flank. About an hour after midnight the Russian infantry advanced in silence through the darkness, without artillery preparation, made a series of brushwood paths across a marsh, and put a light bridge over a stream, without being discovered.

They reached the wire entanglements and removed some of the supports, and then, being at last observed, rushed the Austrian fire trenches. By the time the first line was taken the troops in the second line were well prepared to resist. But, with the marsh and river bridged, and the entanglements and fire-trenches taken, the enemy was left with no means of resisting the nocturnal swarm attack of the Russians.

The German and Austrian gunners were baffled by the darkness, the loss of their observing officers, and the general confusion in their second line. They did not know where the Russian bridges had been built, and could only use shrapnel fire as a general curtain. By sunrise the Russians were encircling important forest positions where hostile batteries were placed, and after a long, dreadful series of hand-to-hand combats in daylight among the headwaters of the Styr and its tributaries, the battle was won by nightfall. Captured German and Austrian guns, with their huge shell supplies, were turned upon Böhm Ermolli's broken army. Brody was stormed, and the enemy's lost big pieces were hauled within eight miles of the Lemberg railway.

The Spirit of the Hive

Loud echoes of the rage of Hindenburg resounded across Europe. He wanted to dismiss not only Böhm Ermolli and Ermolli's chief, the Archduke Frederick, but every Austrian Royal commander and ordinary general.

The total German and Austrian losses exceeded three-quarters of a million men. More than 330,000 officers and men were prisoners. Hindenburg had failed on the Styr more completely than Moltke had failed on the Marne. Everything seemed to show that the veritable turning-point in the war had been reached.

The Russian Staff calculated it had sufficient men to go on making swarm attacks for two years. Not in the days of Napoleon had the Russian people reached so terrible a height of communal battle fury. The systematic atrocity of the Teutons had revived in them the spirit of the swarm, by which in ancient time they broke the power of the Golden Horde. Like a cloud of angry bees they fought, eager to sting and die so that the stock might survive and flourish. Eighty out of a hundred of them were patient, quiet, pious peasants, still coloured with primitive village Socialism and mediæval trains of thought. To them the Kaiser was Anti-Christ; it was not death to fall fighting him, but martyrdom. Glorious and dreadful were the Russians when this high mood was upon them.

With Brussiloff and His Redoubtable Russians

Erecting screens of rough-hewn timber against the German "portmanteaux," or "Jack Johnsons" as our men generally called them. Russian officers directing a cannonade, for which they had unlimited ammunition, from an infantry trench in Bukovina.

A group of Russian officers at work in the Staff quarters of a division. Throughout the war the operations of the Russian Army, both defensive and offensive, were distinguished by generalship of the highest order.

Escorting Austrian prisoners captured in recent battles to the rear. Inset: General Alexei Brussiloff among his men, who worship him. Since General Brussiloff began his great offensive in June, 1916, the number of prisoners taken by the Russians to the beginning of August exceeded 300,000, and the Austrians were driven back from the Pripet on a front of 220 miles.

With the Tsar's Forces on the Fields of France

The Russian forces on the French front were as popular as General Haig's men. This photograph shows a Slav kitchen near the firing-line.

Russian troops, equipped for conflict, proceeding along a communication trench.

FOLLOWING on the disembarkation of Russian troops at Marseilles, another detachment landed at Brest, August 2, 1916, amid scenes of great enthusiasm. No two nations are more in accord than France and Russia. Temperamentally, the Slav approximates near to the Gallic spirit. For generations educated Russians have spoken the French language with as great a facility as they have discoursed in their native tongue. Thus, life in France to the Tsar's troops was not so unusual an experience as it was to our own men. In fact, wearing the same steel helmet, the Russian at first glance was scarcely distinguishable from General Joffre's men. The photographs on this page are from the sector held by the Russians in the Champagne district, where they were in continuous action with the Boches. At Auberive, during the last days of July, 1916, the Russians, in the course of a violent night attack, penetrated beyond the enemy trenches, cleared the position with grenades, and brought back a number of German prisoners.

Soup, an indispensable French course, was equally in demand by the Russian troops, fighting shoulder to shoulder with the Allies.

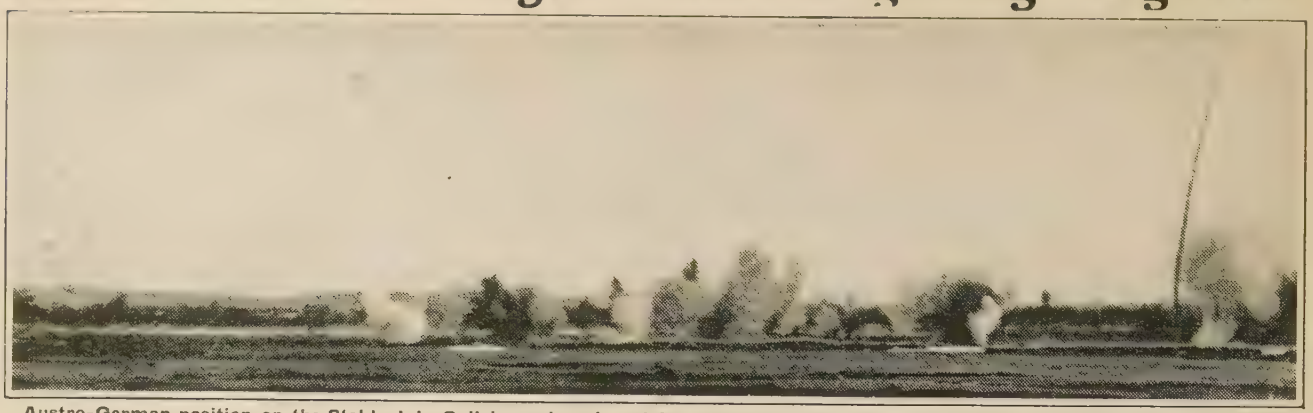
Russian Red Cross men carrying a wounded comrade along a communication trench.

The Russian is a brave soldier with a generous soul. Bearing no malice, he is ever willing to help a wounded foeman vanquished in fair fight.

Cossacks Rout Germans at the Point of the Sabre

During the great Russian offensive in Volhynia some of the redoubtable Cossack regiments helped to sweep the Austro-Germans back. The enemy made a determined counter-attack on the village of Svidniki, to the north of the Stokhod, in conjunction with a powerful armoured train. At a critical moment several hundred Cossacks, under command of Colonel Smirnoff, charged into the Germans' flank and scattered the enemy at the point of the sabre Many machine-guns were captured

Where All the Eagles were Fighting Together



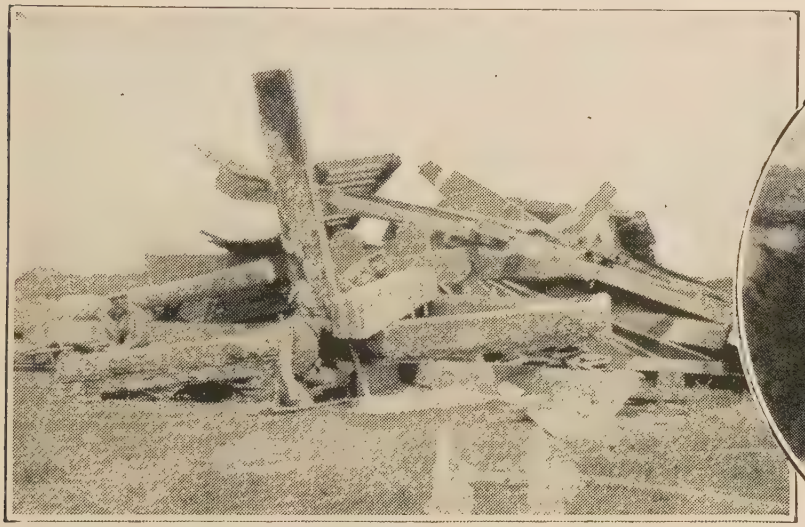
Austro-German position on the Stokhod, in Galicia, undergoing violent bombardment from the Russian guns. Directly her deficiency of munitions was made good, Russia's pressure upon Austria became irresistible, and once more she moved with deliberate purposefulness towards the territory of the Dual Monarchy, not this time to be repelled.

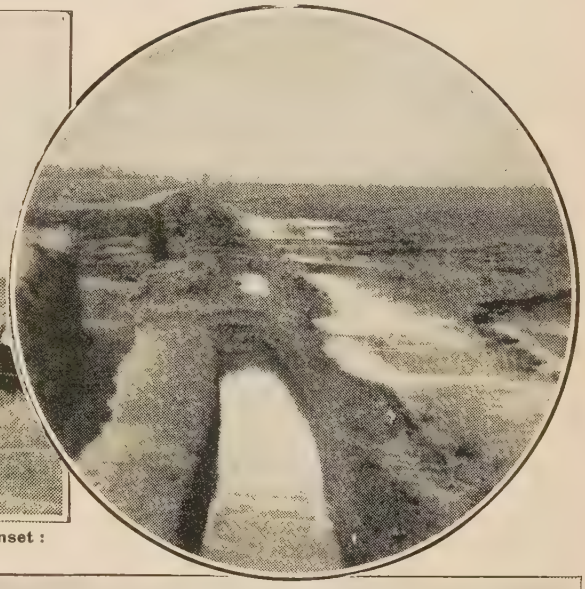
The medals, and especially the three crosses, on this Cossack's breast testify that his martial bearing is not the theatrical pose of a carpet soldier. The Russian Cross of St. George is not scattered indiscriminately like the German Iron Cross. Right: Russian troops massing before an advance upon German troops in the north.

At the end of the path of glory. Nothing could be more solemn than the military burial of a Russian soldier, who has fallen on the field of honour, in consecrated ground, and with all the beautiful ceremonial of the Orthodox Church.

Brussiloff's Hammer Blows in Bukovina

Along the Austrian line of retreat. Broken enemy guns abandoned to the Russians. Though these weapons had been shattered, their worth in metal made them of considerable value at a time when every ounce of steel was essential to victory.





Russian scouts observing the enemy from amid the debris of a mill. Inset: Trenches flooded by continual rain.

Some of the Austrian prisoners captured in General Brussiloff's Volhynia offensive. Whole army corps surrendered to the spirited attacks of the Russians, the latter fully equipped with guns, munitions, and commanders of undoubted genius. (Exclusive photographs.)

The Russian Soldier's Faith in the Unseen

The Simple Piety of the Tsar's Fighting Men

By HAMILTON FYFE

Special Correspondent with the Russian Army

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MR. HAMILTON FYFE

Of all national temperaments the Slav possesses the most lovable, if the most complex and mysterious. Humorous, generous to prodigality, with a rare detachment from the material issues of life, the Russian is the very antithesis of the over-industrialised Teuton type. The Tsar's Holy War declared against the Austro-German alliance was no picturesque figure of speech, but a fervent national expression of the will to triumph over the unendurable menace of the Central Empires. The religious zeal and spiritual exaltation of the Russian peasant-soldier form the subject of this most engrossing "True Tale of the War." The author is Mr. Hamilton Fyfe, whose vividly-written despatches from Petrograd and Russian Army headquarters were an important feature of the "Daily Mail" from 1915 onwards. Mr. Fyfe had great experience of the war both on the east and west fronts.

MOVING about along the Russian front one comes across constant evidence of the religious element in the Russian character.

Nothing in the war has made me think or feel more deeply than this. At first it astonishes an Englishman, or a Frenchman, to find a whole army, with very few exceptions so far as I discovered, sincerely, unquestioningly, openly professing its faith in the Unseen. Later, this becomes so integral a part of one's daily life that one scarcely regards it. It is the same everywhere. At first one is surprised in the cities to see people of all classes crossing themselves when they leave home, when they return home, when they pass a church (even if they are in a train or a street-car), when they are within sight of a shrine containing a holy picture. Afterwards one does not notice it.

In the Army, as in civil life, the phrase "Slava Bogu" (Glory to God) is constantly used, and used with meaning. When they sit down to a meal, most of the older and many of the younger officers are careful to cross themselves. Wherever I have happened upon services held by regimental priests, I have seen them eagerly thronged by all the men who could be spared, and listened to with reverent attention. There is no need to have church parades. If the men are free, they cannot keep away from the sound of the singing and the *basso profondo* intonation of the priest. I stopped for a few minutes recently at a divisional headquarters, to pay respects to a general whose trenches I had permission to visit.

"Come and see our church," he said at once, and took me into a big room fitted up for the Orthodox ritual. It was not Sunday, but a Mass was being sung, and the room was packed with soldiers.

Spiritual Exaltation of the Slav

Two services to which happy chances brought me just in time will always remain in my memory. Never will Palm Sunday and Easter Eve pass by without renewing the emotion they aroused, without recalling to my mind the nearness of God to men which they seemed to make so plain.

On a rainy, gusty morning I was riding with some Staff officers towards the positions held by a gallant Finnish regiment. It was Palm Sunday. We had just passed a village churchyard filled with Galician peasants coming away from Mass with their branches of pussy-willow palm. As we trotted the breeze brought snatches of harmony to our ears. We reined up and listened. Then we followed the sound and came soon to a little tent pitched under the shelter of a ridge. In the tent was a table dressed as an altar with green and gold frontal; upon it were a book and a crucifix, with two tiny tapers burning before an icon holy (picture). Before the altar a priest in green and gold vestments was chanting. To one side, apart from the congregation, stood about twenty soldiers. They were the choir. A young officer with a tuning-fork acted as conductor, after the practice of Russian church choirs.

Whether it was because I expected little, or because of the impressiveness of the scene, or because they really were a wonderful choir, I cannot tell, but I certainly felt—and I feel still—that I had never heard singing more beautiful. Russian church music is affecting always. Here was a rendering of it which brought out with most moving simplicity the haunting appeal of the Orthodox office to the pity and tenderness of God. "Gospodi, pomilui" ("Lord, have mercy") was sung with an infinitely touching stress upon the significance of the words.

Divine Service Under Fire

From not far off came at intervals the boom of big-gun firing. Close by were three graves with pathetic freshly-cut wooden crosses over them, marking the spot where three men of the regiment had been killed a few days before by a shell. Round about were many shell-holes. All of those singing, all of the congregation, knew that at any moment a like death might put an end to them. The voices rose and fell, now swelling to joyous praise and gladness, now sinking to a murmur of exquisitely modulated petition. They blended with the effect of an organ played by a master of music. The emotional quality of their singing was intense. Never in any cathedral had I felt God so close, or realised so poignantly the cry of humanity to its Creator—"Lord, have mercy," "Lord, we beseech Thee to hear us," "Spare us, Good Lord."

I still believe it was the singing itself, and not the surroundings, which took my spirit prisoner that rainy, gusty day. The service over, the colonel invited us into his "dug-out." We went down steps, through a door marked "Regimental Staff" into the pleasantest little underground house, just like a house in a fairy-tale. Here the colonel not only produced most hospitable refreshment, but he asked a few of the choir to let us hear some Cossack soldier-songs. Their singing seemed to be no less perfect below ground than it had been above in the open. Rough soldiers all of them—peasants, illiterate boys. But the very soul of music was in them, and their conductor must be a genius.

The week between Palm Sunday and Easter Eve slipped by, and the question arose: Where should I see Easter in?

The midnight Resurrection service in Russia is the greatest religious festival of the year, and it is always followed by a supper to celebrate the ending of the Great

[*Continued on page* 2371

THE RUSSIAN SOLDIER'S FAITH

(Continued from page 2370)

Fast. Around this Easter Supper have grown up the same tradition and sentiment of family affection which cling to our Christmas. Highest and humblest alike make merry. No one is so poor as not to be able to set out a "Paschal board."

An army corps Staff was kind enough to invite me, but I felt that I would sooner be among the soldiers in the field. Coming in the dusk of the soft April evening to a field dressing-station about a mile from the trenches, I found preparations going forward, and the kind sisters asked me to stay with them. They were four of the sweetest, simplest souls imaginable. At once they put me on a footing of friendship, just as children welcome a fresh comrade with open gaiety of heart. We took a lantern and trudged along the uplands, watching the travelling glare of searchlights and the incessant lighting-up of our position by rockets from the Austrian lines. We heard a battery clatter through the dark village below us. We saw distantly the long, mysterious snakes of twinkling light which mean transport columns. Then we went indoors and played children's games and wrote in confession albums, and laughed a great deal, and discovered mutual friends, with such other simple-hearted enjoyments. At home, these were young women in society. One was a princess. All belonged, as they say in the United States, to the "first families." Here they were just "sisters," living four in one little cottage room, and they made me their brother indeed.

Service in the Tent

"Now, no more frivolity," said one soon after eleven. "The priest is here. The service will begin." So we lit tapers to hold in our hands and went outside the cottage into the darkness. Again there was an altar in a small tent, with soldiers standing before it. Some had brought lanterns, and the light from these made long, shiny flickers on the wet ground, for it had been raining. Every few moments fresh steps were heard, plodding their way toward us. All felt the emotion of the hour. The sisters' faces were grave, and shining tears glistened in their eyes. Frequently the priest came to the edge of the tent and cried three times "Kristos voskress" (Christ is risen), receiving from the darkness the fervent answer, "Voieestinoo voskress" (He is risen indeed). Everyone was moved. Everyone felt the common Fatherhood of God, the Brotherhood in Christ. Religion is in Russia a very bond and interpretation of life.

Discussing the Sermon

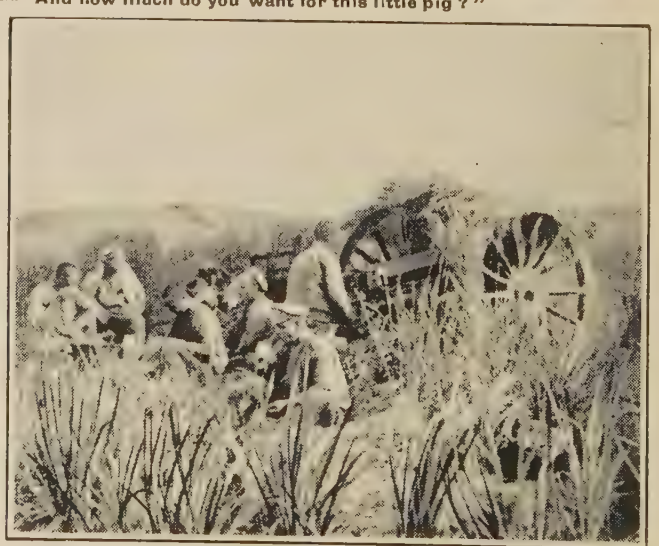
Even at supper, over the traditional Easter fare—hard-boiled eggs with coloured shells, ham, goose, a sweet curd cheese called Pascha and a tall cylindrical cake to eat with it known as Koolitch—the influence of the service remained. We discussed the priest's little sermon. To the sisters, who had seen so much of the pitiful side of war, the thought "There is no death" was very precious. The undoubting sureness of their faith touched me nearly. I thought with a wistful pang of those who would soon be gathering in my little village church at home in England to sing the joyful Easter hymn that meant so much to me as a child. I felt again the old child-like Easter gladness. When the sisters spoke with their guests, doctors, officers, sanitars, of the impressiveness of such a service, with fighting going on only a mile away, I sincerely agreed. I shall never forget it . . or them.

Breaking the fast. Great reverence for holy days was always displayed by our Russian allies in the field. Thus all religious festivals of the Greek Church were scrupulously observed after the manner of the mystical and deeply religious temperament of Tsardom in the battle-line. Inset: Canteen at a railway station, where a number of Slav infantrymen were awaiting welcome rations.

Homely Little Incidents Along the Russian Line

Russian officers treat their men almost like big children. Here one is seen reading to them while they have their tea.

Russian soldiers coming up to a field-kitchen cart for their midday rations after a hot and trying morning. Right: Army butcher bargaining with a peasant woman for her live stock—"And how much do you want for this little pig?"



The enemy had destroyed all bridges as they retreated, and the advancing Russians had to set to work to build more. Right: Soldiers drinking tea in the shadow of their machine-gun, cunningly hidden under a litter of hay.

With Italy Victorious

The fall of Gorizia, August 9th, 1916, and a particularly fine advance on the Carso, east of Vallone, at the beginning of October, 1916, were the two outstanding features of the Italian Campaign in the period covered by this volume. The pictures and articles which appear in this and succeeding pages afford striking proof of the heroism of General Cadorna's splendid armies.

Through a shrapnel storm and a deluge of rain the splendid Italian infantry are advancing to capture a peak on the Isonzo front. The time of the attack is somewhere near midnight, but the light from exploding shells has given the scene a supernatural glow.

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The War Illustrated

AREA OF GENERAL CADORNA'S TRIUMPH ON THE LOWER ISONZO.—By the capture of Gorizia, on August 9th, 1916, General Cadorna practically completed his conquest of the Lower Isonzo. Pressing on with his occupation of the Carso, he had the rich prize of Trieste, about twenty miles to the south-east, on the Adriatic, almost in his grasp.

Italy's Triumph on the Isonzo

General Cadorna's Strategy Vindicated

By DR. JAMES MURPHY

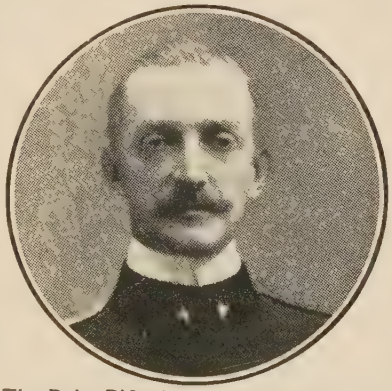
Sometime Correspondent with the Italian Army

The fall of Gorizia, August 9th, 1916, was the vindication of General Cadorna's original plan of campaign. From the outset of the Italo-Austrian conflict the Italian Generalissimo several times attempted to capture this important centre; but former operations were dogged with persistent ill-luck. Failure of plans due to various causes, among which were floods on the River Isonzo and an insufficiency of artillery, cost Italy the sacrifice of thousands of her brave and devoted sons during her first year of war. While maintaining an offensive in the Trentino, General Cadorna prepared secretly and elaborately for a final crushing blow against Gorizia, the strongest point in the Austrian barrier, an effort which would bring him within striking distance of Trieste. The Editor of this volume invited Dr. James Murphy, the expert writer on Italy's part in the war, to contribute the following article by way of explanation of this little-known area of the world-struggle.

IN order to understand the capture of Gorizia, and appreciate its bearing on the general course of the war, one must reduce the manifold character of the Italian operations to a single concept and form a mental picture in which only the main strategic elements stand out. It helps little towards forming an adequate appreciation of our ally's great victory on the Lower Isonzo if we merely say that the Italians have advanced some five or six miles over a depth of fourteen miles and that they have taken large numbers of prisoners, together with valuable war booty. For the Isonzo line of defence is almost as important to Austria as the Rhine is to Germany; and the Italians have broken through it at its strongest point. Therefore, their victory must not be judged by the span of their advance, or the magnitude of the loss in men and material which has been inflicted on the enemy, but rather by the significance of the bare fact that the Austrian defence has been broken where it was considered unassailable.

Nature on the Enemy Side

The Italian war is being waged not merely against men and guns but against mountain barriers, where the natural obstacles immensely outweigh the opposition offered by troops and artillery. There are sections of the Austrian line where a hundred men may hold thousands at bay. It is the siege of Sidney Street repeated in a hundred places on a colossal scale. And this was specially true of Gorizia.



The Duke D'Aosta, who commanded the Italian Army which brought about the fall of Gorizia on August 9th, 1916.

To grasp the matter fully one must have before the mind a picture of the whole Austro-Italian front. Imagine a colossal figure somewhat the shape of a human body stretched at full length on the ground, with its face to the sun. Within the outlines of that figure, even though we must so far interfere with its symmetry as to make it somewhat grotesque, we can picture the great mass of mountain barrier which raises its bulk against the advance of the Italian Army. The feet of the figure rest at the juncture of the Lombardian and Venetian Plains, a few miles north of Verona. The right arm is extended westward, skirting the northern side of the Lombardian Plain; but the line of the Swiss frontier crosses it quite close to the body, so that portion of it need not interest us further. The head of the figure rests at a point—let us say, Brixen—where the Tyrolese mountain range begins its descent towards the German side; and the figure is cleft in twain, as through the vertebrate column, by the Brenner Pass. The left arm is extended eastwards; but it follows a semicircular line, bending southwards at the elbow and running along the north-eastern side of the Venetian Plain, enclosing that section of it which is generally called Friuli, until it touches the north-eastern corner of the Adriatic shore.

The whole bulk of mountains has been in Austria's hands, while, generally speaking, the Italians have had possession of the surrounding plains. But the frontier line was drawn through the centre of Friuli, some miles westward of the Isonzo, so that the Austrians had full control of the river. The sides of the mountain range are cleft by a number of deep river beds, which give easy access to the plain. These were fortified by the Austrian Staff and meant as the starting-points of a general attack against Italy, which had been treacherously premeditated long before the outbreak of the present conflict. By a swift thrust General Cadorna seized the openings of the passes during the first weeks of the Italian campaign, so that the danger of a sudden attack from the Austrian side was reduced to a minimum for the time being. But there remained the question of selecting the points where he might open an offensive and invade the enemy's territory.

Cadorna's Choice of Ways

Three main passes offered themselves. At the shoulder joint of our imaginary figure is the Pass of Monte Croce, which leads into the Puster Valley at Toblach and thence westward to the Brenner at Franzensfeste. Here the Roman legions passed on several occasions, to break the power of their northern invaders. At the elbow of the figure is the Predil Pass, which gives access to the Drave Valley, where two most important railroad centres, Villach and Klagenfurt, are situated. Here Napoleon entered and brought Austria to her knees. From the mountains which rise southward of the Drave the Isonzo runs to the sea. The Julian Alps guard its left bank as far as Gorizia. Thence the Carso overhangs it, from Gorizia to the Adriatic. The Julian Alps and the Carso form a great fortress wall of which the Isonzo is the moat. That wall is broken at two points, Tolmino and Gorizia, by the Valleys of the Idria and Vippacco respectively. Here Cadorna decided to break through. Both these rivers flow westwards into the Isonzo. We shall get their relative positions well into our minds if we imagine the Idria breaking through the forearm of our figure and the Vippacco through its wrist. The Julian Alps form the forearm and the Carso the hand. At the tips of the fingers Trieste lies. Here the mountain rises abruptly from the sea, so that no military route to Trieste is offered in that sector.

From Gorizia to Trieste is about nineteen miles. You follow the Valley of the Vippacco, at the rear of the Carso, south-eastwards as far as San Daniele; then you turn due south and are almost immediately in the plain that surrounds the great Austrian seaport. From the immediate military viewpoint the route presents no extraordinary

[*Continued on page 2377*

How Italy Advanced on Her Way to Trieste

To capture such a position as this, Mount Cauriole, exacted more than the usual nerve and skill of ordinary combatants.

Duke of Aosta decorating General Tettoni, who signally distinguished himself in the capture of Gorizia, August 9th, 1916.

Cheering the preliminary successes of the Rumanians as the news is read out from the papers just arrived in trenches.

Lloyd's Arsenal and adjacent hangars, Trieste, at the moment of being subjected to a bomb attack from Italian aircraft.

To face page 2377

HOW THE ITALIANS DROVE THE AUSTRIANS OUT OF BURNING ASIAGO AND STAYED THEIR THRUST TOWARDS THE VENETIAN PLAINS.

Relief map of Gorizia and the Carso Plateau, showing the tremendous natural defences of the "Gibraltar of the Isonzo."

difficulties, but there are other considerations affecting its choice which cannot be openly discussed at the present juncture. To the ordinary observer one consideration is quite plain. By moving swiftly southwards, after the capture of Gorizia, an advancing army leaves at the rear of its left flank a block of mountains which might prove very dangerous if held strongly by the enemy. Hence the necessity of a simultaneous thrust forward at Tolmino. From Tolmino one moves in a south-eastwardly direction along the Valley of the Idria, to the Plain of Laibach or Lubiana. The distance is about thirty-five miles. At Laibach four great railroads meet, one of which is the central commercial channel between Trieste and the Austrian interior. This is the longer route, but it brings about a complete encirclement of Trieste.

From this, it is clear how serious for Austria was the Italian advance of 1916. At the beginning of the Austro-Italian War, General Cadorna sent forward the left wing of his Isonzo army at Monte Nero, north of Tolmino, and on the Carso, south of Gorizia, intending to gain control of the mountains which flanked both valleys, and thus force the Austrians to withdraw from the two great portals of the mountain fortress. But an unfortunate chain of circumstances hampered his advance, the result being that the Austrians gained sufficient time to strengthen their defensive positions. Throughout the autumn and well into the winter his artillery pounded at the defences of Gorizia; but the mountains bristled with Skoda guns, and it appeared as if the idea of storming the great fortress was hopeless.

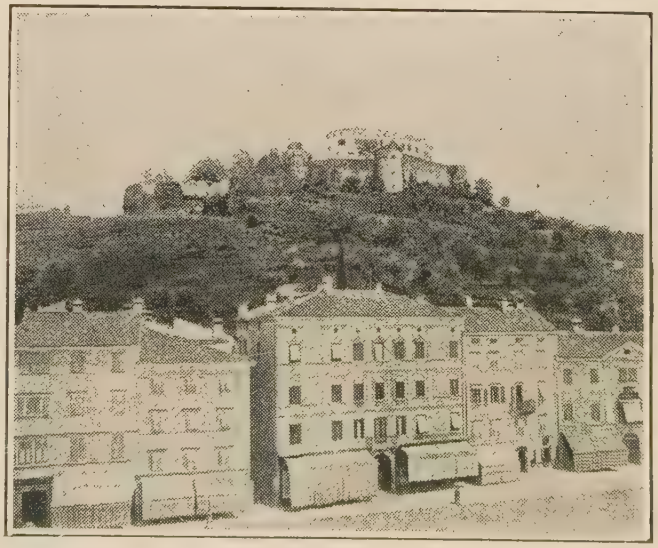
One must have travelled over the ground in order to realise its terrible difficulties. Gorizia has been called the Gibraltar of the Isonzo and the Verdun of Italy; but these comparisons convey no more than a vague idea of its difficulties to the minds of those who have no first-hand acquaintance with the country. Except for its historic interest, and the fact that it harboured 30,000 inhabitants, most of whom left it soon after the outbreak of war, the city is of little importance. It is the valley and not the city that is of military consequence. In no way is it a prize or a goal; it is simply a milestone on the road. But it is a milestone at the summit of a gruelling ascent; and the military traveller will breathe more easily once he has reached it, for the further stretches of the road offer him no such hardships as those which he has just experienced.

To compare it to Verdun is out of the question; for the defences of Gorizia entirely surpass the defences of Verdun. At Verdun a huge French army had been necessary to hold the Germans at bay. At Gorizia one-fourth of the same army could have held the Kaiser's troops at bay for years. There is scarcely another military position in the world to compare with it. It lies at the mouth of the Vippacco Valley, well within what may be called the jaws. There is ideal room for the manœuvring of troops, and the railroad connections with the interior of Austria are excellent. On the north it is commanded by the heights of Monte San Gabriele and on the south by Monte San Michele. On its western front the Isonzo flows in a deep gorge. Here the Austrians erected a bridgehead for the immediate defence of the city. Westward of the river the huge bulks of Monte Sabotino and Podgora are thrown up from the plain, forming two independent fortresses outside the gate of the valley. Scarcely a crevice or a vantage point in these hills that has not harboured artillery of every calibre. Guns were embedded in the rock, with reinforced parapets of concrete and steel. A military railroad system led from one point to the other, so that artillery could be easily transferred and brought into ever varying positions. Every approach from the Italian side was under perfect control. Yet the troops of Victor Emmanuel stormed Podgora a few days after the outbreak of war; and, though the mountain was being gored and mangled by the great Skoda guns, yet the Italians succeeded in getting a footing. Immense sacrifices had to be made. Many times I have seen it, that mass of grey uniform, human wreckage mingled with the steel of the guns, the roots of great trees ground into pulp, and the whole mass being rechurned every day. The Italians call it Golgotha to-day. The terrible Carso has the same story to tell. There it was impossible to bury even the dead that lay between the first and second lines of Italian trenches, because the Austrian guns on the heights of San Michele, Sabotino, and San Gabriele had the mountain-sides under perfect control. Much of the success in the advance of August, 1916, was due to the tunnels which Italian engineers bored through the solid limestone of the mountain; but the feature that stands out stronger than all others is the perfect organisation displayed by Cadorna's troops. The Italians have proved that the old Roman genius for organisation and initiative has not run to seed in its children, and has not been outdone by the German.

The Mandoline-Players

"You will have to destroy once and for all this army of mandoline-players," said Conrad to his Austrians at the outbreak of the Italian war. During the bombardment of Gorizia, when the Austrian defences were tumbling as if a volcano were tearing the mountains to pieces, an Italian airman flew over the enemy's lines, dropping slips of paper on which were written the words: "How do you like the music of our mandolines?" Franz Josef will find it hard to return the answer.

In speaking of the Gorizia capture, and judging its bearing on the general campaign of the Allies, one point must be steadfastly borne in mind. The natural defences of the Isonzo line so helped the Austrians that the advantage of position made it possible for them to hold their ground with comparatively few men. Now that these advantages had gone Austria had to withdraw troops from some other quarter if she was to protect the interior of her territory. In so far as Austrian resources are concerned, the Italian victory was equal to the capture of half a million men.

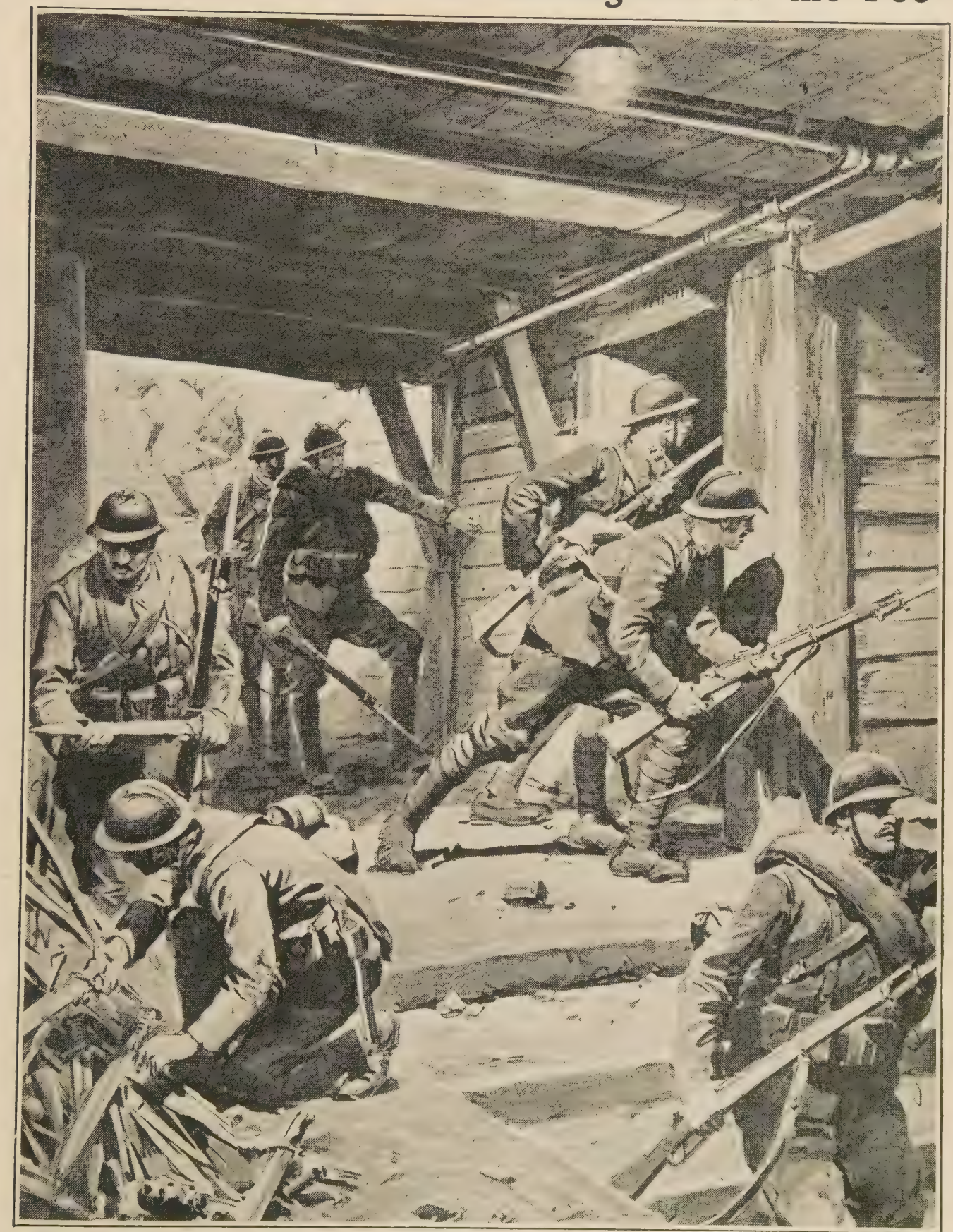


The castle where the Italian flag now flies.—View in Gorizia showing the castle on the hill. While the city itself is of comparatively small importance, Gorizia was a milestone on the road.

Italian Territorials Make Headway in Albania

In Albania as well as in the Trentino and on the Isonzo the Italians advanced with marked success. A troop of seasoned Territorials are here seen crossing the Vojussa to attack the village of Kuta.

The Victor Enters the Stronghold of the Foe



Italian soldiers taking possession of an Austrian dug-out and a collection of arms, among which were spiked clubs and other barbaric instruments. Two ardent Romans are penetrating, with bayonets fixed, into the enemy's funk-holes.

BATTLE PICTURES OF THE GREAT WAR

On the Road to Trieste

By MAX PEMBERTON

IT was not to be supposed that General Cadorna would remain indifferent to Rumania's peril during the last days of October, 1916, and his contribution to the Allies' cause was not delayed. This splendid soldier is notoriously the most secretive general in Europe. It is said that no one in Italy shares his confidence, and while the prophets continue to cry "Trieste," other objectives may dominate his plans. With this we have nothing to do at the moment. It is sufficient to record that he made upon the first three days of November a thrust into the Austrian lines upon the Carso which he could claim justly to be quite the most successful offensive he has waged since the fall of Gorizia.

Setting for a Battle of Giants

Now this is a land of weirdly difficult names and quite remarkable topography. The travelled Englishman knows what is the meaning of the Carso, or Karst formation of rock, for he has climbed it in the Dolomites. The arid limestone country sweeps round the head of the Adriatic Sea, and thrusts itself as far south as Herzegovina. Sometimes it affords but a landscape of torrent and gloomy rock, magnificent in its very destitution of colour or foliage. At other places, and nearer to the border of the sea, these heights will be wooded; the valleys will disclose foaming torrents or rivers serenely blue. There will be a stratum of sandstone in the face of the rock, and for man's contribution the spires and minarets of villages which knew Mohammed.

The neighbourhood of Gorizia is such a country. From an imaginary height above that town an observer would see the mighty ravine in which the blue Isonzo flows. Mte. Sabotino, rising to a height of 1,980 feet upon the right bank, is faced upon the left by Mte. San Gabriele, at a height of 2,100 feet, and Mte. San Daniele, with an altitude of 1,800 feet. Between these mounts the river takes a sharp right-handed turn, and thence flows almost in a straight line to the Adriatic Sea. It is down and beyond this line that we must look for the scene of the great battle of November 1st. Away upon the left hand there rises that high and desolate plateau they call the Carso. It is defended by steep slopes and walls of red-brown rock.

Two Great Roads to Trieste

There are the ravines through which the tributaries of the Isonzo flow, and right across it, where the Adriatic Sea sweeps round towards the great port of Pola, is the commercial town of Trieste. This lies at present some fourteen miles from the nearest Italian trenches. If it be General Cadorna's objective, he is pushing for it both over the high and tremendously fortified plateau of the Carso and southward through the line of Monfalcone and the low ground by the sea. Upon both these fronts he won a great and signal victory in the first three days of November.

Take a map of the district between Gorizia and the sea, and put a pen upon certain of these weirdly-named places I have mentioned. Immediately south of Gorizia you will see Tivoli and Mte. San Marco, noting the River Vertoibizza behind them. A little farther south is Biglia, and south of that another river, the Vipacco, running in a ravine called simply the Vallone. To the south-east of Biglia is a mountain that is called the Faiti Hrib, rising to a height of 1,440 feet, and to the south-west of that we see the Veliki Hribach, Mte. Pecinka, the town of Oppacchiasella, and, almost due east of it, that other hamlet of Castagnievizza, by which runs the great road to Trieste and to Comen. The latter has been called the centre of the Austrian system. Upon this line in the north General Cadorna's thrust was from Mte. San Marco and Biglia; in the south upon the mountains of Faiti Hrib and Pecinka, and to the outskirts of Castagnievizza. It resulted in the killing of 10,000 Austrians, the wounding of 20,000, and the capture of 9,000 prisoners, to say nothing of the capture of large quantities of booty, and of the complete Staff of a brigadier, who surrendered pistol in hand and threats upon his lips.

Obviously it was an exceedingly picturesque battle; something of the old-time joy of combat entered into it. Correspondents viewing it from distant heights were able to follow a part of the action, at any rate, and to witness the amazing gallantry and dash of the undaunted Italians. These had waited patiently during the whole of Tuesday, October 31st, when their great guns were thundering incessantly until dark fell, and the fog of war loomed up brown and red and black, to blot out the glorious sunshine of the picturesque scene it would have disclosed. So fierce was this bombardment that the houses were shaken even in far Trieste, while the flash of the gun fire, seen against the dark background of the Carso, was like the lightning of a hundred storms.

With such a warning did General Cadorna summon the Austrians to the assault of Wednesday. The day was fine enough, but from the sodden ground the fierce sun drew heavy mists, which drifted in the deep valleys and left but the summits of the towering hills exposed. Through this, shortly after eleven o'clock, the dashing Italians went out to the assault. King Victor Emmanuel himself was a witness of their prowess, and often by his side there stood the Duke of Aosta, the commander of the Carso army. So rapid was the Italian attack that in many cases the Austrians in their trenches put up no kind of resistance at all—were surrounded, in fact, and made prisoners almost before they had fired a shot.

Cavalry Charge on the Heights

The tremendous obstacle of Faiti Hrib, which three months ago an Austrian general declared to be impregnable, holding that if the Italians ever took it Trieste was lost—this was taken very early in the day, together with Mte. Pecinka and Veliki—the latter in less than fifty minutes after the opening of the engagement. A wild scene with the confusion of war now was disclosed behind the Austrian second line. Just as in the retreat from Quatre Bras, more than a hundred years ago, the one cry of the British was to get the guns through to Waterloo, so here the salvage of the batteries remained the obsession of the Austrian command. Wildly they were galloped, alike through the deep ravines and upon the perilous roads to the heights, and after them in the old style went the Italian cavalry and the infantry, panting not wholly in vain.

Of this stirring episode a famous Italian writes in the "Daily Telegraph": "The chief concern of the Austrians was to save their batteries, and this could be seen as they were hurried along the roads. The Italian guns immediately made them their target, and at one time there disappeared as if by magic an entire Austrian battery that was galloping away in full retreat. At another point for a considerable time an Austrian battery was pursued by a detachment of Italian infantry, which *au pas de charge* was trying to overtake it on the road."

"What a Fine Day! What a Great Day!"

Such a diversion must have been a joy indeed to men who had known for months the monotony of the rock-bound trenches. One Italian report tells us that nothing else was thought of—not even the multitudes of prisoners taken. The heights of the Carso abound, as we know, in natural caverns, passes which Nature has quarried and gloomy recesses which will harbour whole regiments. These were searched by the Italians with the ferocity of hounds upon a keen scent. At Pecinka a Bersagliere badly wounded was seen pointing to a height and summoning his comrades to climb it. A battery of six guns had been taken, and the brave fellow was anxious that his comrades should know of it. A wild excitement possessed him; he thought nothing of his wound, would not hear of assistance, and continued to cry "It is there!" until he fell senseless

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Via Victrix: Italians on the Way to Gorizia

Since Italy declared war on Austria, Gorizia had been the first objective of General Cadorna's troops. Owing, however, to floods and other causes, the capture of this important gate to Trieste, on the Adriatic, was unrealised before the winter season 1915-16 set in. After many months of preparation, a carefully planned attack brought the town under a wonderfully accurate artillery fire, which shattered an Austrian headquarters, killing many officers and demoralising the enemy command. The extent of the Italian triumph is all the more wonderful when one contemplates the precipitous route to Gorizia, which is illustrated in this picture.

ON THE ROAD TO TRIESTE

(Continued from page 2380)

and the ambulance carried him away. Elsewhere a soldier with one leg shot off sat upon a barrel and greeted every passer-by with the remark, "What a fine day! What a great day!" The same thought was in the heart of every man who fought for Cadorna in those splendid hours—"What a fine day! What a great day!"

While all this was happening upon the left there were great doings down by Oppacchiasella and the low ground nearer the sea. The sun began to shine about midday, and to show the Austrians throwing their heavy shells from the Vallone to the crest where the fight was raging; and at this time three Austrian aeroplanes came searching for the Italian batteries. It was a picturesque incident, and, indeed, the whole scene at this time showed the glamour of battle at its best. Upon the north the dark grey ridges of the Carso were the curtains against which there flashed the lightning flames of the unresting artillery. To the south the Austrian centre was being driven in relentlessly and with a vehemence unsurpassable. Now the man with the glasses could see groups of Cadorna's infantry crossing the summit of Veliki Hribach, while other squadrons were upon the ridge of heights which runs down from Veliki to Mte. Pecinka. Intermingled with the dashing Italians were the gloomy bodies of prisoners driven like sheep towards the "cages" which awaited them in the rear. Veliki itself and Hills 375 and 308 were taken by this time and the infantry still pressed onwards. They were at the very threshold of Castagnievizza, described by the Austrians themselves as the key of this southern line.

Thursday's fighting saw the gains of November 1st both consolidated and extended. In the north the advance was continued along the ridge commanding the Vipacco Valley; while on the south the central area of the plateau and the meeting of the Castagnievizza-Comen road were threatened—the latter as the principal artery of communication on the Carso. This day saw the Italians at their best as mountain fighters. From the Vallone Valley a rocky wall, with natural terraces, rises step by step to the broad plain of the Carso itself. Up these the infantry stormed with the greatest gallantry, often climbing amazing precipices, fighting in every wood and thicket, and disappearing ever and anon into the depths of caverns where the foe was hidden. The artillery itself now had to do with objects far distant, and upon the south they even bombarded Duino, which is on the shore of the Adriatic. Naturally such a hunt as the hills afforded resulted in a large increase in the number of prisoners. No cave seemed too remote but that it contained Austrians. Sometimes they appeared to have been brought out only after fights which were memorable; a thousand acts of heroism may have been hidden in the darkness of those caves and will never be told by any witness. But the main thing was that the Italians went on undaunted from terrace to terrace until they were but dots upon a sunny horizon. So were the fruits of victory gained, and so did we hear without surprise that General Boroviec had telegraphed urgently for reinforcements, and insisted that if Trieste were to be saved his legions must be sent back from Rumania.

Chaos in an Austrian munition depot on the Carso front, caused by bombs dropped from Italian aircraft.

Mountain Peaks Split in Twain

Great as were these achievements of the Italian infantry, we must not forget that this was in the main a battle of artillery, and that General Cadorna's gunners have never done better. To this the "Giornale d'Italia" bears witness when it says that the "systematic offensive" was due before all to the tactical preparation made by the general, seconded by the Government, and backed whole-heartedly by the industrial classes. So terrible was the preliminary bombardment that whole woods on the summits of Veliki, and of the heights above Vallone, were blotted out, while mountain peaks were split in twain by a single shot and new formations created. That the enemy was driven out by such an avalanche of shell does not surprise us; but that he fought tenaciously we may not doubt. Trieste is dear to him, and whatever may be General Cadorna's real objective, the Austrians persist in believing it to be Trieste. The loss of this great commercial port would strike such a blow at Austrian moral as never yet has been struck since the war began. No bulletins could explain it away—no tacticians justify so tangible a defeat. For these reasons an Italian writer is able to say that the Austrian command will even call up the last reserves to cast them into the furnace. The keys to their positions have fallen one by one, and now this capture of the Veliki and the Pecinka heights, with the fall of Faiti, is a blow which has brought Vienna to the verge of panic and has sent Italian shells thundering upon the very shores of the Adriatic.

Enemy Still Obdurate and Strong

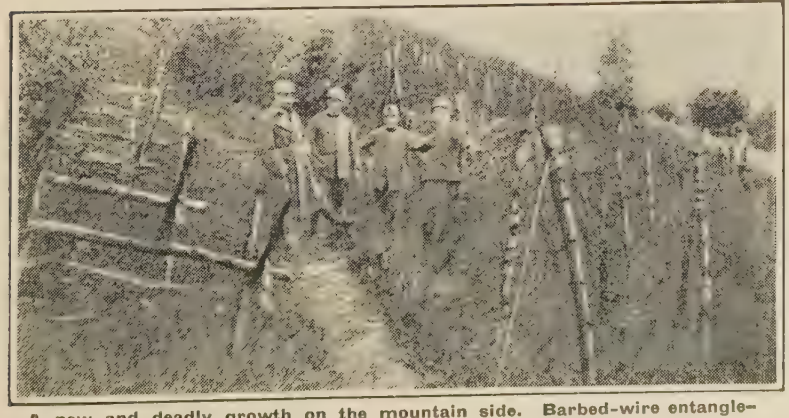
For all that, the obstacles still before General Cadorna upon the Carso front must not be treated lightly, and no premature optimism is to be indulged in. He has pushed forward two miles upon a front of three and a half miles, and the week has seen his men consolidating on height and marsh and valley. Before him are vast subterranean works still harbouring thousands of Austrians. They are complete to the point of wonder, and nothing but the patience and persistency of a great leader can overcome them. Deep down in caverns cut from the solid rock the defenders of Trieste are trying to reorganise themselves after this great assault. They are defended by innumerable machine-guns, while their heavy artillery has been rushed back to heights from which it can bombard the lines which were lost. Veliki and Pecinka they now shell incessantly, and the great road to Comen is a death-trap for advancing troops. Upon their side the Italian reply with a vigour which "makes the very earth tremble," and have broken the glass of houses many miles from the scene.

It may be added that among the prisoners and booty captured on November 1st and 2nd, 1916, were 259 officers, ten 105 mm. howitzers with ammunition, two mountain guns, numerous machine-guns, and large quantities of the material of war. Of the unfortunate brigadier and his Staff we have already spoken. He will now be able to taste the rare wines and see the beautiful women of Italy. But it will be from the terrace of that prison wherein he and his must remain "for the period of the war."

Gates of Lombardy Locked and Barred to Austria

Back to billets after a spell in the trenches. Left: Making sure that the road is clear. Bersagliere watching a point past which his transport must move.

Second-line men of the Italian Army outside their quarters, situated in thick summer foliage on the hillside.



A new and deadly growth on the mountain side. Barbed-wire entanglements that flourished alongside the Lombard vine.

Type of rocket used by the Italians to illuminate the Austrian positions by night.

Vivid Pictures of the Great Italian Offensive

Italian Alpini taking observations in the Trentino to assist in regulating the fire of artillery.

Headquarters of a commandant of the Italian Army countering the Austrian Trentino offensive.

There is no more inspiring sight than an Italian charge on the enemy trenches.

Italian Alpini rush an Austrian position, capture machine-guns, and turn them against the enemy.

Grim War at Close Quarters in the Alps

Detachment of Italian engineers, all but surrounded by Austrians, succeeds in cutting its way out at the bayonet's point.

141st Italian Regiment of Infantry saving a battery of guns from an Austrian onslaught. Note the familiar steel helmet.

Vigorous Italian counter-attack in the environs of Monfalcone. The action suggested in the illustration is unusually effective.

Bombardment of Austrian positions along the Carso. A powerful mine has just been sprung beneath the enemy trenches.

Gorizia proved the power of Italian artillery. No other fortress involved in the v ar was more favourably situated, but Italian guns reduced it. They swept away a large military building, the debris of which is seen in this official illustration.

Many picturesque andmarks on the Italian front have met with the same fate as the Cloth Hall at Ypres. Mars rules with ruthless sceptre and respects nothing. Art, tradition, sentiment, all are wiped out on the plea of military necessity.

IN THE TRACK OF ITALIAN PROGRESS.—A creditable bridge erected, no doubt, in the course of a few hours, under enemy fire. One side of Monte Sabotino, which height figured prominently in the taking of Gorizia, rises sheer from the bridge-head.

Like the German dug-outs on the Somme, the Austrian "funk-holes" on Monte San Michele were reduced to debris. This fine impression, together with the other three photographs on this page, was secured by the Italian Official Photographer on the Isonzo front.

With the New Belgian Army

The dauntless army of King Albert was never so formidable as in the autumn of 1916. Remodelled and re-equipped, the new Belgian Army was able to keep back the German hordes facing the Yser, and owing to its improved artillery, to render the British and French armies on the western front very valuable and timely assistance. Scenes with the new Belgian Army engage us in the following pages.

COURAGE AND CALM.—A typical soldier of the new Belgian Army deeply interested in the Belgian woman busy lace-making, sitting with pillow and bobbins at her door as quietly as a lace-maker in the peaceful villages of South Devon.

LIVELINESS ON THE YSER.—Early in November, 1914, the Germans made terrific efforts to burst the thin Belgian line and gain Calais. They were never nearer a goal than that one. Only the most superhuman defence put up by men fatigued by continuous fighting since Liege stopped the grey charge. Since those gloomy hours the Belgian Army had been remodelled into formidable strength, and the enemy struck no vital blow in this sector. Save for occasional bombardments, such as is dramatically depicted in this photograph, the Belgian front enjoyed comparative calm. Note how the embankment has been consolidated with sandbags.

Belgians in Khaki and Steel Casques

Belgian machine-gun emplacement, with a special egress for the gunners in the foreground, to save exposure to enemy fire. Inset: Field telephone operator at work.

Part of the Belgian Army going up to the trenches, with mitrailleuse section in the foreground. Since they are supplied with khaki and steel helmets their uniforms are almost identical with those of the British. (Official photographs issued by the Belgian Government.)

THE WAR ALONG THE BELGIAN DUNES.— A striking snapshot of French Reserves on their way to relieve their gallant comrades holding the trenches at Nieuport. Although but little was heard of this important sector of the western battle-front, which embraced the Belgian sand-dunes and canals, our splendid ally month by month continued to hold the line against the enemy. Although bombarded incessantly by the enemy's big guns, these French heroes never yielded an inch of ground.

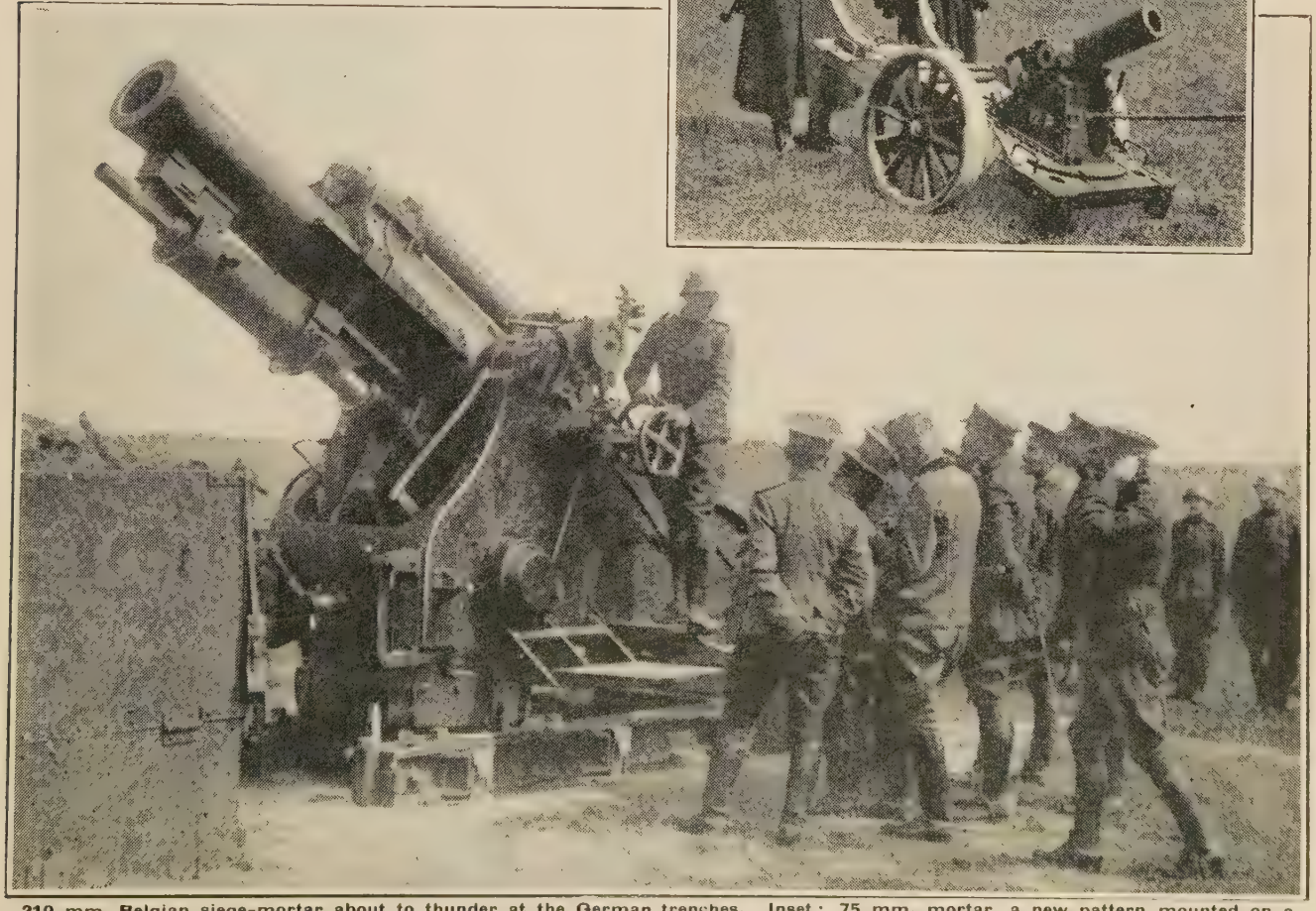
A steeplejack hero. Belgian soldier, who won two war medals, with captured German trench-knife.

To the front by horse carriage. A Belgian artillery observer about to set out on his dangerous duties in a Belgian cabriolet. He is seen saying good-bye to a regimental chaplain, who gives him his blessing.

A welcome burden. One of King Albert's heroes bringing in a machine-gun his company have captured from the Huns.

New Belgian Guns to Hasten Day of Reckoning

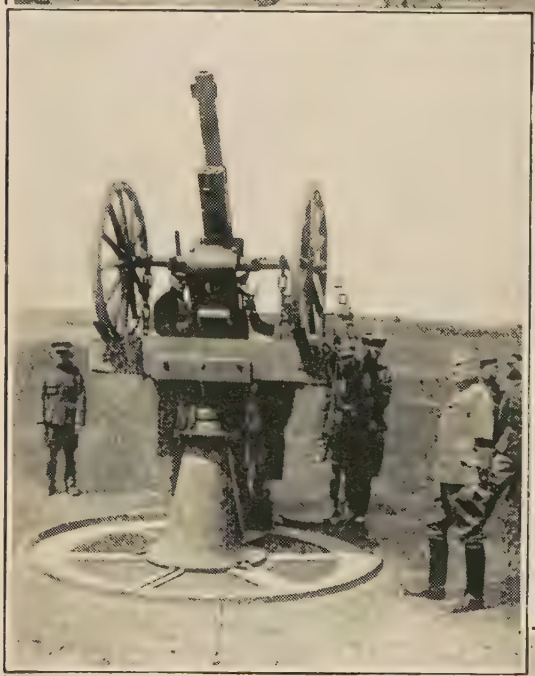
Battery of Belgian anti-aircraft guns, ingeniously mounted on revolving pivots. Mobility in gun-power is the great essential in combating air-raiders.



210 mm. Belgian siege-mortar about to thunder at the German trenches. Inset: 75 mm. mortar, a new pattern, mounted on a solidly constructed wooden hand-trolley.

Where Dune and Ocean Flank the Western Line

In the Belgian lines facing the Yser. This part of the line remained practically unchanged since October, 1914.



Battery of Belgian 75 mm. mortars in action among the dunes. Inset: 75 mm. quick-firer (used against enemy aircraft) mounted on a revolving pivot.

At the extreme end of the western battle-line. Belgian troops marching to the front along the seashore, hauling the new mortars with which King Albert's forces were equipped in the autumn of 1916.

More Belgian Troops to Swell the Rising Tide

Belgian recruits on a route march "Somewhere in France." Our gallant ally was never more hopeful of recovering her Fatherland than in the autumn of 1916.

Khaki-clad Belgian soldiers testing trench-mortars. Right: Belgian recruits in practice trenches.

Regiment of the new Belgian Army assembling at a training centre for a route march. Young, strong, and eager representatives of a valiant race, these new Belgian troops contributed their share to the relentless push.

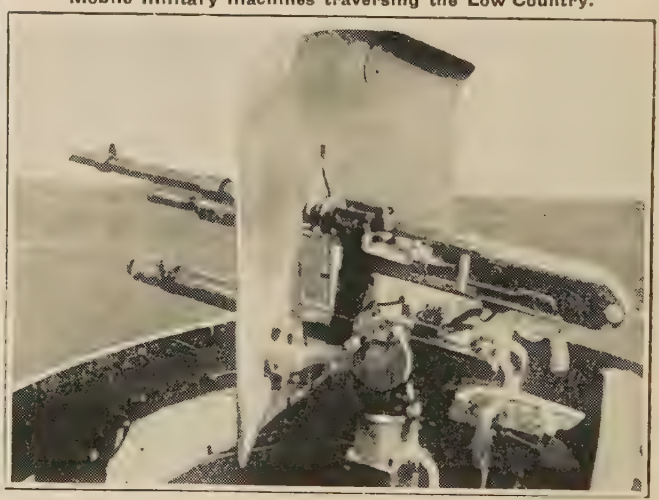
R 6

Belgian Armoured Cars: Precursors of the Tanks

Belgian Official Photographs

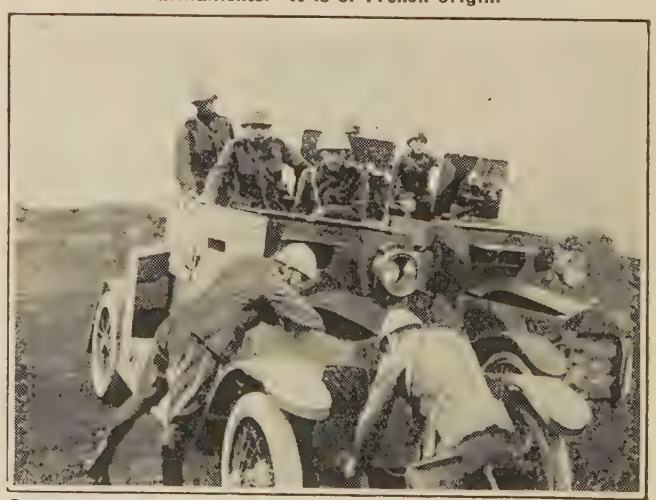
New armoured cars that helped in the reconquest of Belgium. Mobile military machines traversing the Low Country.

Each of these fleet vehicles is armed with a machine-gun, and carries three or four men.



Mitrailleuse, one of the most deadly yet delicate inventions in armaments. It is of French origin.

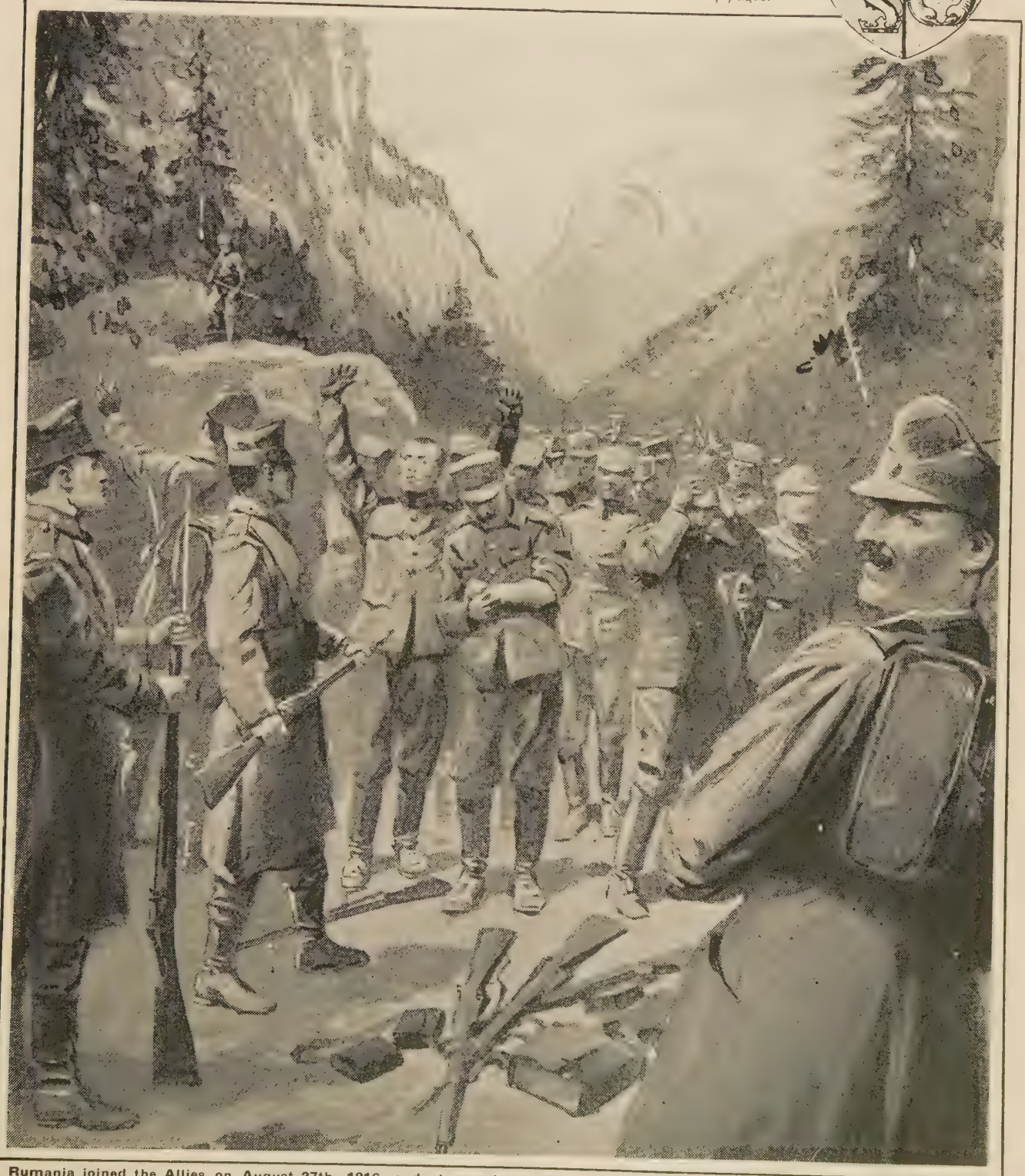
Heavy gun affixed to motor wheels. An interesting experiment which was hoped to have excellent results on the Belgian front.



Something wrong with the engine, but a few seconds' expert attention sufficed to set the mechanism in order again.

Eclipse of Rumania

While the great expectations aroused among the Allies by the entrance of Rumania into the war were not realised, they were not wholly vain. Our gallant ally fought desperately against overwhelming odds, and though by December 6th, 1916, her capital Bukarest had fallen to the foe, her hard-hit army still showed a fighting spirit. Articles and pictures describing Rumania's tragic days are to be found in the following pages.



Rumania joined the Allies on August 27th, 1916, and at once invaded Transylvania, where the Fourth Army Corps defeated and captured 800 officers and men of the Dual Monarchy in the mountain passes. Later, our ally had to retreat owing to the superiority of German artillery, and Bukarest fell on December 6th, 1916.

THE BALKAN STATES
English Miles
AUSTRIA-HUNGARY
RUSSIA
RUMANIA
BULGARIA
SERBIA
GREECE
TURKEY IN ASIA
BLACK SEA
ÆGEAN SEA
ITALY
ALBANIA
MONTE NEGRO
Vienna
Budapest
Belgrade
Bukharest
Sofia
Constantinople
Sea of Marmara
Smyrna
Athens
Naples
Odessa
Kherson
Trieste
Czernowitz
Jassy
Galatz
Serajevo
Mostar
Durazzo
Salonica
Dardanelles
Cattaro
Corfu
GALICIA
BUKOVINA
CZERNOWITZ
Kolomea
Kowerla
Kimpolung
Radautz
Suczawa
Dorohoi
Botosani
Jassy
Neamtu
Beszterczebanya
Kolozsvar
Maros Vasarhely
Nagy Enyed
Segesvar
Nagy Szeben
Hermannstadt
Kronstadt
Tarnava Mt.
Bakau
Tergul Ocna
Okna
Pietra
Roman
Negresti
Damienesti
Vaslui
Dokolina
Berlat
Tekuchu
Tokchany
Galatz
Ismail
Braila
Bazeu
Tulcea
Sulina
Babadagh
Dranova
Kilia Mouth
St. George's Mouth
MOUTHS OF THE DANUBE
Ployesti
Padiga
Bukharest
Pitesti
Rimnik
Rimnik-sarat
Focsani
Mandra Mt.
Negoi Mt.
Suriam Mt.
Retyezat Mt.
Buzeu
Slatina
Krajova
Negotin
Turnu Severin
Iron Gate
Orsova
Mehadia
Lugos
Temesvar
Nagy Kikinda
Nagy Becskerek
Arad
Makó
Hodmezo Vasarhely
Szegedin
Szabadka
Baja
Mohacs
Fünfkirchen
Pecs
Essek
Peterwardein
Semendria
Belgrade
Pozarevatz
Kragujevatz
Vidin
Rahovo
Alexinatz
Krushevatz
Nish
Novi Bazar
Rakosh Mt.
Irrot
Vratza
Sistova
Plevna
Rustchuk
Giurgevo
Alexandria
Turnu Magurele
Slatina
Karaka
Korabia
Portaresti
Skarisoara
Krushovu
Roshi de Vede
Prisiceni
Kalarash
Silistria
Rashova
Kobadin
Kustendji
Agigea
Tuzla
Mangalia
Ilanlik
Karapcha
C. Shabla
C. Kaliakra
Medjidji
Chernavoda
C. Midia
Topalo
Hirsova
Fetesti
Slobozia
Kiulnita
Tendara
Saftika
Spetchia
Urzikeni
Tirgovishte
Tirgoviste
Targoshte
Tirgu Jiu
Tirgu Mageru
Bazardjik (Dourtich)
Shumla
Razgrad
Popovo
Varna
Dobrudja
Bessarabia
Kishinev
Tiraspol
Bender
Akerman
Odessa
Yampol
Mohilev
Sorocki
Balta
Olviopol
Elisavetgrad
Nikolayev
Ananyiv
Byelzy
Orgeyev
Dubosary
Grigoriopol
Jassy
Tekuchu
Focsani
Rimnik
Braila
Galatz
Ismail
Bukharest
Ployesti
Kishinev
Odessa
Varna
Kustendji
Silistria
Rustchuk
Turnu Severin
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Nagy Kikinda
Nagy Becskerek
Arad
Makó
Hodmezo Vasarhely
Szegedin
Szabadka
Baja
Mohacs
Fünfkirchen
Pecs
Essek
Peterwardein
Semendria
Belgrade
Pozarevatz
Kragujevatz
Vidin
Rahovo
Alexinatz
Krushevatz
Nish
Novi Bazar
Rakosh Mt.
Irrot
Vratza
Sistova
Plevna

Ready to Strike in Freedom's Cause. Rumanian Infantry at exercise in the barracks yard at Bukarest.

Why Rumania Joined the Allies

By ROBERT MACHRAY

TO be perfectly frank, Rumania joined in the colossal conflict from the simplest, sincerest, and most universal of all human motives—self-interest. But while this is true, it is not by any means the whole truth, for in her case self-interest coincides, as it does not always nor even often, with the principles of justice and eternal right. When on Sunday, August 27, 1916, she declared war on Austria-Hungary, and thereby also declared that she took the side of the Allies, she was inspired by the conviction that the time was opportune for her to realise that which she long has desired.

Frank Statement of "Casus Belli"

What Rumania wants is such an extension of her territory as will include the people of her own race, known as the Rumanes, who live in that part of Hungary called Transylvania, and who for many years have groaned under the tyranny and oppression of the Magyars. And she finds a further justification of her action in the well-grounded belief that her definite appearance in the field at the present juncture will tend to hasten the end of the vast and terrible struggle which has shaken the world to its foundations.

In the interesting Note, which was handed to the Austro-Hungarian Minister at Bukarest after the Crown Council had come to its momentous decision, Rumania defines her attitude in the matter with refreshing candour. Towards the close of this remarkable document, which writes the first page of a new epoch in her history, she observes very accurately that the war raises the gravest problems affecting the national development and the very existence of States, and then goes on to say that "Rumania, from a desire to contribute in hastening the end of the conflict, and governed by the necessity of safeguarding her racial interest, sees herself forced to enter into line with those able to assure to her the realisation of the national unity." The expression "sees herself forced," with the regret it implies, comes naturally enough from her past position, first with respect to the alliance which subsisted between her and Germany, Austria, and Italy prior to the war, and secondly with regard to her special relations with the Dual Monarchy.

Before the Note was published it was widely supposed, rather than positively known, that Rumania had entered into some sort of treaty with the Central Powers and Italy, who in 1914 formed the Triple Alliance. This compact, she tells us, was essentially of a conservative and defensive character, its object being to guarantee security to the contracting parties against any attack from outside. When the war broke out both Italy and Rumania, rightly looking on the belligerency of Germany and Austria as distinctly aggressive, declined to endorse it, and refused to begin hostilities against the Entente Powers, but both still remained members—at any rate nominally—of the Triple Alliance, which only passed out of existence when Italy, in 1915, declared war on Austria.

The action of Italy, between whom and Rumania there always has been the greatest sympathy, put a new complexion on affairs, and it was from that time that Rumania began to hold the views which have led her to take the part of the Allies. The Note states in unmistakable language that when the Triple Alliance ceased to be, then the reasons which had determined her adherence to that political group also disappeared. Rumania, in fact, felt that she was no longer safe, and had to reconsider her position.

There was a good deal more than that in the case. For not only had Rumania regarded her agreement with the Triple Alliance as ensuring peace for herself from without, but she had thought of it as a pledge for the improvement of the lot of her kinsfolk, who were the subjects of the Dual Monarchy or, more precisely, of the Magyars of Hungary. The pledge, however, was not redeemed. No amelioration of the unhappy circumstances of the Rumanes of Transylvania occurred; their life was a burden to them. How matters stood cannot be phrased better than in the Note: "For a period of over thirty years the Rumanians of the Dual Monarchy not only never saw a reform introduced of a nature to give them even the semblance of satisfaction, but, on the contrary, they were treated as an inferior race, and condemned to suffer the oppression of a foreign element which forms only a minority in the midst of the diverse nationalities constituting the Austro-Hungarian States."

Austrian Tyranny Over the Rumanes

In Hungary, which has a population of upwards of twenty-one millions, that of Austria being about twenty-nine millions, there are over three millions of Rumanian blood. The Magyars number some ten millions, but many so-called Magyars are not of that race at all, and the real figure should be much smaller. In Transylvania, by the census of 1910, at least 55 per cent. of the people are Rumanian, as against 34 per cent. of Szeklers or Hungarians; the remainder is of Saxon origin, and not friendly to the Magyars.

According to the principle of "nationality," which is now so generally accepted, Transylvania ought to be Rumanian, or at least she should be governed by the Rumane majority. In her Note Rumania points out to Germany that her own unification was a recognition of this principle. At one time Transylvania had a Diet or Parliament, as her neighbour Croatia-Slavonia still has, but it was taken away from her by the Magyars. Though she has a franchise, and is technically in full political union with Hungary, her votes do not count, owing to the terrorism of the ruling caste as well as the ignorance in which the

[Continued on page 2398

WHY RUMANIA JOINED THE ALLIES (Contd. from page 2397)

great bulk of her people are kept, 70 per cent. being illiterates. They were scarcely treated as human beings.

It was small wonder, then, that the wrongs of these downtrodden and suffering Rumanes should create the most painful feeling in Rumania, and maintain between her and Austria-Hungary a continual state of animosity, which threatened every moment to disturb most seriously their good relations with one another. Being but a small Power, Rumania for the most part had to submit in silence to the miserable condition of her kin. At the outset of the war she had some hope that the Dual Monarchy would change its policy, but she was disappointed.

King Ferdinand of Rumania, who, though a Hohenzollern, listened to the voice of his people, and threw in his lot with the Allies in the cause of national integrity and the emancipation of the world from the evils of Teutonic aggression.

Two years of war had proved that Austria-Hungary, hostile to all domestic reform that might benefit the peoples she governed, showed herself, to quote from the Note once more, "as prompt to sacrifice them as she was powerless to defend them against external attacks." Thus Rumania broke her silence, and said what was in her mind, but which for obvious reasons she was unable to give utterance to before. Her day had now come, and with it that of her oppressed nationals in Transylvania, whose frontier passes she has so quickly penetrated to join issue with their oppressors.

Rumania had yet another cause for declaring war on Austria and adhering to the Entente Powers. Properly speaking, she is not one of the Balkan States, but her contiguity to them, and the march of recent events in that region, have brought her well within their orbit. By the Second Balkan War, which was speedily and effectually terminated by her intervention, she gained a small slice of territory from Bulgaria. In her view—though, of course, not in that of Bulgaria—this acquisition rectified her frontier, giving her greater security against aggression, and at the same time repaired the injustice, as she considered it, that had been done to her by the Congress of Berlin. Now Bulgaria was the pet and the protégée at that time of Austria, who had egged her on to fight her former allies. It must be remembered that it was Austria, and not Germany so much, that cast her shadow over the Balkans just then, and embodied the *Drang nach Osten*; and Austria made Rumania feel her intense displeasure with what had been meted out to Bulgaria.

A new situation arose when Austria went to war with Serbia in July, 1914. The Balkans again were thrown into turmoil, and the whole position of affairs in that area became disquieting to Rumania. She was well aware of the ideas respecting Serbia which were held by Austrians and Hungarians alike, and dreaded the revenge they would wreak upon that brave but unfortunate country. Her fears were to be amply justified, but at the outset of the war she asked Austria to say what were her intentions with regard to Serbia, and Rumania now specifically asserts that she imposed neutrality on herself in consequence of the assurances she then received that Austria was not inspired by the spirit of conquest, and had absolutely no territorial gains in view. As all the world knows, these assurances were not realised. In spite of a glorious resistance, which drove back in crushing defeat three invasions of her soil, hapless Serbia, insufficiently aided by the Allies, was overwhelmed in the end, and her land has been apportioned between Austria and Bulgaria. Such is the value of the pledged word of Austria.

The True Example of Italy

No doubt Rumania reflected that there were other Powers whose word was to be trusted, but with Austria triumphant, Bulgaria swollen and exultant, and Serbia blotted out—temporarily, as we all know—from the roll of the nations, she had to take stock of her position very seriously. Earlier she had before her eyes, so that she could not help seeing, the general success, as should be admitted, of the Central Powers in the field last summer and autumn, which committed Ferdinand of Bulgaria and his people to the German programme.

No one was better informed of the tremendous losses of Russia than Rumania. The one bright beam that shone like a beacon for her was the breaking away of Italy from the Triple Alliance. Still earlier, when the war looked less dark for the Allies, as when Russia was victorious in Galicia, she was urged by many, even of her own leaders, to throw in her lot with the Entente Powers. All the while she was courted or threatened, according to the look of things, by the Central Powers, but she bided her time. Her position was extremely delicate, and even critical. She could expect little or no help from Russia, and practically she was surrounded on all sides by the enemies of the Allies.

Rumania and the Winning Card

The great fact remains that, in spite of all temptations, notwithstanding all menaces, she did not stand in with Germany. For one thing, the majority of her people had no love for the Germans, but liked France and Italy; and for another, her King, though he was a Hohenzollern, and had been a Prussian soldier, put the interests of Rumania, his adopted country, before everything—to his everlasting honour be it said. Most of all, her destinies were mainly in the strong grasp of a remarkable man, M. Bratiano, her Prime Minister. Calm and infinitely patient, moving slowly or not at all, he weighed events, and waited. It is easy now to see the influences working on him and where his sympathies lay, but he had to be sure not to make any mistake. It was a matter of life or death to Rumania.

Apart from the impossibility of realising her national ideals through Austria and Germany, Rumania's final decision must have depended largely on the four factors which have caused the red tide of war to turn. These are the failure of the Germans at Verdun, the raising of large British armies ensured by compulsory service, the resurgence of Russia and her great success in Volhynia, Galicia, and Bukovina during the summer of 1916, and the Franco-British offensive on the Somme, all of which had combined to take the initiative from Germany and leave her everywhere on the defensive. The concentration of huge forces of the Allies at Salonika must also have had some effect. M. Bratiano at last was satisfied, and Rumania was in the field with her hundreds of thousands of soldiers, every one of whom knew why she had joined in the war, and was keen to fight the thing through.

Stirring Incident in Rumania's Desperate Fight

In spite of the terrible inventions of science, many simple devices have proved, in emergency, far deadlier than the greatest gun or the most powerful mine. Frequently in the Vosges and Alps Allied soldiers scored a triumph by rolling huge boulders down on to the unsuspecting foe. A striking instance of this primitive method of campaigning is reported from the Rumanian front. Our gallant ally scored a notable victory in the mountains by hurling casks of burning naphtha into the Austro-Germans. This ruse disorganised the enemy ranks, which were thereupon routed by the Rumanian infantry at the point of the bayonet.

King Ferdinand at the Rumanian Headquarters

King Ferdinand of Rumania at the wheel of his military automobile. Next to him is the Crown Prince. Inset: The King's bodyguard lined up outside the Rumanian Staff headquarters.

King Ferdinand's shooting-box, which constituted the headquarters of the Rumanian armies. His Majesty, in a stirring Order of the Day, praised the valour of the Army, and bade each man stand firm and yield no territory to the foe.

Rumanian Royalties and Representative Men

KING FERDINAND OF RUMANIA, born 1865; succeeded to the throne October 10th, 1914.

M. J. J. C. BRATIANO, Prime Minister and Minister of War, an ardent supporter of the pro-Ally policy.

M. TAKE JONESCU, Leader of the Rumanian Opposition, but an enthusiastic pro-Ally statesman.

QUEEN MARIE OF RUMANIA, born 1875; daughter of H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh.

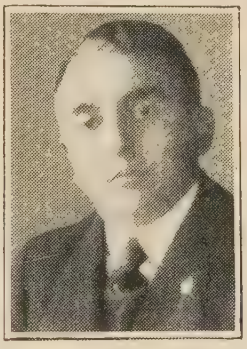
M. N. FILIPESCU, Leader of the Conservative Party and former Minister of War.

M. EMIL PORUMBARO, Minister for Foreign Affairs when war broke out.

General AVARESCU, Commander-in-Chief of the Rumanian Army. He fought in the Russo-Turkish and Balkan Wars.

General CULCER, a distinguished soldier, who was appointed to the command of the Fifth Army Corps.

General T. POPOVICS, An eminent leader.



M. B. ANTONESCU, Minister of Justice.

PRINCE CAROL OF RUMANIA, Crown Prince; born at Sinaia, October 3rd, 1893.

General COANDA, formerly Inspector of Cavalry and A.D.C. to the late King.

General PRESAN, appointed to the command of the Third Army Corps.

PRINCESS ELIZABETH OF RUMANIA, eldest daughter of the King and Queen of Rumania.

Watched and Tracked

Foiling a Turkish Spy at Constanza

By BASIL CLARKE

RUMANIA'S entry into the war will no doubt put a stop to the undesirable activities of numerous gentlemen—German, Austrian, and Turkish—who for the last two years or so have lived in Rumania for the purpose of gleaning all the secrets, military, diplomatic, and other, that they could find for the private use of the countries that employed them. These gentry, in short, were spies. Nor did they confine their attentions to Rumania and Rumanians alone, but, as became good servants of their masters, they pried into everything that might by any possible crook have any bearing on the war and the countries engaged in it. As British newspaper correspondents were not over common in Rumania, and as they might reasonably be expected to be putting themselves in the way of getting news, the spies gave them a good deal of attention.

I found, for instance, that my own ways and doings in Bukarest were followed by these folk with a most flattering interest. Little escaped them. My movements, and even my meals in cafés and restaurants, were under their closest surveillance. Did I call on a Rumanian statesman for information or guidance, a spy was pretty sure to be in the neighbourhood. Even my order for afternoon tea at the Café Capsa (the great fashionable café of Bukarest) was listened to as though it might shed light on some great diplomatic secret. I grew in time quite used to one or two particular faces, not always nice ones, that occurred and recurred no matter where I went.

Searching My Pockets

And besides following me about day and night, these people or their agents took occasional peeps into my luggage when I was away from my hotel, and felt in pockets of clothes hanging in my room wardrobe. All these things I discovered by various careful and cunning tests. You can be sure that I left unguarded nothing that would help them, though a good deal of "secret information" which I had concocted for their edification and left where it could be found by them was no doubt carefully copied into pocket-books and duly forwarded to the Kaiserliche Secret Service Bureau.

All this sort of thing was very amusing, till such times arose as I did not wish to be seen by agents of the enemy, and then it became a trial between their wits and mine as to whether I should do my business unseen by them or not.

It so happened that things Rumanian became pretty slack so far as news to send to England was concerned, and as the British landing in Gallipoli had just been effected, and all the world at home was agog for news of it and of Constantinople behind, I thought I would see if I could not get some news of Constantinople. So one fine day, taking all the care I could to give my spies the slip, I took train from Bukarest to Constanza, which is a Rumanian watering-place and a port of some importance on the coast of the Black Sea.

News from Constantinople

And here for a day or two I observed the shipping, looking out with especial care for any ship bound for Constantinople and back again. Eventually a ship so bound made its appearance. I sounded with some care the feelings of certain members of its crew, and finally bartered with one of the most intelligent of them (not a Rumanian), that for sundry pieces of gold he should take careful mental note of things in Constantinople when his ship got there and, returning, tell them to me. This man, an officer, said that without the gold he would willingly do this, for he was as anxious to see the Entente win the war as anyone. Still, gold was gold, and a sailor's pay was sailors' pay—no better than it ought to be. So we shared a bottle of Rumanian wine at a café over the bargain.

As we drank it, a sudden shifting of the eye of a solid-looking Turk sitting near us suggested to me at the time that he was more interested in us than he cared to appear. The foreigner who stares at you frankly is generally harmless enough, for it is noticeable as one travels round the world that the only people who show no curiosity about their fellow-men are British people. But when a foreigner stares at you and then takes some pains to hide his interest, it is a suspicious sign. This man never looked at us again, but went on fingering his little string of amber beads (as is the habit of Turks) with the best appearance of unconcern. I was suspicious, and from that moment realised that my sitting in a public place with a sailor bound for Constantinople was a mistake.

My sailor's ship was due back from Constantinople, I remember, on a Saturday afternoon, and I was down at the quay in good time to see it arrive. So also was friend Turk from the café, though he, for some queer reason, seemed to find it more agreeable to stand out of sight of the incoming ship behind a pile of merchandise on the quay. This looked significant; but more significant still was the look which my friend the mate of the ship gave me from his station near the bow hawsers of the boat as she was coming up to the quayside. It was no more than a look, half a second, maybe, but most clearly and emphatically it said, "Keep clear—something's in the wind!"

I remained by the quay as long as I thought was warranted by an apparently idle curiosity to see the ship land, and then went back up the town. There are only one or two nice cafés in Constanza, and they are all next door to one another. Everyone goes to his café sooner or later, so I knew I should meet my sailor there.

I ordered a "grenadine" from the waiter and waited. An hour passed. Then a little Turkish boy slipped into the café with a note. A moment later my waiter handed it to me. "See you in your hotel during dinner-time to-night," it ran. "Leave note in hall-rack addressed M. Roumali" (a fictitious name), "giving number of your bed-room. Be in it, and be careful you are not watched."

The Ubiquitous "Mr. Turk"

I had no sooner read the note, torn it up, and put the pieces in my pocket ready to throw away later, than up came the Turk. He sat at a table five yards from me and ordered a drink. Soon I rose, paid for my "grenadine," and left the café. I turned round just before entering my hotel, and sure enough "Turk" was behind. I had lunch. He was outside when I came out again. This would never do. He must not be about at night-time. How was I to shake him off? The idea came. I sauntered through the town, gazing now and again at shop-windows. He followed a hundred yards behind. Past the post-office and up the hill I took him by the most leisurely walking till we were well on the outskirts of the town, and out of reach of all cabs—for the presence of a cab would have defeated my plans utterly. And then I began to walk my hardest. I walked and walked till I had nearly lost him, and then, giving him just time to get in sight of me again, I walked on and on.

If there is one thing your Turk hates more than another it is walking. Yet he dare not let me out of sight. For all he knew I might have an appointment at one or other of these little wayside public-houses. He plodded on. He was a stoutly-built Turk. It was a broiling hot day, too, though possibly I felt the heat more than he. We walked eight solid kilometres along that dusty road, and a solid eight back again. And I had not spoken to a soul.

It was evening and nearly dinner-time when I walked into Constanza's main street again, my Turk waddling, footsore and weary, behind. I walked past the cafés and on towards my hotel, waiting for a moment in the cover of a gateway to see what happened to the Turk. As I had

[*Continued on page* 2404

Rumania's Valiant Effort to Hold the Enemy

Rumanian artillery arriving at a new part of the front. Inset: Reinforcements move up to relieve their hard-pressed comrades.

Rumanian infantry in ambush. In the background are the Transylvanian mountains, while the foreground, with its profuse grass and wealth of trees, gives an idea of the fertile country against which the Central Empires concentrated their united strength.

WATCHED AND TRACKED

(Continued from page 2402)

expected, he stopped at the café—literally dropping into one of the seats on the pavement outside it. He was done up. I should be safe from him for some time, at all events.

In my hotel everyone was at dinner. I hurried upstairs, and found the sailor sitting on my bed. He had taken my note from the rack in the hall, and come upstairs without being seen.

"Oh, a nice time I've had!" was his first remark. "I've been followed from start to finish. No sooner did our ship leave Constanza than a wretched little Turkish warship hove in sight and boarded us. When we got to the Bosphorus we were boarded and searched again. They went through my cabin with a small-tooth comb, so to speak, and left never a paper or letter or book unsearched. At Constantinople we were boarded again and overhauled. There was nothing incriminating; but even then they did not seem to be satisfied, and they again searched me from top to toe. There's a Turk on the ship now, and I'm sure he's there to watch me. I've had a job to give him the slip."

The sailor had been in Constantinople for three days, and though he was followed almost everywhere he went, the Turks did not stop him from going about and seeing all there was to be seen. He had seen the Turkish and German wounded being brought home from the Dardanelles, also the warships Goeben and Breslau, about which everyone was talking; also the big ship, moored a hundred yards or more from the shore at Constantinople, in which the German Staff made their headquarters (the German Staff in Constantinople have always seemed to prefer to be housed where they are safe from surprise attack by any hostile crowd).

When the day came for the boat to leave for Constanza a file of Turkish soldiers under a German officer came on board, and once more searched the ship high and low. My sailor was taken to his cabin and stripped stark naked. Not only were his clothes looked through, even to the linings, but his body itself was searched. Fortunately, they could not look into his brain, or they might have seen interesting little details about Constantinople that he was bringing home for me—material from which I wrote an interesting article to be telegraphed home to England. The point was how to get it away. I suspected that nothing in the Constanza post-office was sacred from the eyes of these spies, and that anything I wrote would get to their knowledge one way or another. So I wrote two articles. The first was a harmless thing about war-time shipping on the Black Sea; the other described the things in Constantinople which my friend had told me.

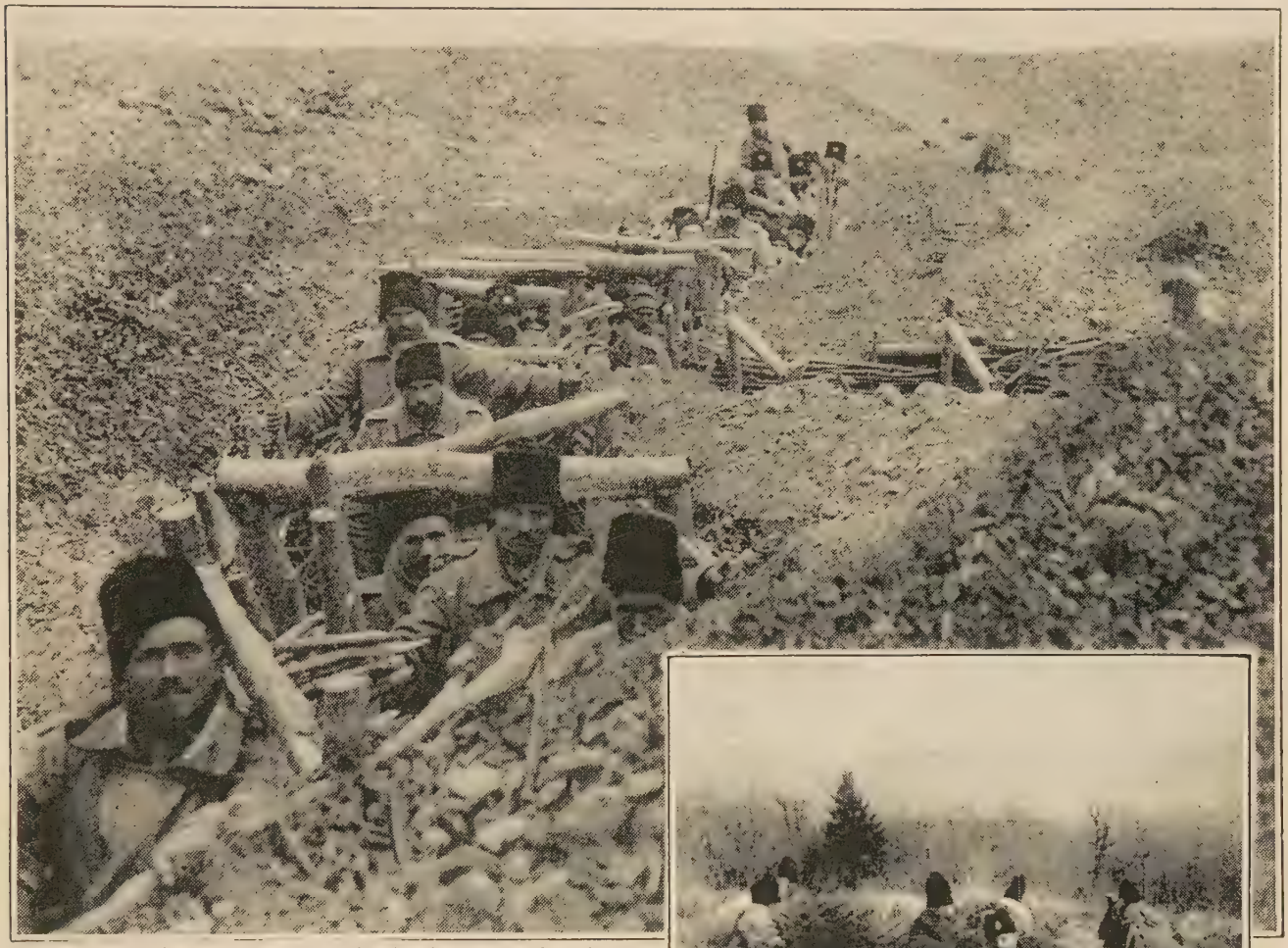
Treachery at the Post-Office

It was dark when I left my hotel. My spy was not far from the front door. Sure enough he followed me up to the post-office. The post-office itself was shut, but I took my message up to the wire-room, which is always open, came away, and after waiting five minutes, went back into the post-office. "Turk" was in the wire-room, looking at some papers. When he saw me staring at him he dropped the papers. Then he left. I made no doubt that he had been reading what I had written. If "Turk" read my wire about shipping on the Black Sea it must have bored him greatly. My other telegram went by registered post to a friend in Dorohoi, and was despatched from there with a wire saying, "Ignore my Constanza telegram."

Next day I went for a long walk from Constanza. My Turk saw me go, but did not attempt to follow.

Trench mortars in action in the region of Tahure. They fire a formidable shell that explodes with a terrific noise. Inset: Army supply waggons on service behind the front line on the Meuse, where all the trains were employed solely in the transport of munitions.

Rumanians' Vain Defence of Their Fatherland



Rumanian soldiers who resemble Siberian troops passing along a communication-trench in the vicinity of their hard-pressed front.

Fighting in a wood from a wattled entrenchment, which gives the position the appearance of a pen. A wounded soldier is being attended by a Red Cross doctor. Inset: A pastor who takes up his position with his flock in the first line.

My Adventures as a War Correspondent

The Greatest Butcher of the War

An Adventure with an Austrian Spy in Bukovina

By BASIL CLARKE

"DINNER? Yes, domnule (sir). There is stewed chicken and olives and marmalega to-night."

The landlady of the little Rumanian inn repeated her stock menu with an enthusiasm I could hardly share; for stewed chicken (of the wiry Rumanian peasant breed) when eaten for meal after meal, day after day, is apt to prove wearying fare, even though mitigated by olives and maize pudding—which are excellent.

Still, I was lucky to get anything at all, I realised, in this heart of remoteness, and I leaned back in my chair and waited with as good heart and appetite as might be the coming of my old—and oft-tried—friend the chicken.

What a poor little place it was! The paraffin lamp on my table was the only lighting. It threw flickering rays upon the bare floor of rough-hewn boards and on walls made of mud and logs covered with a drab motley of many different paperings. A door led from this room into the back room of the house—my bed-room. Another door, with glass panels, led to the common room of the inn. You went, I remember, down a little steep stairway of five steps—almost a ladder—to get to it, and once down this ladder the floor boards gave out and you walked on Mother Earth—or on mud if the weather were wet. In this room was another paraffin lamp, and round the mud walls were two wooden benches. On them sat Rumanian peasants in their tall, pointed hats of astrakhan fur, quietly drinking their rye snaps from little cone-shaped glasses. Big, dark-eyed fellows they were; friendly enough to an Englishman, and always willing to bid him the time of day. But bad fellows for anyone to "get across" with, nevertheless.

The Sociable Austrian Officer

As I sat back in my chair, rather tired after a heavy day in the mud and half-melted snow—for the thaw had set in—and listened dreamily to the faint hum of these peasant voices, the glass-panelled door opened and someone stood behind me. I thought it was the landlady, and did not turn. But someone took three military strides and stood stiff before me. He was in uniform, but without sword or revolver. I recognised in a flash the green-grey cloth. It was an Austrian officer.

My heart gave a twitch on its bedplate, because for days, over in the Bukovina, not far away, I had been dodging Austrian patrols, and it did not occur to me for an instant that an Austrian, enemy though he might be, dare not touch me here on neutral territory—in Rumania. Startled though I was, I sat quite still.

"n' Abend!" (good-evening) he said in German.

"n' Abend!" I replied coldly, wondering what he wanted.

"Wiegner," he replied, saluting and clicking his heels together.

I looked at him in surprise.

"Wir kann verkehren zuzammen, nicht wahr?" (We can chat—or associate—together, can't we?), he said smilingly.

And then suddenly I remembered the German and Austrian custom of introducing oneself by name to people one meets in public places, with a view to talking together.

"We are on Neutral Territory"

Here was a curious little quandary! As an Englishman, at war with Austria, and as one who had been chased by Austrian patrols not many days previously, I had no particular keenness to hobnob with this fellow. He stood waiting an answer.

"But," I answered, "what if I tell you that I am English?"

"So?" he replied in surprise. "Pah!" he added—waving his hand—"we are on neutral territory. What does it matter?"

I thought it over. I had in my pocket a special permit given to me by M. Basil Mortzun, the Rumanian Minister of the Interior, permitting me, as an English journalist, to remain on the Rumanian-Bukovina frontier. Rumania's feelings for Austria at that time were too well known to me to leave room for doubt what would be the opinion of the simple Rumanian peasants of the frontier, or even of the officials, if an Englishman were seen hobnobbing with one of the hated Austrian officers. It would be misunderstood entirely. I should be trusted no longer—and rightly.

"I am sorry," I said to him at length. "I think in the circumstances it would be better if we kept apart. Our association might be misunderstood, both in your own case as well as mine."

He paused a moment, then sniggered and turned away.

The landlady brought in my meal.

"Another table!" he ordered sharply. She found one from my bed-room behind. He drew a chair to it and sat down noisily. "Wine!" he shouted. I went on with my meal quietly. So we sat for perhaps five minutes. Then the door behind me opened again.

"Come to this table, comrade," said the officer pointedly to some new-comer. "You'll get a better welcome."

Dining with the Enemy

A stranger walked into the room. He, too, was an Austrian officer, but before I could take stock of his face he was sitting down at the table with his back towards me. I could note only his round, heavy shoulders and the curiously livid scarlet of his short, bull neck. They talked in whispers. Once I caught the words "verfluchter Englander" (cursed Englishman) from Wiegner, and gathered that the new-comer was hearing of my little passage with his colleague.

It was a strained position, and my company did not add to the interest of that chicken and maize. But at length there was a clattering on the wooden stairs leading to the room, and in came three Rumanian friends of mine. They were the Customs officer, the Frontier doctor (an official appointed by the State), and the Chief of Police of the district.

They were in great excitement. After one long and indignant stare at the Austrians at the other table, they sat by me and began to whisper into my ears something of what was stirring them so deeply. On my left the doctor, in French, and on my right the police-officer, in German, were pouring out some burning story in which one word, a name, was ever recurring. That name was "Klappa." And at every repetition of the name they nodded head or finger towards the Austrian officer whose back and beef-red neck were turned towards us. "Klappa, the bloody Klappa, the murderer Klappa, the hangman Klappa, the greatest butcher of the war Klappa," had had the effrontery to cross the Rumanian frontier and was sitting there before me. Had I ever heard the like? Could flesh and blood stand so much as having that ruffian, that murderer of good Rumanians, sitting there in peace on Rumanian soil drinking Rumanian wine?

Spy-Hunter and Executioner

So they sped on in their excitable Rumanian way. But let me translate into cold English the facts they breathlessly retailed to me about that man with the blood-red neck who was sitting there quietly with his back to us.

Of all the names most hated in Rumania that of Klappa comes an easy first. The simple peasant soldiers spit when they repeat it.

Klappa was once an Austrian *schutzmann*, which in plain English is "policeman." When called to the Colours as a private, he won promotion to the rank of lieutenant for his callous zeal in persecuting the Rumanian inhabitants of Austrian Bukovina and denouncing them as Russian spies. Later he became a sort of spy-hunter in chief to his command, and added to this inglorious function that of executioner; he presided over the gibbet, upon which scores of innocent Rumanians were done to death.

[*Continued on page 2408*

With Rumania Struggling Against the Teutons

Rumanian cavalry on parade. The Rumanian cavalry are armed with the Mannlicher carbine, the infantry with the Mannlicher magazine rifle ·256, the horse and field artillery with the Krupp quick-firing gun of 75 mm.

Rumanian infantry and (right) a type of Rumanian cavalryman. The Rumanian Field Army contains about 290,000 men, and forty battalions and nine batteries of second-line troops. The force mobilised for the Great War numbered 600,000 men.

Rumanian cavalry in action with a Maxim gun and (right) Rumanian infantry entrenched with a Maxim. Universal service is compulsory. Rumania was the tenth civilised State to enter the alliance against the Kaiser and the imposition of Kultur on the world.

GREATEST BUTCHER OF THE WAR (Contd. from page 2406)

"And five Austrian marks," whispered the doctor angrily, "was the blood-money he earned for each 'spy' hanged. He saw to it that the list of victims did not fail, and that few escaped his rope."

The Austrians, you remember, were driven out of Czernovitz—the capital of the Bukovina, and a town only seven miles from my little inn—by the Russians, who in turn were driven out again by the Austrians. And this capturing and recapturing of the city happened several times. Whenever the Austrians recaptured the city their first task was to seek out for punishment Rumanian citizens of the town, whom they accused of helping the Russians while they occupied it. Klappa presided over this dirty work. Simple Rumanians were hanged on evidence which in any decent court of justice would not have "hanged a flea," as the saying goes. To have given a Russian soldier a glass of beer or to have sold him a packet of chocolate—even when he might have taken it by force had he been refused—was crime enough for which to hang a Rumanian.

"An old peasant," said the police-officer, "for having driven in his cart a Russian officer who ordered him to give him a lift, was hanged by that brute Klappa for 'helping the Russians.'" A café proprietor, at whose café some Russian soldiers had ordered drinks, was taken away and hanged on the same ridiculous plea. "Any Austrian wastrel," whispered the doctor, "could go to Lieutenant Klappa and say, 'That Rumanian helped the Russians,' and the Rumanian was hanged without more ado. And Klappa pocketed his 'five marks a time,' and gloated in his victims' faces. The butcher! Yes," said the doctor, finishing his excited and angry narrative, "and that man over there is Klappa, the biggest butcher of the war."

His angry whispering had become a little louder in his excitement, and Klappa must have heard the last words, for his neck took even a deeper shade of red, and he slowly turned his heavy shoulders and faced us.

Hangman of Innocent Peasants

The phrase "a shudder of horror" is often used loosely and in exaggeration, but some such shudder passed through me on first seeing that face. It was much the same colour as his neck, but suffused about the cheeks with a purple tinge. His nose was long and cruel. His mouth, but ill-hidden by a ragged, dark moustache, was big and irregular, with great purple lips. His eyes, lying deep underneath a blotchy forehead that sloped obliquely into a black touzle of oily, overhanging hair, were of a browny green, suggesting to me the green film that lies on the top of some brown oils. The right eye had a slight squint and looked awry. Never have I seen such a face. My notes, written the following day, say of it, "Search among all the gargoyles of Europe and you will hardly find such a hideous face."

"Yes, I am Lieutenant Klappa," he said threateningly.

No one took any notice.

"I came over the frontier to buy a few cigarettes and a drink," he went on in a more whining tone, "and this is what I get."

He paused, and then a hideous smile, which may possibly have been intended to be friendly, passed his lips. "Why can't you come over here and have a drink together, all friendly?" he asked with a leer.

"With you?" said the doctor, jumping to his feet with flashing eyes. "My God, I can't even sit in the same room with you!" He seized his hat and hurried out.

The Butcher in a Tight Corner

"Thank you, we'll stop over here," said the police-officer coldly. The Austrian shrugged his heavy shoulders and turned his back. A moment later he jumped to his feet again, his heavy fist clenched, his cruel eyes blazing with rage.

"If you Rumanian swine think——" he began, and then he stopped short and stared as though petrified at something he saw at the door of the room. I turned and looked. At one of the glass panels of the door, dimly revealed by the light of our lamp, was a dark face surmounted by a tall hat of astrakhan fur. It was one of the peasants of the inn's public room, and with a glance which could have no two meanings he was fixing Klappa with his coal-black eyes.

More tall hats of astrakhan came beside the first—hats shaped like dunces' caps, but with dark and angry faces beneath them. And to leave no doubt as to what the peasants were looking at, the door opened slightly, and, carried in on the hiss of their eager whispering, came the one word "Klappa!" Hate and rage—both were expressed in that word, for every peasant in Rumania knew of Klappa the Butcher.

Klappa stood staring for a minute, and then his colleague touched him on the sleeve. "Sit," he said anxiously; for he knew, just as well as Klappa and the rest of us knew, why the peasants were so angrily interested.

Klappa sat, his face once more turned away from the glass door. But as he sat the window came within his gaze. Outside, dimly silhouetted against the snow on a neighbouring cottage roof, and against the deep purple of a night sky, were more big hats of astrakhan fur, and under the first of them, just appearing over the level of the window ledge, were a pair of savage black eyes into which the lamp of our room threw yet an angrier glitter.

Angry Eyes and Rough Voices

"Curses!" said Lieutenant Wiegner. "The swine are all round the place."

Klappa turned anxiously to the door, then to the window again. Then his eyes took a quick look round the room as though looking for any other means of exit. His fingers twitched in their hold on his chair-back. The blood ran black in the big veins of his hand. He was scared. His face twitched with fright.

"I come over the frontier without arms," he began in a whining appeal to us, "and this is what I get."

"Klappa!" "Klappa the Butcher!" (the shouts were translated for me later) came floating in through the door on the crest of the ever-growing hum of peasants' voices.

Then from the second crowd about the window came, like an echo, the same shout: "Klappa the Butcher!" followed by the significant words (as new-comers were told the news), "We've *got* him in here!"

Faces jostled one another at the window for a peep at him. Klappa's eyes glared round the room like those of some hunted animal. His blotchy forehead began to glisten with sweat.

The door opened farther. Such was the press of peasants behind the first man that he had been pushed into the room. (If you knew the timid modesty and deference of the Rumanian peasantry towards people a little better off or a little better educated than themselves, it would help you to realise the stress these men must have been under to make them invade the privacy of the "better room" in this way.)

Klappa's Timely Escape

Their remarks were now plainly audible through the open door. They wanted Klappa, Klappa the Butcher. Had he been among them they would have torn him limb from limb. They hesitated as yet to root him out of the sanctuary of the "better room." But they were gradually coming nearer and nearer. Two men already stood within the room itself, and others were pressing behind. It could not last much longer.

Klappa realised this as well as anyone. His craven and flinching eyes were going round the room and from side to side. His face had gone a dark purple, like his lips. His forehead was wet. Then with a snarl, like some hunted animal's, he jumped to his feet. In two strides he had crossed the room and entered the little room where I slept. There was a bang as its tiny window was slid aside, and when I walked into the room not ten seconds later it was empty; he had gone.

With a howl of rage the peasants sped from the room, out of the inn door and round into the maize fields behind. Their infuriated shouts came fainter and fainter over the snow.

They never got him. He had run across the fields, waded through a little stream that divides Austria from Rumania at this point, and so got back to the Austrian lines. His coat and helmet were carried back for him by his colleague.

"Tell Klappa," said one peasant to him in German, as he left, "that Rumania is not healthy for him. He'd better not come again."

Events in the Balkans

The Balkan area of operations was full of dramatic events in the autumn of 1916, as the following pages amply prove. The remodelled Serbian Army made a great stride forward to recovering its overrun territory, and along with the French recaptured Monastir. In addition, Russia and Italy supplied contingents to General Sarrail's splendid army based on Salonika. The setting up of a Provisional Government by the great statesman, M. Venizelos, proved an event of the first importance.

GETTING BUSY AT SALONIKA.—Landing a huge gun on the quay at the Greek port. The weapon was partially dismantled before being "dropped over the side," suspended on powerful steel hawsers. The barrel of the weapon is seen lying on the quay.

ADRIATIC SEA
ÆGEAN SEA
SERBIA
BULGARIA
ALBANIA
MACEDONIA
THRACE
CHALCIS
GULF OF SALONIKA
GULF OF CASSANDRA
GULF OF HAGION ORDS
GULF OF ERISOS
GULF OF RENDINA OR ORFANO
GULF OF KAVALLA
VALONA BAY
DURAZZO BAY
SCUTARI
Lake Scutari
PRIZREN
KUMANOVA
ÜSKÜB (SKOPLYE)
KÖPRULÜ (VELES)
ISHTIB
KYUSTENDIL
PHILIPPOPOLIS
Tatar Bazarjik
Stanimak
Razlog
Dovlen
Bashmakli
Nevrokop
Melnik
STRUMITSA
DEMIRHISSAR
SERES
DRAMA
ESKEJE
KAVALLA
THASOS
SALONIKA
Karatova
Kochana
Jumaa-ı-Bala
Egri Palanka
Gradets
PERLEPE (PRILEP)
Krushevo
Krchova
Debra
Gostivar
Kalkandelen
Tetovo
Kriva Palanka
Kratovo
Kamenicha
Charevo
Simitli
Dospat Dagh
Pirin Pl.
Rhodope Mts.
Balkan Mts.
Mesta-Karasu
Belashitsa Planina
Pangaeus
Kilindir
Doiran
L. Doiran
Gevgeli
Karasuli
Mayadag
MONASTIR
Ostrovo
VODENA
Florina
Biklishta
Kastoria
Verria
Yahyali
Venidje Vardar
Gida
Kulakia
Langaza
L. Beshik
Rendina
Orfano
Neohori
Porna
Angista
Pravishta
Lake Tahinos
Nigrita
Serres
Ziliahovo
Doksat
Komarian
Prosenik
Kukush
Ayvat Hissar
Eshik Dagh
Ayvatli
Top
Livanovon
Polygyros
Kara Burun
Platamona
Papadopouli
Elassona
Makrokhôrion
Aggia
Tyrnavos
Larisa
Isourmakli
Velestinon
Volo
Trikkala
Kalabaka
Meteora
Pêneios R.
Gardikion
Phanari
Kardítsa
Sophades
Pharsalus
Krania
Meritza
Mecovon
Grevena
Konitsa
Aryirokastro (Argyrokastron)
Premeti
Delvino
Tepeleni
Himara
Valona
Saseno I.
Preveni
Kanina
Mifoli
Fyeri
Berat
Korcha
Ostrovitsa
Lavani Dagh
Floch
Klisura
Lyaskoviki
Voyussa R.
Osum R.
Devoli R.
Semeni R.
Shkumbi R.
Elbasan
Tirana
Durazzo
Alessio
Scutari
Antivari
Dulcigno
Orosh
Kruya
Shkreta
Shkaritsa
Trebishte
Lukovo
Daytı
Shingyerch
Pyeshkza
Hadjiay
Mamly
Shushitsa
Pekiny
Kadipasha
Mashchani
Poska
Lyushnja
Pogradets
Konsko
Vasharetsa
Struga
Ohrida (Ochrida)
L. Ohrida
Velshani
Allkhar
Mt. Vetrenik
Mt. Kovil
Mt. Kukuruz
Mt. Kaymakchalan
Pojaro
Strupino
L. Prespa
Kenali
Mala Prespa L.
L. Banitsa
L. Petrsko
L. Vertekop
Ostrovo
Katranitsa
Nyausta
Turla Pl.
Kailar
Blatsa
Krupista
Lapsista
Koziani
Shyapka Pl.
Vistritsa R.
Selfidje
Petra
Mt. Olympos
Diskata
Krania
Grevena
Frangazes
Lapsista
Mecovon
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Kalabaka
Meteora
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Gardikion
Trikkala
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Kardítsa
Sophades
Pharsalus
Myliana
Margarition
Dervitsana
Paramythia
Philiatais
Corfu
Fano I.
Merlera I.
Samosraki I.
Karusazes
Delvino
Himara
Dukati
Tepeleni
Premeti
Aryirokastro
Konitsa
Mesaria
Gropsi

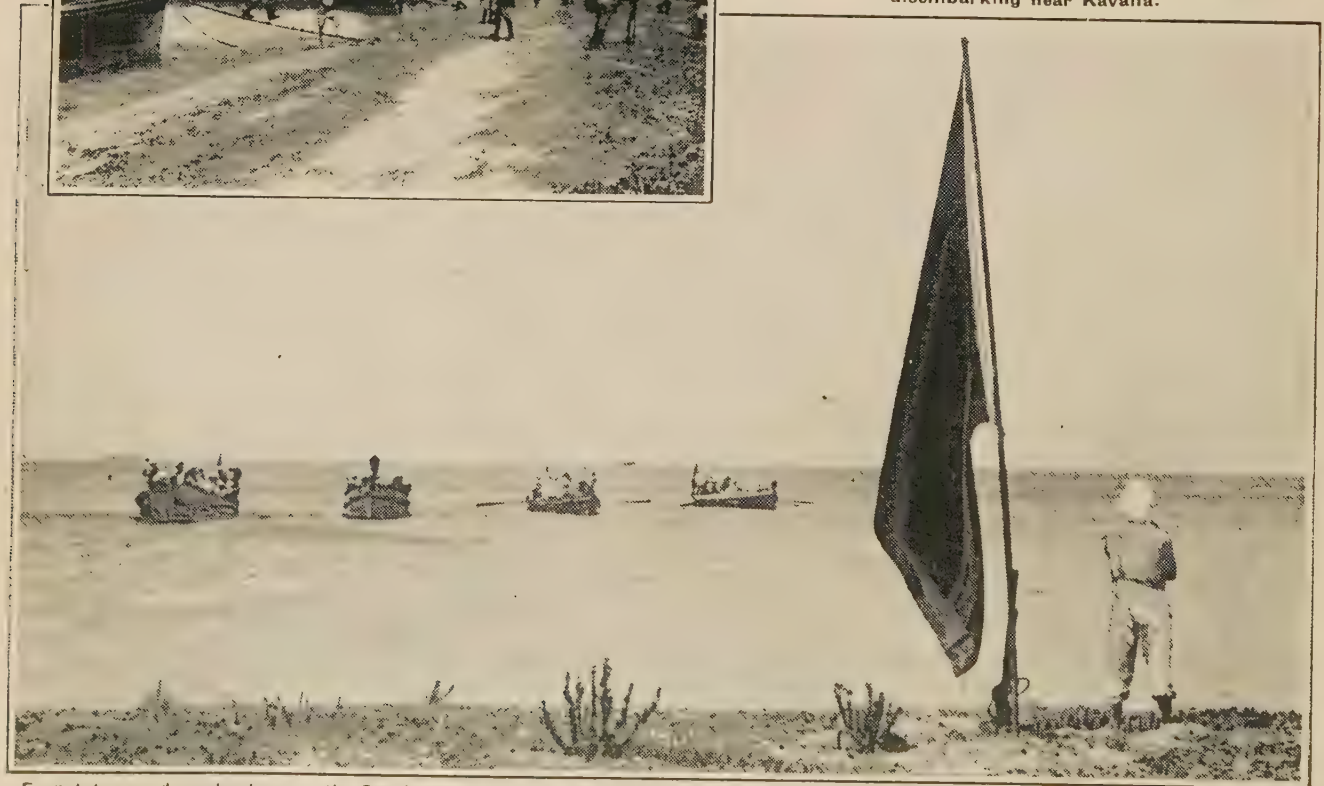
More Russians take the Field in the Balkans

Russian ambulance carrying an Armenian Red Cross doctor who had dealt with thousands of refugees. Germany's atrocious treatment of civilians in Belgium and France was eclipsed by the horrible treatment, amounting to extermination, which was meted out to the Armenians by Turkey with the express sanction of Germany.

Russia's inexhaustible supply of man-power constituted the most readily appreciable menace to the Central Empires, who were coming within sight of deficiency of reserves. Russian contingents fought in France and in the Balkans, and a fresh contingent is here shown arriving at Salonika. (Official photograph.)

Latin Legions Land on the Greek Coast

Over the historic fields of Thrace. French soldiers on the march near Salonika. Inset: Machine-gun company disembarking near Kavalla.



French troops disembarking on the Greek coast. A flag indicated the point at which each company landed. In October, 1915, the first handful of allied troops landed at Salonika. A year later no fewer than six nations, representing a colossal army, were fighting shoulder to shoulder for the overthrow of the Central Powers.

Zouaves and Serbs Storm a Balkan Crest

In the course of an attack on Hill 1,050, ten and a-half miles north-east of Monastir, a number of French Zouaves had the opportunity of displaying that marvellous spirit and strength which have won them renown on many a western field from Champagne to Verdun. The strategic value of the Balkan hill was so important that the German commander entrusted it to the elite of his infantry. The French Colonials, together with the Serbians, swept the foe from the crest by sheer impetus. Several counter-attacks were made by the Germans, but in spite of a great sacrifice of men, Hill 1,050 remained in the hands of the Franco-Serbians.

Outposts of the Allies in the Balkan Field

Greeks loyal to the cause of Serbia and the Allies. A troop of patriotic volunteers who revolted against the policy of King "Tino."

Buffaloes on their way down a Macedonian stream. Top right-hand corner: Outside the headquarters of the British motor transport attached to the Serbian Army.

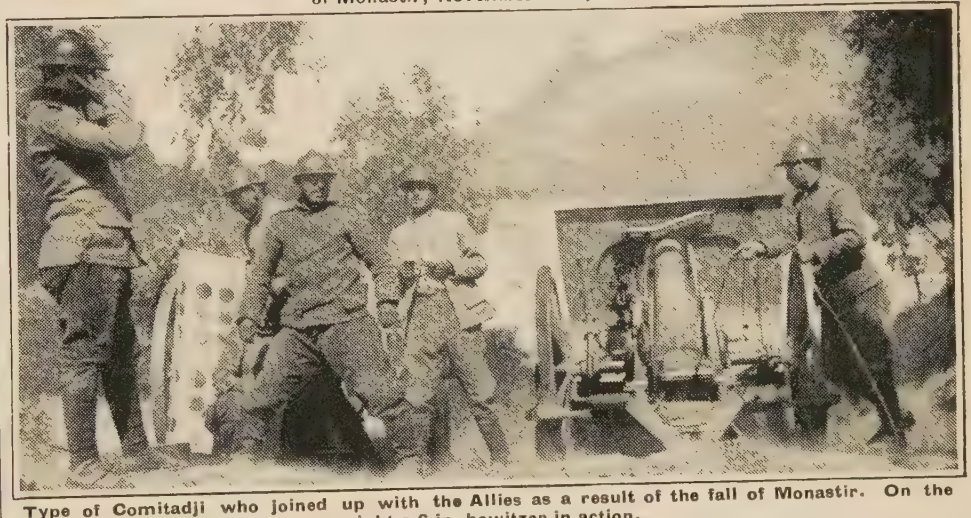
French Colonial soldier from Cochin China en route for Ostrova with a heavily-laden mule. (Photographs exclusive.)

Flooded out. A strong offensive on the part of the weather adds to the discomfort of camping in the British lines near Salonika.

France and Serbia Jointly Punish Bulgaria

French Official Photographs

Eight hundred Bulgarian prisoners, part of the Franco-Serbian haul on the occasion of the capture of Monastir, November 18th, 1916.



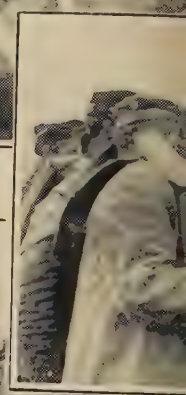
Type of Comitadji who joined up with the Allies as a result of the fall of Monastir. On the right a 6 in. howitzer in action.

French 120 mm. (4·8 in.) gun pounding the Bulgarian lines. On the right a particularly effective 155 mm. (6 in.) short weapon, which appeared on the Balkan front to the Allies' distinct advantage.

Serbia Strikes Hard Against Her Aggresso

The man with the rockets. A lonely soldier in a remote part of the Salonika front.

Live wires over barren ground. Serbian soldiers linking up communications over captured territory.



The fraternity of suffering. Recent enemies, Bulgar and Serb, now wounded, smoke cigarettes by the wayside.

Serbians about to launch a "pigeon," or aerial torpedo. King Peter's soldiers ado the French steel helmet and tunic. These splendid fighters experienced the joy revenge in worsting the Bulgars, November, 1916.

Scenes in the Victorious Advance to Monastir

Photographs

Getting on to Serbian headquarters. An operator testing the new line which he and his comrades have just laid down.

General Yankovitch, a venerable Serbian campaigner in the cause of Karageorgevitch.

hotograph showing a primitive but effective means of conveying Serbian wounded over he mountain tracks. In centre: French officer interrogating captured Germans, one of whom was an Alsatian, not sorry to be a prisoner.

Another ingenious method of carrying wounded. Two Bulgarian prisoners coming down with a Serbian on a double-saddle chair.

Men Who Mattered in the Policy of Greece

Greek volunteers off to fight the Bulgars under the flag of revolution. Inset: Lord Granard with General Zimbrakakis, Minister of War to the Provisional Government.

General view of Athens from the Acropolis. The ancient citadel of Greece is perhaps the most vulnerable capital to sea-power in Europe.

King Constantine of Greece, the monarch who believed in the victory of the Central Powers.

General Zimbrakakis reading an address of welcome to Venizelos on the arrival of the venerable Greek patriot at Salonika.

Venizelos talking with a member of his Staff on the Hesperis, which brought the head of the Greek Provisional Government to Salonika.

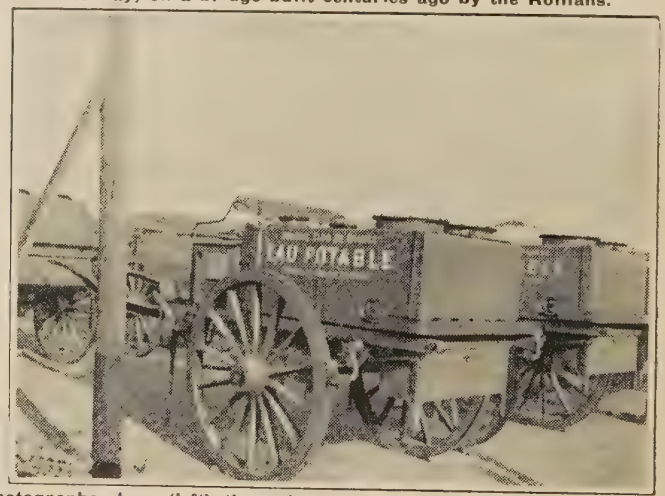
Regenerators of Greece in Council at Canea

M. Venizelos, head of the Provisional Government of Greece, had very modest quarters in a small hotel on the quayside at Canea, in Crete. One small room served as Council Chamber and Presence Chamber in one. It had a stone floor, and for furniture a bare table and a few decrepit chairs, with oleograph portraits on the wall. Here M. Venizelos held counsel with Admiral Condouriotis and a small company of ex-Ministers, Deputies, and naval and military officers. The sessions of the Council were almost like family reunions, and all the proceedings of the new Government were marked by a fine homeliness.

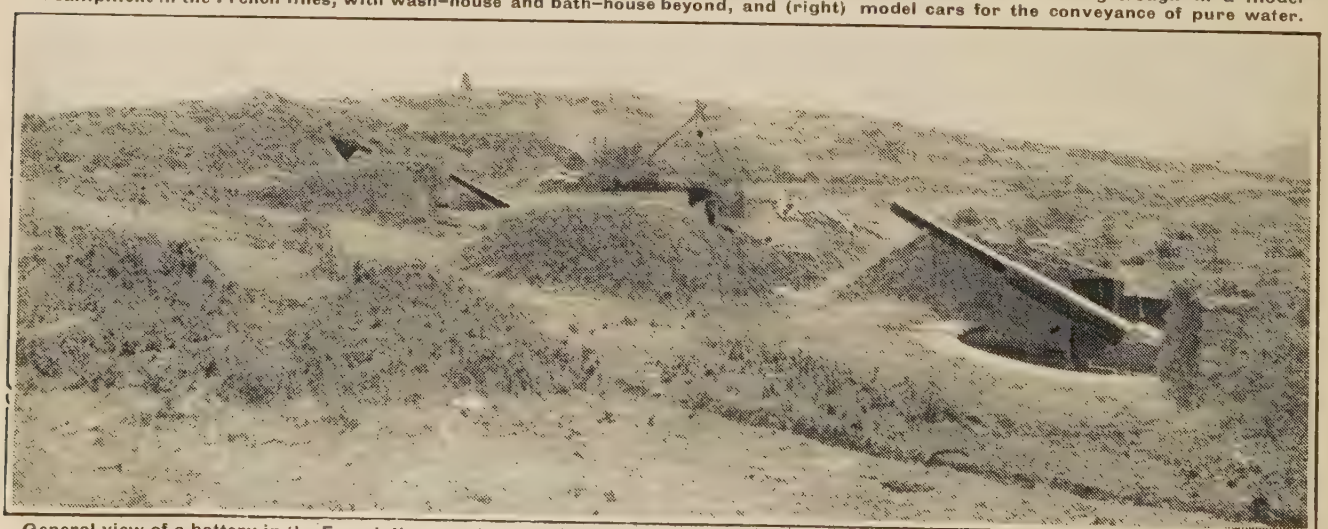
Mustering to Advance in Macedonian Marshes

French Official Photographs

General Sarrail, Commander-in-Chief of the Allied Forces in Macedonia, with the Italian General Pettiti. Right: An object-lesson in the continuity of history. French machine-gunners, Latin warriors of to-day, on a bridge built centuries ago by the Romans.



The drinking-water problem is difficult in Macedonia. These photographs show (left) the well and drinking-trough in a model encampment in the French lines, with wash-house and bath-house beyond, and (right) model cars for the conveyance of pure water.



General view of a battery in the French lines on the Macedonian front. In the original disposition of the allied forces at Salonika the French occupied the centre on the line of the Vardar, with the British on their right and the Serbians on their left.

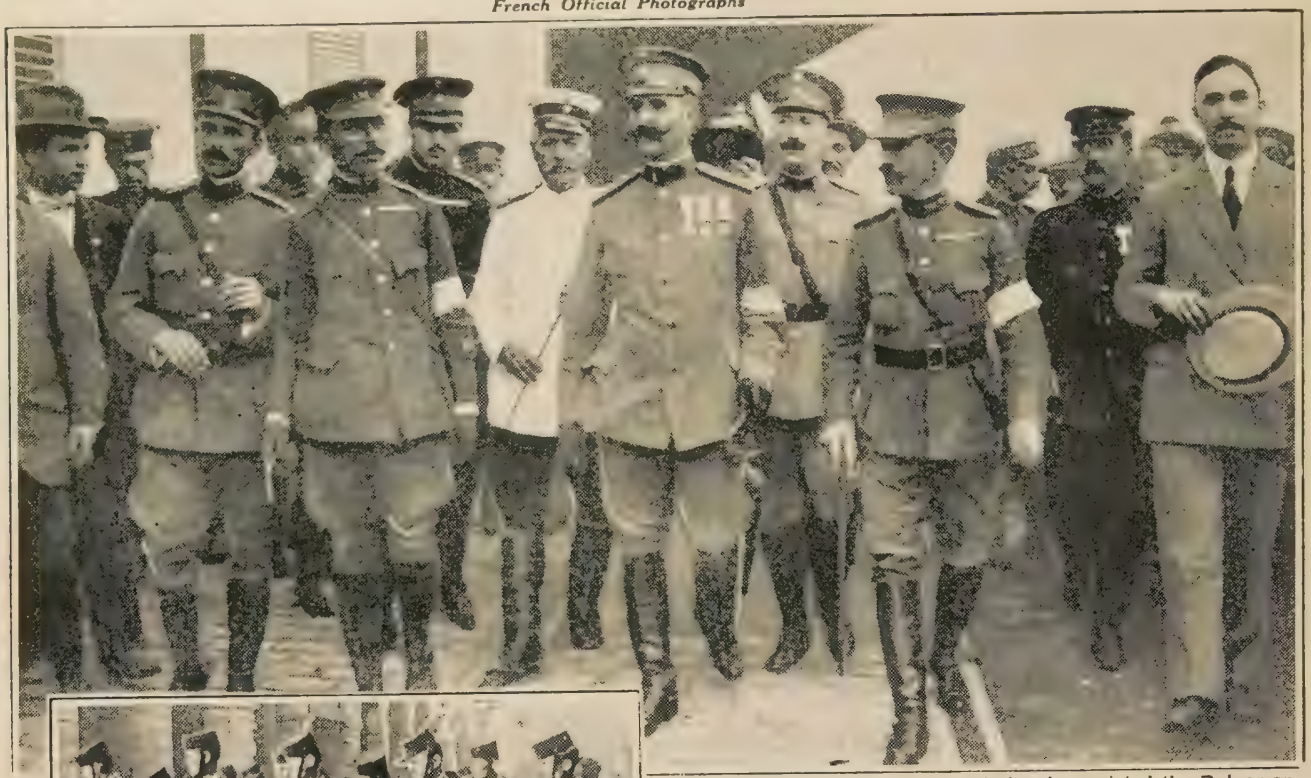
Teuton Triumphs which Serbia Sternly Avenged

After some well-earned months of rest, the valiant Serbians went into victorious action again. Thus on every front the Central Empires and Bulgaria felt the simultaneous pressure of the European coalition. King Peter's wonderful warriors, remembering the tragic retreat of 1915, a striking illustration of which appears above, fought with great courage.

When King Ferdinand heard that the Serbians were advancing on Karadjova he is reported to have expressed incredulous surprise, saying that he thought Serbia had been finally crushed. King "Fox" had reason to fear the coming Nemesis. The Serbians had not forgotten Bulgar treachery. This picture shows the Austro-Germans and Serbian prisoners on the road from Belgrade to Cetinje, whence, it was anticipated, they would surely be driven in the Balkan offensive.

Greek Volunteers for the Army of the Allies

French Official Photographs



Colonel Christodoulos (in the centre), who resisted the Bulgarian advance at Seres, arriving at Salonika with his men. General Zimbrabakis is on the right.

New Greek regiments of the Insurrectionary Party assembling in the streets of Salonika after throwing in their lot with the Allies, in repudiation of King Constantine's vacillating policy. Inset: Greeks who joined the new force, showing their uniform and arms.

Italy Joins Her Five Allies in the Levant

Official Photographs

Five nations to keep the peace in neutral Greece. Group of British, French, Serbian, Russian and Italian police at Salonika.

Italian infantry, ready for the Balkan field, marching through the streets of Salonika. Inset: Types of ardent Italians who arrived to complete the alliance of six nations in the Balkans. Most of the Italians were seasoned in the Tripoli campaign.

Greek Army Corps to Fight With the Allies

The 1st Battalion of the Greek Volunteers with their regimental colours and their Pope. One complete army corps of Volunteers was ready to take the field in October, 1916, fully equipped and eager to co-operate with the contingents from the Allied Powers already represented in the Salonika Expeditionary Force.

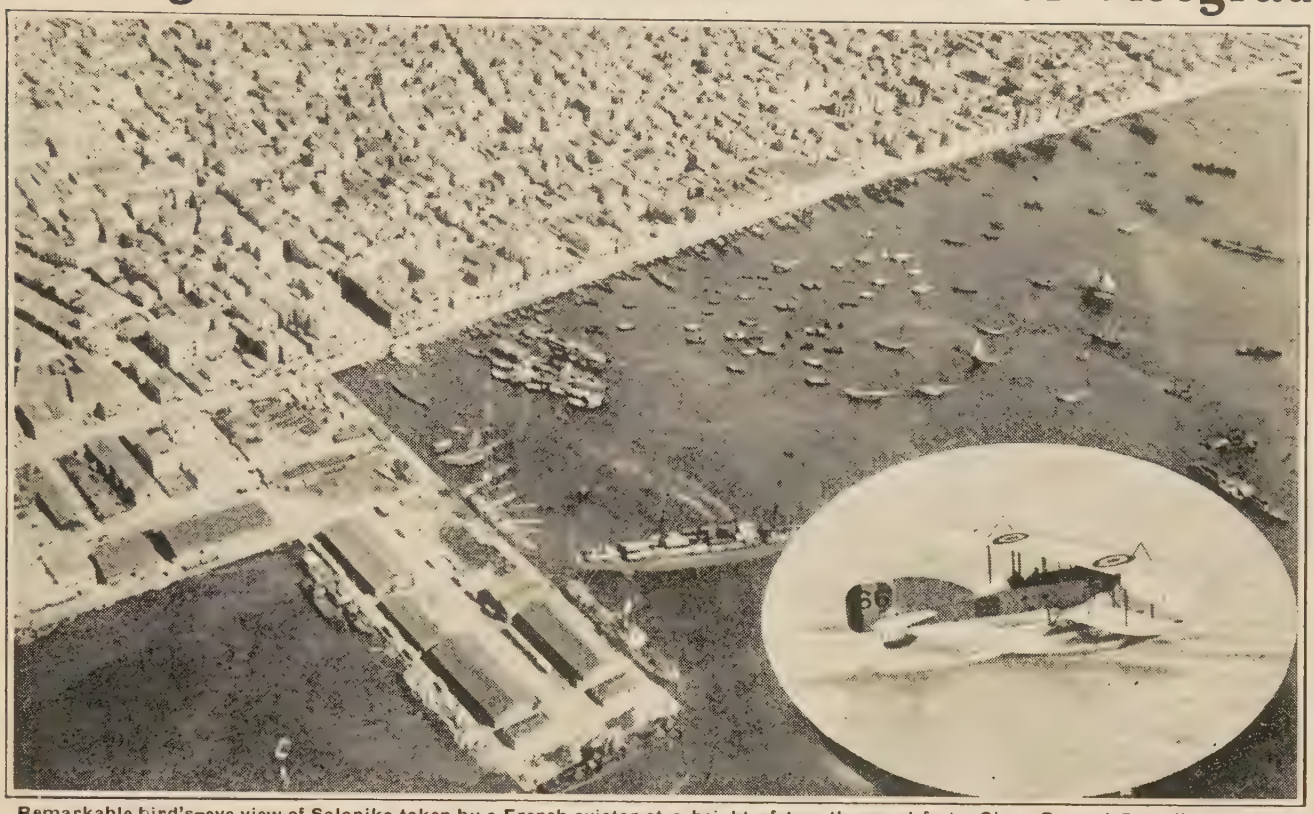
General Zimbrakis (in centre with hand uplifted) in conversation with some of the officers after reviewing a body of Greek Volunteers. General Zimbrakis was appointed Minister of War in the new Provisional Government by M. Venizelos when that patriotic statesman definitely cast in his lot with the Allies.

JOLLY JACK-TARS AS "HANDYMEN." HOW OUR SAILORS PRACTISE DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

A homely scene off a Mediterranean port. The crew of this submarine coming up to the surface to anchor busy themselves with domestic activities, one man plucking a fowl for dinner, another hanging the washing out to dry.

To face page 2424

Shining Salonika · The Sombre Town of Visegrad



Remarkable bird's-eye view of Salonika taken by a French aviator at a height of two thousand feet. Since General Sarrail was given command of this key to the Near East, Salonika was made one of the most formidable of positions.

By September, 1916, the Serbians had forced their way back to their own territory, whence they were ousted by the Austro-Bulgarian forces in the autumn and winter, 1915–16. Bitter memories of that terrible retreat strengthened their arm and exalted their spirit. It was hoped the hour was not far distant when the Serbians would be advancing across the Drina at Visegrad instead of retreating, as shown here.

With a British Bombing Party in the Balkans

British Official Photographs

The overhand on the battlefield. British bombing officer "lobbing" a Mills grenade somewhere in the Balkans.

Trench gunners awaiting the signal from the man with the periscope to bombard the enemy position.

Assembling bombs, a hazardous duty in connection with perhaps the most dangerous of infantry work.

In the so-termed danger trench where the bombers are assembling fuses to bombs and rifle-grenades.

THE WAR ILLUSTRATED · GALLERY OF LEADERS

H. W. Barnett

M. VENIZELOS, THE GREATEST OF MODERN GREEKS

Formerly Prime Minister of Greece, he became head of a Provisional Government in sympathy with the Allies

PERSONALIA OF THE GREAT WAR

M. ELEUTHERIOS VENIZELOS

M. ELEUTHERIOS VENIZELOS, whose passionate devotion to the cause of Greek liberation from Ottoman tyranny found such a fitting parallel in the self-sacrificing support given by him to the Allies in their fight for freedom from Prussian militarism, belongs to one of the oldest of Hellenic families, though, with the exception of his two sons, he is the only bearer of his family name in the Hellas of to-day.

Hereditary Hatred of Turkish Oppression

Ancestors of M. Venizelos were living in Athens as far back as the middle of the seventeenth century, and were identified with the struggle going on at that time against the Turks. From Athens they migrated to Pylos, on the western coast of Peloponnesus. Thence they went to Cravatas, near to Sparta. Their next home was in the island of Crete (or Candia), where Eleutherios Venizelos was born in 1864, in the little village of Murniaes, near Canea.

The Turks had governed (or, rather, misgoverned) Crete from 1669, and before he had entered his teens M. Venizelos, whose Christian name is the Greek equivalent for "free," was fated to feel the lash of the oppressor. As a child he was a fugitive from the frightfulness of the Turkish irregular forces known as Bashi-bazuks. His home was ruined. With his parents he shared the hardships of a hand-to-mouth existence in the hills. So bitter was his experience that, child as he was, he made the resolve, "Some day I will make them pay for all this."

He Becomes a Barrister

Then the time came when, having gained all the school instruction available in his native island, he went to the University of Athens. Discarding the intention of his parents that he should follow a commercial career, he studied law, became a barrister, and returned to practise in Crete. In 1888, at the age of twenty-three, he was elected to the Cretan National Assembly as Deputy for Kedonia. Appointed leader of the Liberal party, he was afterwards made President of the Assembly, and then Prime Minister.

Mindful ever of his boyhood's resolve, M. Venizelos took an active part in successive uprisings against Turkish domination. He went through many perilous adventures, in which the chances of life and death hung upon the slenderest of threads. He was the leading figure of the Cretan revolution which precipitated the war of 1897 between Greece and Turkey. The Concert of Europe, as the Great Powers used to be called, then compelled the Sultan to grant autonomy to Crete, and to recognise Prince George of Greece as High Commissioner in the island.

The Call to Athens

Autonomy, however, was not the aim of M. Venizelos. He continued to work for union with Greece, and to this end, in 1908, he organised another revolution in the island. Two years later there had arisen in Greece itself an organisation known as the Military League. This organisation, which was composed of Greek army officers, had for its aims the elimination of political corruption and the placing of the Greek army and navy on a sound footing. It needed a leader. M. Venizelos was sent for, and, having been elected a member of the National Assembly by the people of Athens, he landed there in 1910.

The Constitution was threatened. The position of King George was unsafe. It is important, therefore, to recall the fact that the first act of M. Venizelos was to insist that the Greek National Assembly must confine its work to eradicating the evils that had grown up, and not attempt to tamper with the foundations of the State.

Prime Minister of Greece

His services to the Crown at this juncture were such that King George entrusted him with the formation of a new Cabinet. Within the brief period of three years, as a result of M. Venizelos' efforts, not only had political and financial reforms made material headway, not only had the war services of the kingdom been reorganised, but an alliance had been formed with Bulgaria and Serbia, the object of which was to liberate the Christian races of the Balkans from Ottoman oppression. It was one step nearer to the cherished dream of his youth. The scheme for the League had a double motive. While aimed directly at the Turk, its secondary purpose was the provision of a safeg ard against the "benevolent interest" of Austria-Hungary in the troubled Peninsula, and particularly in Macedonia.

At the outset of the war of 1912-13 Crete was declared to be part of the Hellenic Kingdom. In the result the Great Powers, which had hitherto refused to countenance the union of the island with its mother country—though it contained some 270,000 Christians as against 34,000 Moslems—had to tolerate the dismemberment of Turkey in Europe; meanwhile Greece, in addition to retaining Salonika, secured the greater part of Macedonia, with Kavalla, Seres and Drama. But for Bulgarian treachery, the dream of the great Greek statesman might have materialised then. It was Bulgarian duplicity which, when the Great War began, once again marred the project of a lifetime, and gave Turkey a new opportunity, with Germany and Austria as her allies.

Break with King Constantine

It is with little satisfaction that the people of Great Britain can survey the progress of events from the day when Venizelos offered the co-operation of Greece in the cause of the Allies to his resignation of the Greek Premiership. Throughout the tangle of negotiations Venizelos remained true to his ideals and, until forced by circumstances to set up a Provisional Government at Salonika, loyal to his king, who owed his crown to the minister he was persuaded by his advisers to treat so badly.

King Constantine, who succeeded his father, King George, in March, 1913, commanded in Thessaly in 1897 during the first Greek War with Turkey. In 1909, as the result of a cabal of Greek officers, he was retired from the Greek Army, but was restored to it by M. Venizelos in 1912, when he was appointed Inspector-General, and took command of the Greek Army in the Balkan Wars.

The Richelieu of Greece

Up to the end of 1916, though barely two months had passed since the formation of the Provisional Government (or, as it was alternatively called, the Government of National Defence) at Salonika, it had received the unanimous support of the whole Prefectoral district of Macedonia, of the islands of Chios, Crete, Lesbos, Samos, Syra, Naxos, Andros, Keos, Kythnos, Imbros, Poara, Lemnos, Tenedos, and Santorin—names full of historic memories—and of the large Greek populations in Turkey and Bulgaria. In January, 1917, it had its representative in London in Dr. Gennadius, while Earl Granville was appointed British Agent at Salonika.

In appearance M. Venizelos is more Italian than Greek. His mild blue eyes, peering through gold-rimmed glasses. suggest little of the fighter he has proved himself in both the field and in the forum. His characteristics are surprising coolness in emergency, absolute self-control, extraordinary will-power, steadfastness of purpose, amazing capacity for work.

M. Take Jonescu's Tribute

One of the most noteworthy tributes to M. Venizelos was that of M. Take Jonescu, leader of the National Democratic party in the Rumanian Chamber of Deputies. "When," wrote M. Jonescu in 1915, "I made the acquaintance of Venizelos, I was attracted from the first. That head, like a Byzantine saint straight from a church fresco, that gentle and penetrating glance, that subtle smile, the irresistible sympathy which radiates from all his being, the almost girlish modesty, all the more charming when combined with a will of iron—all that strikes you the moment you see him. I asked him the secret of his success, and he replied in these simple but profound words: 'I have always told my fellow-countrymen the truth, and the whole truth, and I have always been quite prepared to lay down my power without regret.' Sincerity, the cult of truth, that is the first trait in Venizelos' character, and at the same time the secret of his strength."

Against the Turks

Although British troops continued to hold up a large Turkish force in Mesopotamia, the chief operation against the Turk in the period covered by this volume was the desert conflict in the eastern marches of Egypt, ending with the rout of the enemy at Romani. This campaign is described and pictured here, while, in addition, will be found other incidents of the war against the Ottoman forces.

Camels travelling to the front by train. In the operations against the Senussi, General Peyton's force captured the hostile commander and drove the remnants of his forces far beyond the Egyptian border. For such work camels were worth their weight in gold.

Told by the Rank and File

WITH THE HIGHLAND BRIGADE IN MESOPOTAMIA

BY PRIVATE JOHN HAIG

Private John Haig, 2nd Black Watch

WE'D been in France, wherever the fighting was thickest, right from the start of the war, being sent home from India with the first draft. And we had been in everything that was of any importance—Mons, Ypres, Neuve Chapelle, and Festubert. So when they said there was big fighting to do in Arabia, they selected us, and we went out there determined to do big things.

Our luck started when we left Malta. We belonged to a big convoy that was going to Salonika, and when it came to the parting of our ways we steamed right through the two lines of ships. They gave us rousing cheers that did us good to hear, and then we lost sight of them, and heard nothing more till we got to Alexandria, and then they told us a troopship had been lost out of the convoy.

We had understood that we were going to land at Alexandria, and were all ready to do so. Our baggage was on the upper deck of the transport, but when we arrived we got orders to proceed to try to relieve General Townshend at Kut.

Port Said was our next port of call, and here we coaled ship. H.M.S. ——, with several destroyers and monitors, was lying here for the defence of the Suez Canal. They, too, cheered us in a chummy fashion as we cleared the Canal and steamed along on our way. At Aden we stayed long enough to fill all our tanks with water; and at last, on Christmas Day, we reached the mouth of the Tigris.

Christmas Day in the Old World

We had a glorious Christmas dinner—corned beef, with no potatoes, and dried biscuits, washed down with a tot of rum. In the evening—just about the time folks at home were pulling crackers and sitting round the nice bright fires telling stories and enjoying themselves—we humped all our baggage to a second transport, and started off up the river to Basra.

Here the Seaforths disembarked and proceeded in flat-bottomed barges, while we of the Black Watch went on shore to the old Turkish barracks—what a smell they had, to be sure!—where we stayed till the last day of the year, when our main battalion arrived in still another transport.

Hogmanay—New Year's Day—which is always a Scotch festival, we kept up in fine style, singing all the songs we could think of as we plugged along the Tigris in flat-bottomed barges. They hadn't given the main battalion a single day's rest; they'd just chucked 'em from the transport to the barges, and sent 'em along with us up the river.

We landed next morning at Kurna, where the Garden of Eden is supposed to be, with a "forbidden fruit" tree as old as Adam and Eve. We didn't get any chance of tasting it, for we were bound for Amara, and after a short spell on the shore we pushed on again. When we reached Amara we did some field work on the sand, just to show that we hadn't forgotten the way to attack.

And didn't it rain! Drops as big as shrapnel bullets fell all around us, and soaked us through and through in less than ten minutes. It was fun seeing us double across that sand, where there wasn't a bit of shelter; and I couldn't help thinking about Neuve Chapelle, where the lead was coming over us every bit as thick as the rain, and the Black Watch advanced through it all as steady as on parade. They didn't mind lead and bullets a bit, but they cursed that rain something shocking!

Back to the barges; up the river in the rain to Allegarbi, where we got out all our gear and prepared to start out the next morning. It was here that I first made the acquaintance of a bed on the sand. It's just about the worst bed you can have. As you lie there, your hip-bone seems to be on concrete, and when you turn over the sand seems to shove out hard ridges, and nearly breaks your back. We got a tot of rum just before we made camp, but there wasn't a wink of sleep the whole night through for any of us.

Blistering Heat in the Desert

We were glad when morning came, and the sun shot up in a hurry, as it always does out there. And we were in for a grilling, I can tell you. At eight o'clock we got orders to break camp and start off. I've done some marching in my time—out in India, and France, and at home—but never anything like that. It was hot—seemed as if the sun had made a bet to scorch us up. There were a lot of new chaps with the Black Watch, lads who'd recently joined, and they couldn't stick it. Every now and then one would fall out and rest, done right up with the heat. We were fully loaded—packs, rifles, pouches and bandoliers full of ammunition, water bottles and haversacks full, and our blankets on our shoulders. The very rifle barrels got hot, and if you touched them with your bare hands they raised a blister, while the water in our bottles was lukewarm.

When we halted at four in the afternoon we were just about all out. We lit fires and made tea, but nobody wanted anything to eat; a tot of rum was just about as much as we could manage to dispose of. We simply lay down on the sand and pulled our blankets over our faces to keep the flies off, and as soon as the sun went down and it got a bit cool the rain started coming down again in bucketfuls. But we were too fed up and too tired to move; we simply lay there and soaked through, blankets and all.

Black Watch Goes Forward

At seven we crawled out, broke camp, and started off again, and at ten our advance guard came under the enemy's artillery fire. It seemed really funny to hear the guns in this strange land; everything seemed at least a thousand years old, and if the enemy had been armed with bows and arrows we shouldn't have been a bit surprised.

There's one thing about the Turks, they're good clean fighters. If they see a man down they won't fire at him, and any wounded who come into their hands they'll bind up and leave for the stretcher parties to find.

We were told that the Turks were retiring, that the Seaforths had got 'em on the run; so we halted again and gave the Seaforths a yell of encouragement, though, of course, they were too far away to hear us.

Our colonel was well out in front on his horse, and as we lay there in the broiling sun he came back, his charger all in a lather.

"Fall in, Black Watch!" he yelled out. "You're wanted up there! There's plenty of work to be done this day—and you're just the boys to do it!"

The cheer we gave then simply tore the air; we were all anxious to get a slap at the Turk. We didn't need any coaxing, I can tell you. We were going in support of the Seaforth Highlanders, but we got word that the enemy's right flank was retiring, so we spread out in extended order on the left of the line, with a whole flank opposing us. We had no supports behind us, and the fire was deadly, and no mistake.

One young lad, just fresh out from home, got a bullet through the ankle, and yelled shockingly. Our corporal, trying to put some heart into him, pulled his leg, and put a bandage round his knee. But the lad wouldn't see the joke. "Where's the nearest dressing-station?" he said, and when we pointed it out to him he started off on his own, limping as fast as he could go. Another bullet caught him and he fell down, and the corporal who'd been having a joke with him jumped out of the trench and picked him up. He carried him through the rain of bullets and the hell of shell fire to the station, and then came back through it all without a scratch, as cool as you please. We gave him a cheer that meant more than a dozen Victoria Crosses to him.

9th Lancers Scatter Arabs

Just then the Arabs tried to rush round our flank, but the 9th Lancers—a native Indian regiment—met them and gave 'em pepper, red and raw. They beat 'em back time and time again. It was a glorious sight—the horses crashing against each other, the lances and the swords flashing, and then the white garments of the Arabs streaming out as they flew back on their horses.

I'm only telling the cold truth when I say that the ground was dyed crimson. Shrapnel shells and bullets were making the air black; one shell burst in front of me, and I got a smack with a piece of hard earth that knocked me down. Up I got, and was advancing again when a bullet plugged me in the thigh. I got out my field-dressing and tied it up, and tried to crawl on, but my leg seemed to freeze and was a dead weight. So I took off my pack, and used it as head cover for myself.

I lay there a full two hours, till the firing died down, and then, using my rifle as a walking-stick, started off back to the dressing-station. I reached it at four in the morning, completely exhausted, and when I got there I found over half the battalion there as well. There was nobody to attend to us, and we had to do what we could for each other. It was pitiful, and we cried like school kids who've lost their mothers. Lads were dying off all round like flies, and we said some hard things about the hospital people, I can tell you.

The unwounded troops collected us next morning and packed us in the barges and sent us down river, where we were transferred to the hospital ship Varella. We reached Bombay on January 22nd—just seventeen months after we'd left India to go to the Front—and I left for Blighty on April 14th, 1916

Desert Duel Between Airmen and Horsemen

In the district of Shat-el-Hai, Mesopotamia, a spirited affair was reported between a party of mounted enemy irregulars and two British aeroplanes armed with machine-guns. The enemy had captured a number of camels and made off; the aeroplanes overtook them, and, descending to within twenty feet of the ground, dispersed the Arabs by machine-gun fire. Abandoning the camels, the hostile cavalry retreated to the mountains, and a troop of British horsemen came up and took possession of the recaptured booty.

In the City of Sindbad Under British Occupation

Enrolling recruits for the Basra police. A stalwart and picturesque Arab becomes a member of the force.

Commissioner of Police at Basra inspects a squad of native constables enrolled to preserve order in the city.

Study in sunlight, shadow, and Oriental vegetation. Indian transport waggons proceeding along the river strand at Basra.

British soldiers engaging a "bellum" from an Arab boatman. With craft such as these Mesopotamian fields were won.

Types of native people in the track of the British Mesopotamian forces. Arabs who were not frightened by the camera man.

Some of the Indian troops who so signally distinguished themselves in the fighting along the valley in Mesopotamia.

General Townshend and Staff at Kut-el-Amara

Historic photograph, taken just before the capitulation of Kut, and received through the agency of an exchanged prisoner. It shows General Townshend with his Staff. Third from the left are Colonel Annesley, A.D.S.T., Brigadier-General Evans, Colonel P. Hehir, C.B., General Townshend. On right: Major Gilchrist, Colonel Chitty, Colonel Maule, R.F.A., Colonel Parr, Colonel Wilson, R.E.

Some of the Indian sick and wounded who were sent down from Kut seated somewhere in Mesopotamia watching the removal of more serious cases. The Turks allowed most of the wounded to come down the Tigris on barges to the British lines after the fall of Kut.

BATTLE PICTURES OF THE GREAT WAR

The Turkish Rout at Romani

By EDWARD WRIGHT

OF all the battles of the war, the desert conflict in the eastern marches of Egypt was in some ways the most interesting, because of the far-reaching, subtle play of British and German intellects that went on beneath the movement of the forces. Our former Chief of Staff, Sir Archibald Murray, matched his wits against those of the German Chief of Staff, General von Falkenhayn, and left Whitehall for Cairo, apparently to undertake the direction of a small affair in a third-rate theatre of the war. But it may be remarked that the Germans also sent to Syria, about the same time, one of their best men, the late Field-Marshal von der Goltz. Neither side thought of putting much more than 20,000 men in the Egyptian field of conflict. Yet Germany employed one of her best strategists, and we employed our then Chief of Staff, giving Sir William Robertson the important position at home that Sir Archibald Murray resigned. Clearly something of importance was occurring in connection with Egypt.

Titanic Energy in the Sin Desert

On the surface there was nothing very remarkable. General von Kressenstein, the German director of the first vain Turco-German attack on the Suez Canal, prepared a more formidable movement of invasion across the great Desert of Sin. Hundreds of first-rate directive German minds—engineers, gunnery instructors, drill instructors, and supply organisers—with two thousand Teutonic troops, came to Palestine to train, stiffen, and energise Djemal Pasha's defeated army. For eighteen months the Germans laboured with great skill and high ingenuity. They excavated huge depots in the sand of the oases, and stored tens of millions of cartridges and tens of thousands of shrapnel and high-explosive shell. Krupp produced a special gun to be carried on a camel pack, and batteries of 6 in. howitzers that could be hauled by ox teams across the wastes of soft sand, by means of a continuous track of planks carried by gangs of labourers. Fifty big pontoons for bridging the Suez Canal were also hauled by ox teams over the sand. A large concrete reservoir of fresh water was built in the heart of the desert; scores of new wells were sunk, and pipe-lines laid in places.

Early spring was the best season for an advance through the wilderness, for many of the dry gullies in the inland heights were then roaring with water. Kressenstein, however, let the cold, healthy months go by, for certain reasons of larger strategy, and abruptly launched his expedition in July, 1916, at the height of the scorching, tropical desert summer. Instead of attempting a surprise attack across the centre of the Sinai wastes, as he had done before, the German commander made a well-heralded movement along the ancient caravan track by the Mediterranean shore—the Serbonian Road, used by most of the famous conquerors of old, from Rameses to Napoleon. On the Serbonian Road there was plenty of water, and though so brackish as to be undrinkable by European troops, it was good enough for the two Turkish divisions that Kressenstein led to battle. For his picked force of two thousand German infantry and his hundreds of German officers, engineers, and gunners, fresh water was conveyed by camel pack.

The conflict opened on July 19th, 1916, with skirmishes between the enemy's horse and foot and our cavalry screen round the Katia Oasis, some twenty-five miles from the canal. We had about 12,000 Scottish Territorials and 2,000 troopers, under the command of Major-General the Hon. H. L. Lawrence, opposed to the 18,000 troops that Kressenstein advanced. General Lawrence had besides a reserve brigade of 5,000 Lancashire Territorials with some Warwick and Gloucester Yeomanry. The German general also seems to have had a strong reserve, which he threw out in the closing phase of the struggle. The available forces on both sides were about equal, and this equality, as we shall see, had a bearing upon the larger strategical victory won by Sir Archibald Murray as commander-in-chief.

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Map of Egypt and Sinai Peninsula, indicating the area of the Turkish rout. In the smaller plan Romani, where the Turks were shattered on August 4th, 1916, is shown, together with Katia and Bir-el-Abd, the line of their retreat.

Sand Wraiths in Phantasmal Nights

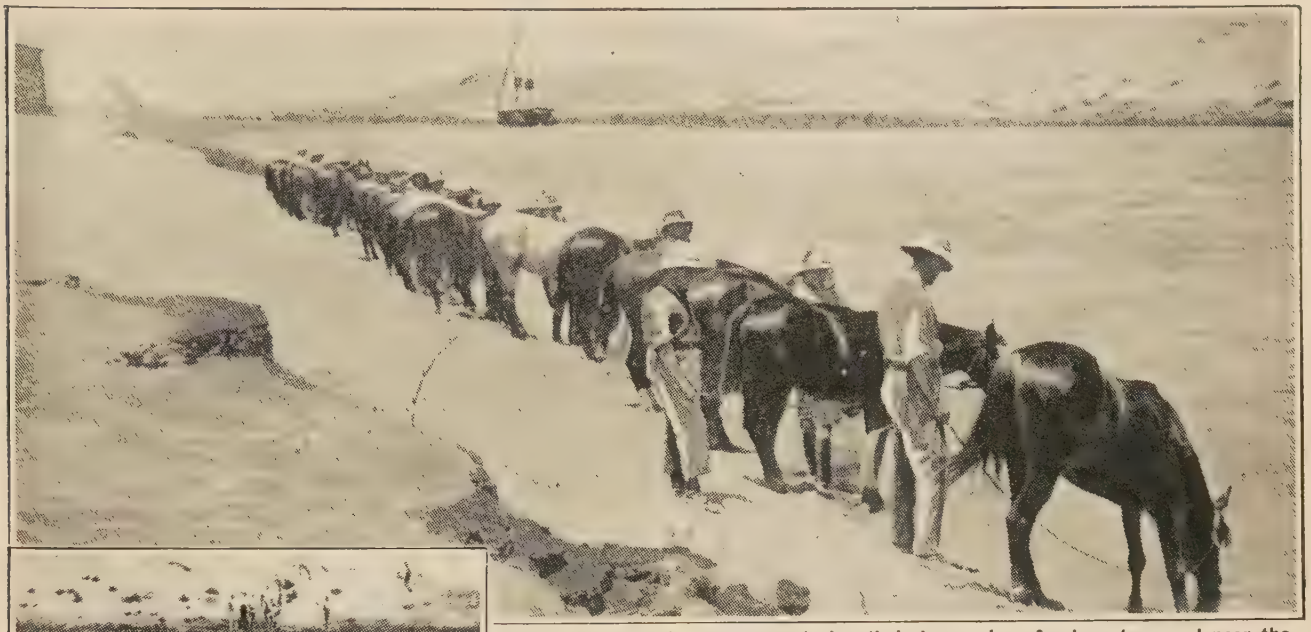
We occupied a position about seven miles west of Katia, and about eighteen miles east of Port Said. Our flank rested on the Bay of Tina, where it was strengthened by four monitors. From the coast our entrenchments curved towards the Oasis of Romani, and the new desert railway station near by. A sand-dune three hundred feet high, called Gannit, served as our chief observation-point beyond Romani. Then a mile west of Gannit was Wellington Ridge, named after the Wellington Mounted Rifles, with two miles farther south Mount Meredith, and three miles farther westward Mount Royston. Meredith was named after the commander of the 1st Light Horse Brigade of Australia, and Royston after the commander of the 2nd Light Horse Brigade. Three brigades of the Light Horse, famous for their charge to the death on Gallipoli Peninsula, were combined with a brigade of New Zealand Mounted Rifles, under the divisional command of General Chauvel. On this Anzac mounted division of 2,000 troopers fell the heaviest fighting and the highest honours.

For fifteen days and nights the 1st and 2nd Light Horse took turn and turn about in keeping touch with the enemy. Then, at midnight on Thursday, August 3rd, Kressenstein made a sudden bid for a decision. Under cover of the strange, phantasmal desert night, lit only by a thin crescent moon, when the sand wraiths dancing on the wind seemed often to be an army in movement, he launched three thousand men against the weary five hundred troopers of the 1st Light Horse. His aim was to break through our slight cavalry screen, seize the dunes south-east of Romani, take the railway, so as to isolate the Scottish Territorials, and prevent reinforcements reaching them by rail. Then the road to Port Said would soon be opened by him.

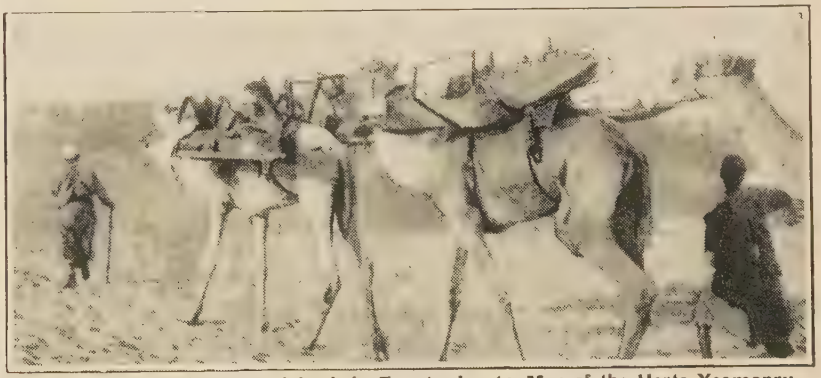
The Anzacs had eight to one against them in men with

[Continued on page 2436

To Romani and Back with Ottoman Prisoners



Men of the Herts Yeomanry watering their horses by a fresh-water canal near the Nile. The Herts were the first Yeomanry to leave England in September, 1914.



Conveying wounded on camel-back in Egypt. Inset: Men of the Herts Yeomanry swimming their horses across the Suez Canal.

Some of the Turks taken prisoners at Romani marching through Cairo. The attempt of the Turks to conquer Egypt was shattered by Sir Archibald Murray's army on August 4th, 1916, when the Turks were routed and over 3,000 taken prisoners.

THE TURKISH ROUT AT ROMANI

(Continued from page 2134)

6 in. howitzers, as well as mountain batteries and machine-guns, against their light horse artillery. But with the help of a battery of Scottish Territorial guns they saved Romani and the railway, and then, while the Scottish Territorials smashed up a frontal attack, the hard-pressed 1st Light Horse pivoted on the high stretch of sand at Wellington Ridge, but slowly gave ground on their right flank. Their own Mount Meredith was lost, and then Mount Royston. Not until daybreak did General Chauvel bring the 2nd Light Horse Brigade to reinforce their valiant comrades. But the commander of the Anzac mounted division knew what his men could do. By beating the enemy from Romani and Gannit, and holding to Wellington Ridge, they practically won the battle!

Meanwhile, the Scottish Territorials, who had also fought the Turks before at Gallipoli and again in the spring of 1916 in the Sin Desert, shattered the enemy's front attack. The Turks and Germans had entrenched by a belt of marsh near the coast and advanced within rifle range of our positions. But at daybreak our monitors searched them out, and when they tried to storm our elaborate defences they were swept by a still more terrible rifle and machine-gun fire. "Your rifles were worse than your big guns," said a captured Turkish officer. Early in the afternoon, Kressenstein gave over trying to force his way along the Serbonian Road, and swung his main force farther inland into the dune country south and west of Romani. Between the dunes ran a wide, undulating plain of sand leading towards the canal.

Turks Driven Into the Marshes

The German guns plastered Gannit and Wellington Ridge with shrapnel and high explosive. But the heavy shells made little impression on our defences, as the force of their explosion was cushioned by the sand. The Turks charged at Romani and Gannit, but the Scotsmen and the Light Horse drove them back towards the marshes. Then as the main body of the enemy turned into the dune region and reached the slopes of the Wellington Ridge there was a transformation scene.

General Lawrence had railed up the Lancashire Brigade, and the Warwick and Gloucester Yeomanry were moving into battle. The New Zealand Mounted Rifles were closing round Mount Royston at the end of the enemy's eight mile line, and the 3rd Australian Light Horse Brigade was preparing to charge. The enemy was trapped. His apparent semi-success among the dunes, achieved against only one-fourth of General Chauvel's force, was his undoing. Entangled amid the sand hills, well to the south-east of the old caravan road, was nearly half of Kressenstein's forces. It could not escape if we made a general advance.

At five o'clock in the afternoon the advance began. The New Zealanders moved on Mount Royston and recovered it. The English Yeomanry, fighting on foot, stormed Mount Meredith, and while the Light Horse and the Scottish Territorials were driving the enemy from Romani, the Lancashire Territorials came from the rail-head and drove in the Turkish centre. Sweeping through the gap, infantry and dismounted cavalry enveloped the Turkish brigade among the dunes, taking some two thousand unwounded prisoners, and scattering the rest towards the waterless side of the wilderness. The pursuit continued until August 5th, when the 1st and 2nd Light Horse and the New Zealand Mounted Rifles moved directly towards Katia, while the 3rd Light Horse made a southern flank attack. There was scarcely a drop of water for men or horses, and the 1st Brigade had been fighting almost uninterruptedly since midnight on August 3rd. Yet the brigade galloped three-quarters of a mile over heavy country, through a curtain of shell fire, going so quickly that the Turkish gunners could not get the range. But the flanking movement by the 3rd Brigade, which was new to the Katia district, did not at once succeed. So the 1st and 2nd Light Horse withdrew in the evening for water, food, and sleep.

The Real Object of the Attack

Late in the evening the Territorial troops carried a strong Turkish rearguard position, and Kressenstein withdrew to his main entrenchments at Bir-el-Abd, some forty miles from the Suez Canal. Here, on August 9th, began another long and desperate battle that lasted three days. The Turkish artillery fire was more intense than at Romani or Gallipoli, and as our infantry were left behind, owing to the speed of the enemy's retreat, only our small force of mounted troops, the Anzac Light Horse and Mounted Rifles, the Yeomanry and Territorial Mounted Infantry, had sufficient mobility in the matter of supplies to come up with the enemy. Outnumbered and outgunned, the mounted troops broke three attacks, brought their guns within 2,000 yards range of the Turks, and captured Bir-el-Abd. In all, Kressenstein lost half his force, of which more than 3,920 were captured. Four guns, 9 machine-guns, 500 camels, 100 horses, 4,000 shells, and 1,000,000 rounds of small-arm ammunition formed part of the war material taken

The defeat of Kressenstein, however, was an affair of secondary importance. We had abundant means of defeating him, by reason of our sea-power and the expansion of our military power. The main thing was that we did not use these means. Falkenhayn's primary design was to waste some thousands of Turks in order to compel us to weaken our Grand Army in France and Flanders. He thought to mislead us into placing men in hundreds of thousands and guns in hundreds along the Suez Canal, where they would be comparatively idle during the critical period of the European conflict. For we needed to be strong at every point on a long front at which a thrust might be made. But Sir Archibald Murray defeated the scheme by constructing an extraordinary system of defences, with railways, motor tracks, and fresh-water pipe-lines stretching far into the desert, and enabling a small British force to concentrate victoriously against any similar force that Kressenstein could bring over the Sinai wilderness. This was the far-reaching success of the second Egyptian defensive campaign. From a local point of view, the movement of invasion was largely a bluff, in that it was scarcely designed to conquer the country. At the utmost, Kressenstein with good luck could only have temporarily disturbed the Suez Canal traffic. But from a universal point of view, if we had used a great British force in order to meet the bluff, our local victory would have been a strategical defeat. For we might then have lost in France against the Germans more than we gained in Egypt against the Turks. Thanks, however, to the foresight and energetic organising skill of Sir Archibald Murray we won all round.

Camel transport leaving for the firing-line on the Egyptian frontier. Incongruity never went further than in the battles in old Egypt, where motor-cars jostled camels, telegraph wires reached across deserts, and aeroplanes flew over immemorial caves.

Imperial Camel Corps Ride Down the Turks

The Turkish effort of August, 1916, against Egypt may be said to have been as great a failure as any of their previous attempts. In the course of a pursuit of the Ottoman troops in the Katia district, east of the Port Said end of the Suez Canal, the Imperial Camel Corps came into brilliant action in the southern part of the line. Charging full tilt on to the enemy entrenchments, the ponderous camels with their agile riders drove the Turks from their positions. Falling back on Bir-el-Ab, the enemy endeavoured to rally, but eventually had to give way, retreating along previously prepared points. The British victory was complete.

Bedouins Surrender to British Forces in Egypt

Giaffar Pasha, Turkish Commander-in-Chief of the Senussi, who surrendered to the British in West Egypt, March, 1916, being assisted into a picket-boat of a warship, which conveyed him to Alexandria.

Near impression of Giaffar Pasha, who was severely wounded. A sword penetrated his arm, and his uniform was smothered in blood.

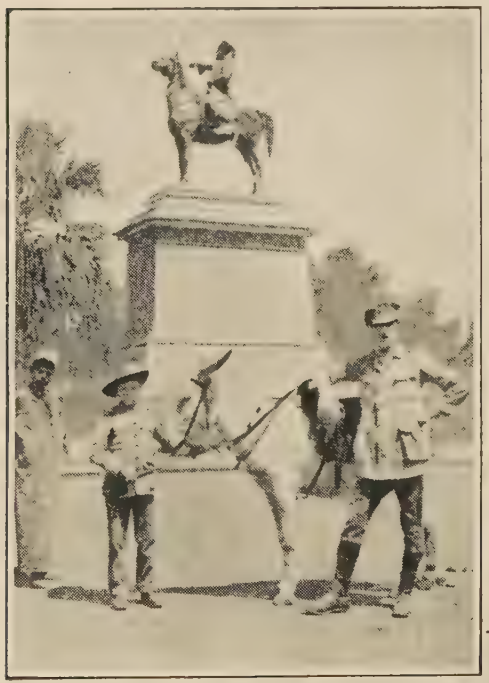
When their chief, Giaffar Pasha, surrendered to the British Forces, the Bedouins lost heart and swarmed into the British camp, throwing down their arms and begging for mercy. This photograph gives a general view of the camp on the seashore, with a Bedouin leading a string of camels to another part of the settlement

Incidents in the Conquest of the Senussi

British soldiers and men of the Egyptian Labour Corps getting water and cleaning fruit by a wayside station on the journey from Alexandria to Matruh. The natives in the background are sitting on top of a loaded truck. Beyond the terminus the mobile column had five days' continuous and heavy marching, halting and bivouacking at points where there were wells. At some of these the water supply was found to be plentiful, but at others there was only just sufficient for drinking purposes. An incident of this campaign was the dashing action of the armoured cars under the Duke of Westminster, which resulted in the rescue of the men of the Tara.

Empire Warriors Rest and Recuperate at Cairo

Red Cross ambulances for use in the Desert of Sinai. They are fitted with broad wheels to prevent their sinking too deep into the sand, and have a spring flooring constructed on the principle of the wire-mattress.



A group of British West Indian soldiers in Cairo. Native Colonial troops, both British and French, rendered magnificent service in the fighting in Europe.

Convalescent Indian soldiers from Gallipoli visiting the Pyramids. Inset above: Reggie Wood, the youngest Australian with the forces, in Opera Square, Cairo. Only ten years old, he ran away from his home, and arrived in Egypt with the 11th Battalion.

BRITISH NAVAL MEN WITH ARMOURED CARS WIN HONOUR IN THE CAUCASUS

Commander Locker-Lampson, with a contingent of armoured cars, proceeded to the Caucasian front, where he and his gallant naval men distinguished themselves fighting the Turks and Kurds in the mountain passes.

To face page 1440

Behind the Enemy Lines

The pages in this section portray diverse scenes of enemy activity. In striking contrast will be found photographic records of the unwarranted Hun arrogance and the miserable condition of the German captives. The enemy added to his unspeakable crimes the renewal of his policy of terrorism in Belgium and Northern France, and our illustrations include scenes of the cruel deportation of the inhabitants.

NO CONTRABAND ?—Isolated examples of treachery on the part of German prisoners who, having gained clemency, attack our men off guard, made British soldiers doubly wary that the vanquished foeman had no weapon or missile concealed on his person. Prisoners were also searched for documents likely to prove of value as divulging movements of the enemy regiments.

U 6

Large Guns and Small Dogs to Austria's Aid

Type of heavy gun that Falkenhayn arrayed against the Rumanians. Fixing an Austrian field-howitzer in position on the snow-covered Transylvanian front.

Austro-Hungarian dog-team bringing up supplies to an entrenchment on the Rumanian front. Inset: General Brialmont, who planned the forts of Bukarest, of which there are thirty-six, four miles from the city. This engineer also built the forts of Liege and Namur.

Germans Counter Their Own Method of Attack

The enemy, first to devise some method to emphasise the horror of war, was no less ready to find a means to counteract its military value when adapted by their opponents. Near La Bassee Canal, after a discharge of gas, the Germans lit fires in oil braziers, hoping that the upward current from the flames would lift the cloud over their heads. The British trench is seen in the foreground.

German gunners sometimes ranged to an inch routes to the British front, and shells found their mark on munition waggons. Even though projectiles did not actually strike the team, the crash of "Jack Johnsons" stampeded the horses into terrific confusion. Such an incident finds illustration above—men, animals, and munitions having been thrown into a Flemish canal.

Kaiser and Crown Prince on the Western Front

The Kaiser at a distribution of Iron Crosses to troops on the western front.

The German Crown Prince conversing with some of his troops who took part in the Verdun fighting. Above is another snapshot of the Hohenzollern heir, which seems to prove that the caricaturists do not over-exaggerate his eccentric figure.

Fruits of Kultur Revealed by the Camera

A German superman — the product of Kultur and militarism.

It would be difficult to find faces affording less evidence of the boasted mentality of the Teutons than those reproduced here of Germans taken prisoners near the Somme.

The German prisoner receiving first-aid from a French Red Cross officer was an object of interest to the French people in the farm behind the lines to which he had been taken. Inset: Another German, wearing a steel helmet, taken prisoner during the allied advance.

German 'Civilisation' Reintroduces Slavery

Under stress of their growing realisation of failure to keep up reserves the Germans in November, 1916, renewed their policy of terrorism in Belgium and France. From Roubaix, Turcoing, and Lille General von Graevenitz has deported 25,000 French subjects—girls, women, and men—without distinction of class, and compelled them to work in the fields.

There were heartrending scenes when the soldiers came and paraded the unhappy civilians at the doors for their officers to pick out victims from each family. Protestation was useless, and attempts at evasion were punished ruthlessly. People were taken off quite arbitrarily, separated from their relatives, and packed off to unknown destinations.

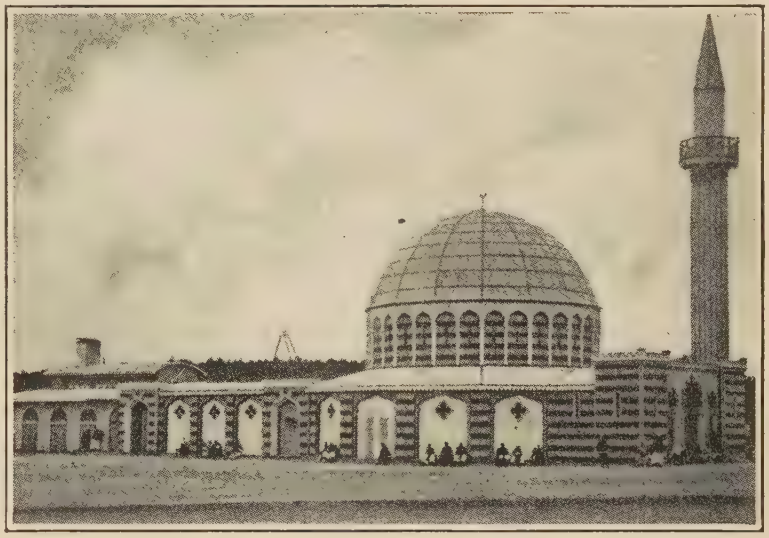
German Place in the Sun for Moslem Prisoners

Wounded inmates of the Wunsdorf Camp at prayer in the prison grounds.

Well nourished and clean, Moslem prisoners at Wunsdorf leaving the mosque presented to them by William II.

WHILE British prisoners in Germany were given a minimum of food and execrable accommodation, Mohammedan subjects of the Empire were treated with every kindness and consideration. The design, which no doubt emanated from high quarters, was obvious. Apart from the fact that Germany was in alliance with the Ottomans, the enemy's dream of Asiatic possessions was by no means dispelled.

Therefore, Wunsdorf, near Berlin, was a kind of prisoners' happy hunting-ground. Here were congregated five hundred and sixty-nine Indian soldiers, in well-constructed barracks. The food consisted of an abundance of rice and wheat, flour, potatoes, tea, sugar, and margarine, while a sheep farm supplied the inmates with meat which could be prepared in accordance with their religious rites. The Kaiser himself presented the camp with a mosque, where Divine service was held. The photographs on this page eloquently testify to the conditions prevailing at this sunny prisoners' home in a dismal land. Recalling the pitiable plight of British prisoners under lock and key in Germany, the Moslems may be congratulated on their healthy, contented appearance.



General view of the mosque at Wunsdorf designed specially to meet the spiritual requirements of Moslems.

Moslem prisoners in Germany received preferential treatment, good food, comfortable quarters, and consideration as to religious scruples. Above is a camera view of the Prisoners' Volunteer Fire Brigade drawn up outside the mosque.

Austrian Army Retreats from Lower Isonzo

Austrian patrol at a high altitude. Simultaneously with General Brussiloff's staggering blows, General Cadorna launched an offensive which brought about the fall of Gorizia on August 9th, 1916.

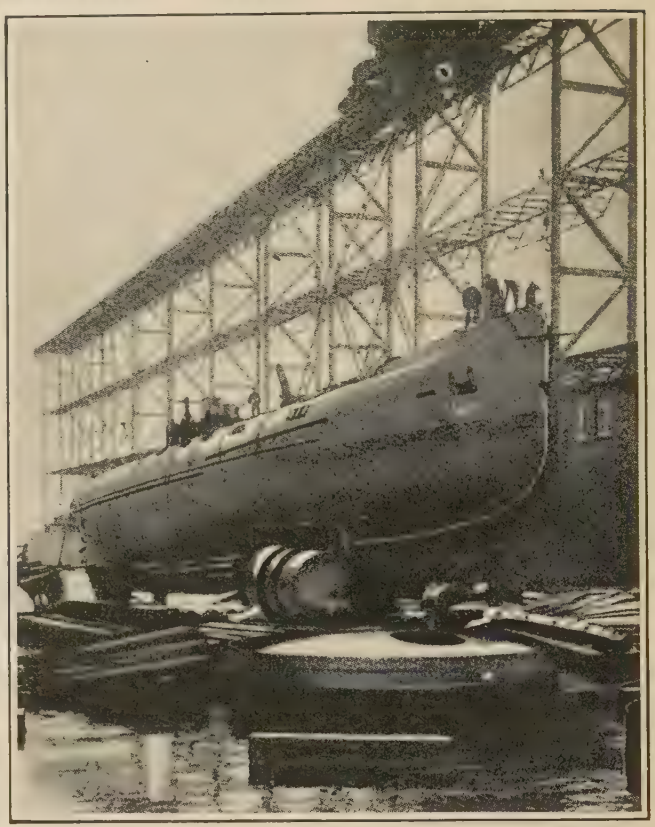
The capture of Gorizia and thousands of prisoners was an Italian triumph of the greatest magnitude. General Cadorna abode his time, and then let loose a storm of shells which blasted the foe out of one of his most powerful positions. Some idea of the difficulties of an Alpine campaign may be gathered from this photograph of the path followed by one Austrian patrol, and, inset, of an Austrian mountain gun brought up to an advantageous position over almost insurmountable obstacles.

Teutons Fighting Three Hereditary Foes

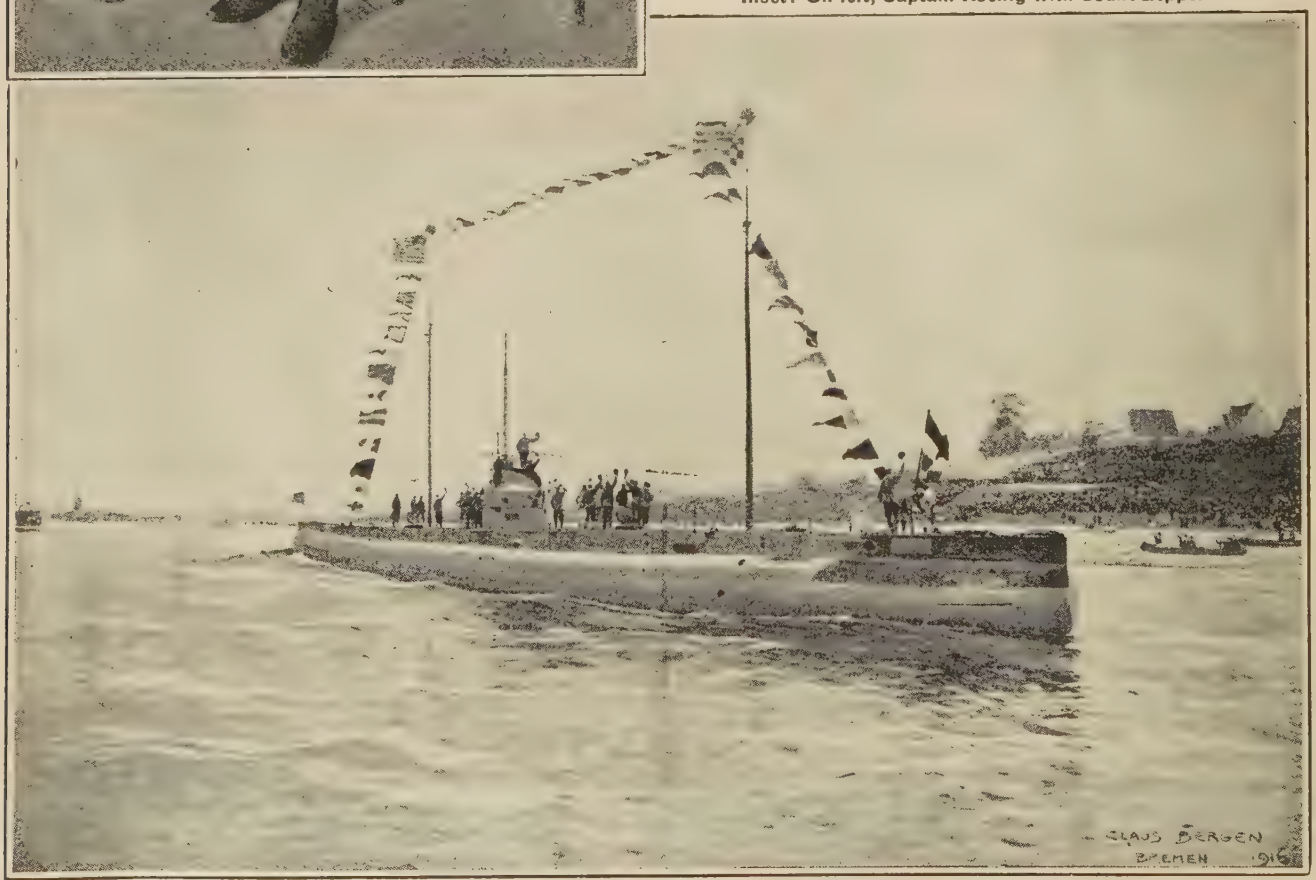
Corner of the Vosges. German soldiers on their way to the front. Inset: Testing the wind's direction by means of a paper balloon on the Austro-Russian front.

Flanked by an enormous rock, an advanced Austrian force is just leaving the trench to attack an Italian patrol. The shallowness of the trench in this area is no doubt due to the rocky soil, which makes entrenching a matter of great labour.

Deutschland, Deutschland Unter Alles:

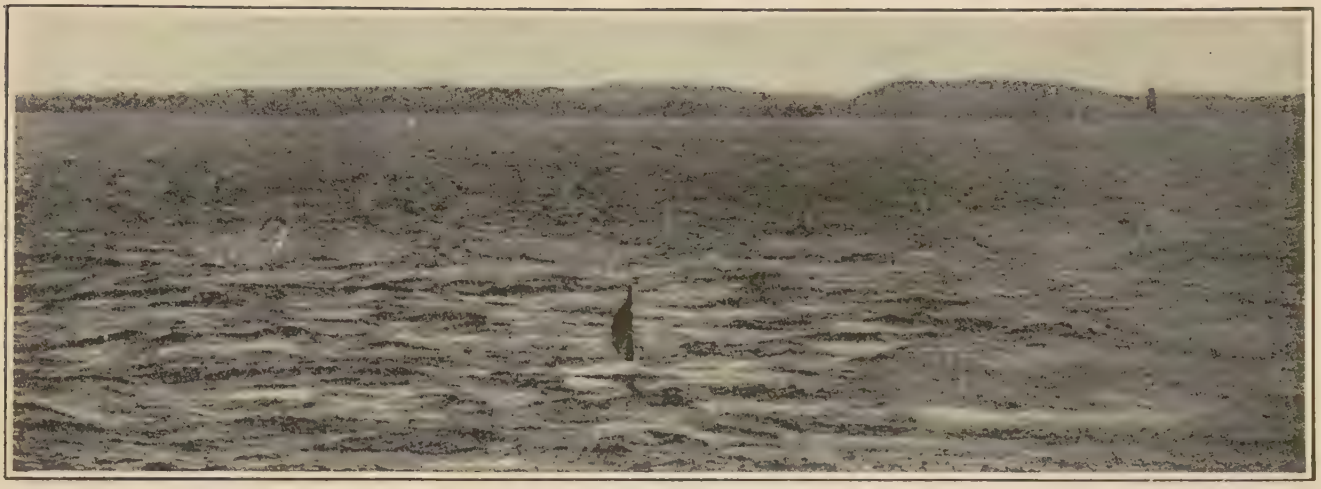


The German submarine merchant craft Deutschland ready to be launched on its maiden trip to America with a cargo of chemicals. Inset: On left, Captain Koenig with Count Zeppelin.

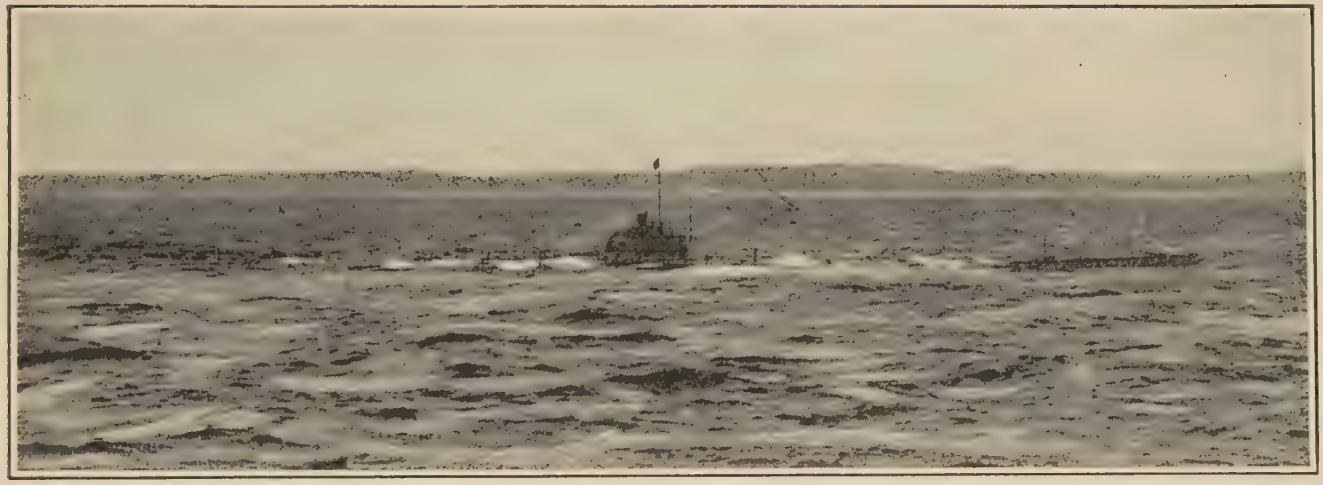


The return of the Deutschland to German waters, showing the German populace greeting the super U boat on its journey from Wesermunduna to Bremen in the morning of August 25th, 1916. (Reproduced from an enemy painting.)

The Crafty Submarine Liner Returns to Port



The discreet appearance of the German submarine Deutschland on its preliminary journey to America. The super-underwater craft was built at Bremen for Transatlantic service.



Impression of the Deutschland submerging. The submarine is driven by two Diesel engines, is three hundred and fifteen feet long, and has an underwater speed of twelve knots and a surface speed of eighteen knots.

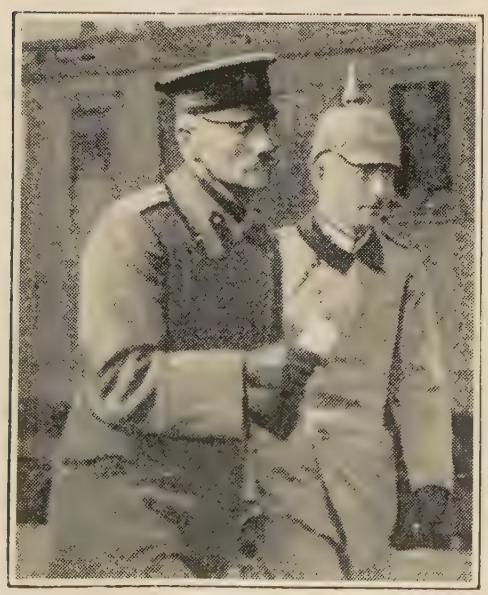
The Deutschland on the surface. She carries a crew of twenty-nine, and is alleged to hold seven hundred and fifty tons of cargo. According to Captain Koenig, the Deutschland cost £100,000 to build, and her first cargo to the States was worth £200,000

King Tino's Legion Lost in the Fatherland

Members of the Greek army corps at Gorlitz. Caught between the allied and enemy lines at Kavalla, they allowed themselves to be interned in Germany rather than break neutrality. Right: Greeks marching through Gorlitz.

Leaving the railway station at Gorlitz to be the "guests" of the Fatherland until the end of the war.

Entrance to Greek camp at Gorlitz, where a number of Tino's soldiers were interned behind the sign which reads "Welcome!"



Colonel Karakallos, of the interned troops, walking with a German officer at Gorlitz.

Some of the Greek officers outside the barracks at Gorlitz. The King of Greece asked for the return of his legion (25,000 men) in vain.

To face page 158

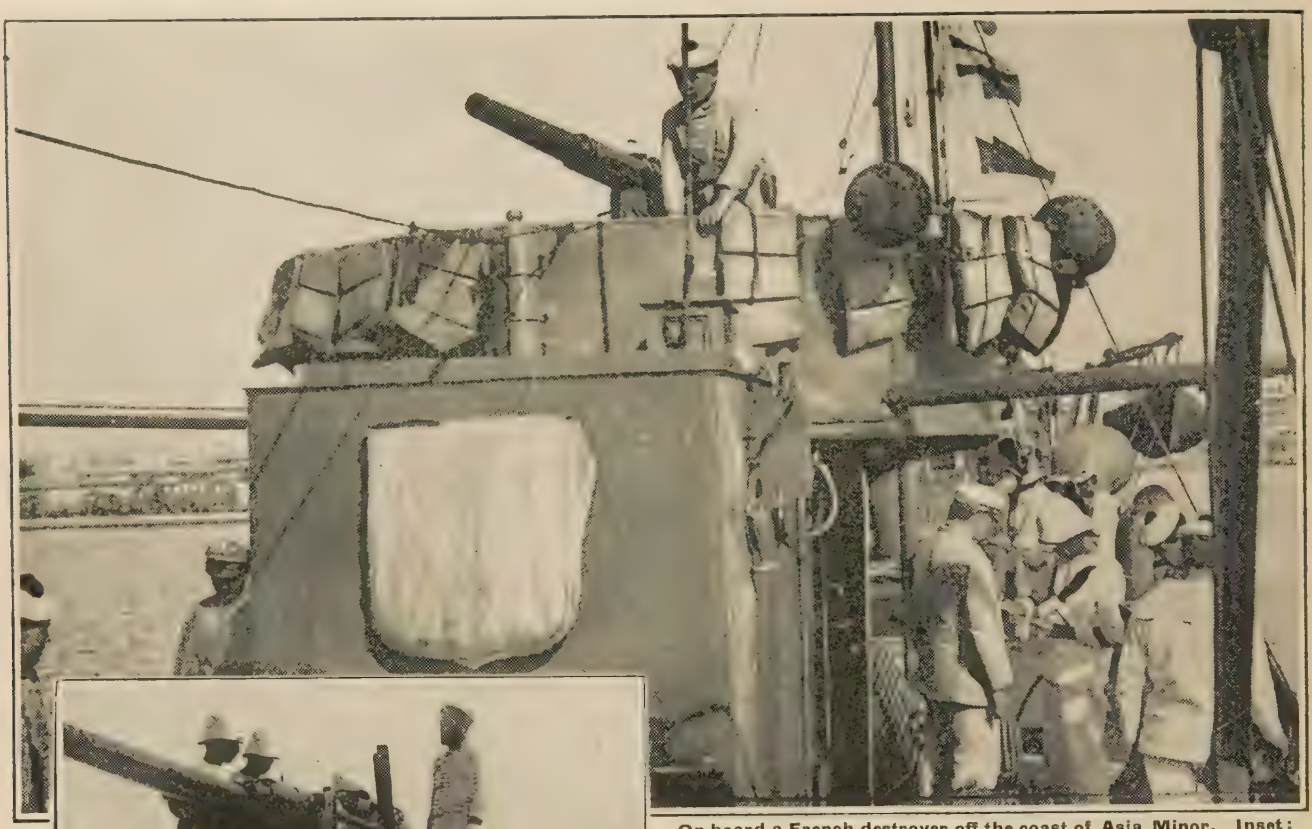
'TWIXT SEA AND SKY. BRITISH AIRSHIP, ENGAGED IN SCOUTING, BEING TOWED BY A BRITISH WARSHIP.

The War by Sea and Air

This section, while containing no record of big naval engagements, is interesting as showing various phases of aerial activity. The striking illustrations of the war in the air are of surpassing importance, for during this period was finally exploded the idea of unrestricted "frightfulness" by means of Zeppelins. The daring of our airmen effected the destruction of six Zeppelins which attacked our shores.

THE ARGUS EYES OF THE FLEET.—Most of us have admired the spectacle of searchlights over a great city ; but comparatively few have had opportunity to see them at their finest, when a squadron of battleships are searching the sky with their powerful batteries of lights, dappling the clouds with luminous pools and cleaving a clean cut way through darkness with blades that broaden as they rise.

Under the French Ensign in the Mediterranean



On board a French destroyer off the coast of Asia Minor. Inset: A gun on one of the Mediterranean islands held by the Allies. On October 11th, 1916, Admiral du Fournet, in the interests of the Allies, took charge of the Greek Fleet and Piræus batteries.

Touching evidence of the reverent care bestowed upon the graves of men who have died on active service abroad for their country. French sailors decking with the Tricolour ribbon and with palms a comrade's grave on one of the Mediterranean islands.

Ready, Aye Ready! to the Last Hammock Cord

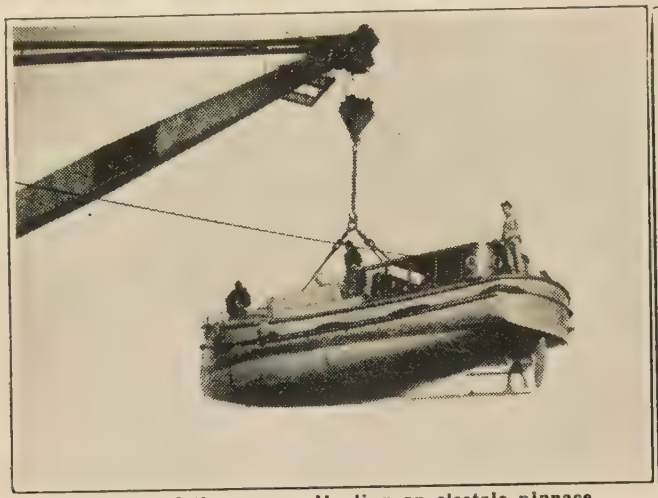
Hammocks and bedding laid out aboard ship for inspection. Lashings are neatly coiled, and everything is spick and span and correct, according to tradition.

Process of "lashing up" after the inspection of bedding. Every detail of duty in the Grand Fleet is carried out with a discipline which is the keystone of efficiency.

The stokers are up aloft. Men of the "Black Squad" cleaning the funnel of a warship.

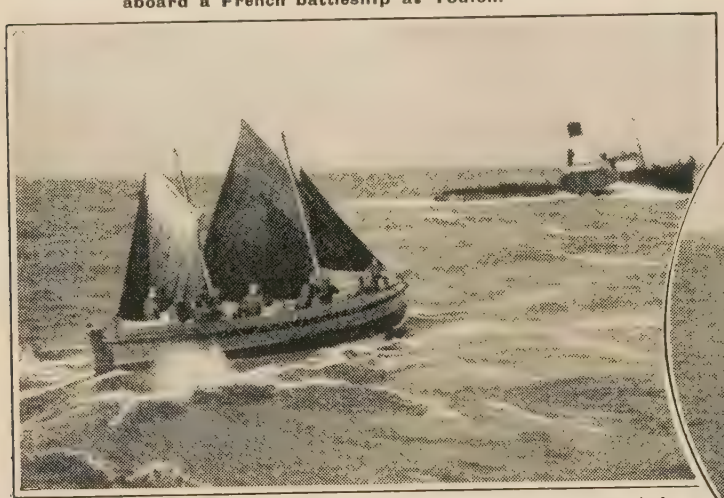
Standing easy while provisions are being stored. The complement of a large warship consume as much food as the population of a small town.

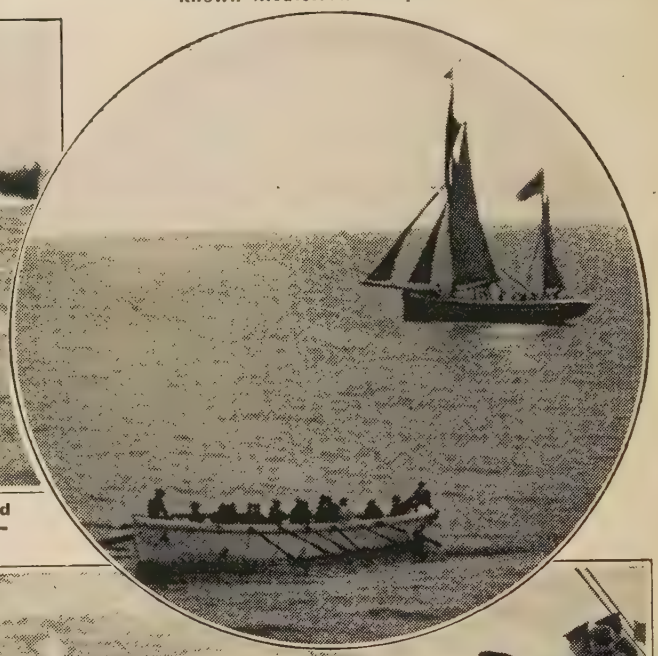
The Allied Naval Effort from Sea to Sea



The power of the crane. Hauling an electric pinnace aboard a French battleship at Toulon.

French warship taking in supplies of shells at a well-known Mediterranean port.





Off to the assistance of a ship in distress. Lifeboat, supported by a tug, on duty in the North Sea. Inset: Naval boarding-party about to examine a suspicious craft for contraband.

Boarding-party about to leave a battleship on the high seas to inspect the papers of a neutral steamer and generally to satisfy themselves that no contraband is leaking through.

Our Star Flyer · The Hero of a Hundred Fights

CAPTAIN and FLIGHT-COMMANDER ALBERT BALL, D.S.O., Sherwood Foresters and the Royal Flying Corps, was the champion airman of Britain during 1916. This young officer gained the Military Cross, and he had been awarded a bar to his D.S.O. He was regarded as the "star flyer" at the Front, and accounted for about thirty enemy machines, and never a Hun plane winged over his sector without finding him a ready and formidable antagonist.

On one occasion he observed twelve enemy machines in formation, dived in among them, and fired a drum into the nearest machine, which went down out of control. Several more hostile machines then approached, and he fired three more drums at them, driving down another out of control. He then returned, crossing the lines at a low altitude, with his machine very much damaged.

Captain Ball, who is the son of a former Mayor of Nottingham, is only twenty years of age, and prior to 1916 had had no experience of flying. It is said that his favourite device is to manœuvre beneath his enemy and then empty a round of ammunition into the German's petrol tank. Although he has had several narrow escapes, Captain Ball has never been injured. He is described as a "short little chap, with longish black hair and eyes like a hawk. Often he goes to battle in his shirt-sleeves."

Falling Like Lucifer, Flaming Through the Skies

The Zeppelin was heading westward, and the guns opened a very direct fire; she made off at a tremendous pace, and violent explosions occurred all round her.

Suddenly one end of her burst into a brilliant blaze, and she dropped like a spent but fiercely-burning rocket. Inset: Lieut. W. Leefe Robinson, Worcester Regt. and R.F.C., awarded the V.C. for bringing the Zeppelin down at Cuffley on Sept. 3rd, 1916.

The Shattered Fragments of the Fated Ship

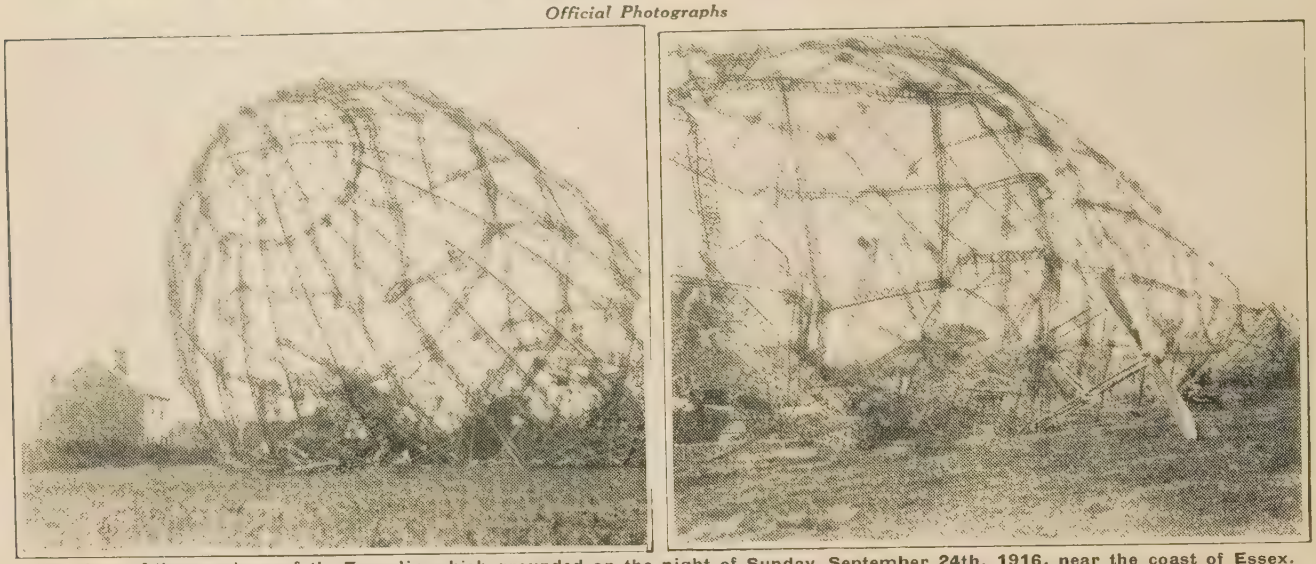
The ruins of the Zeppelin at Cuffley, near Enfield. The whole of the ship fell in one tangled, red-hot mass, except the propeller, which flew off and dropped a couple of hundred yards from the main wreckage. Right: Removing some of the debris.

One of the engines of the monster. Left: Removing a machine-gun. The German gunner worked it until the last moment.

Immediate possession was taken of the debris by the military authorities, with a view to the reconstruction of the machine sufficient to inform our experts of novel details. A large amount of wood was used in the construction of the doomed raider.

The Stricken Couriers of Teutonic Hate:

Official Photographs



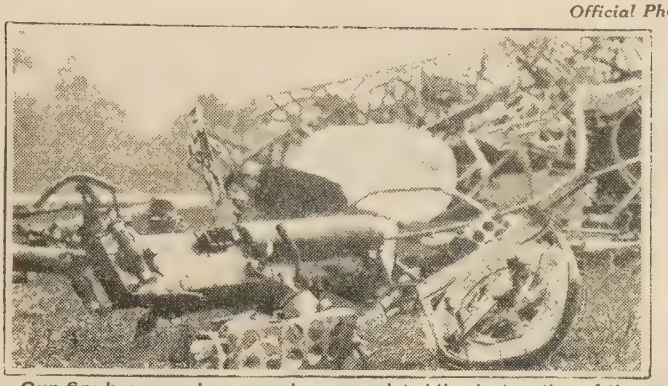
Two views of the wreckage of the Zeppelin which grounded on the night of Sunday, September 24th, 1916, near the coast of Essex. The commander's first request was to be allowed to telephone news of his safety to a friend in London.

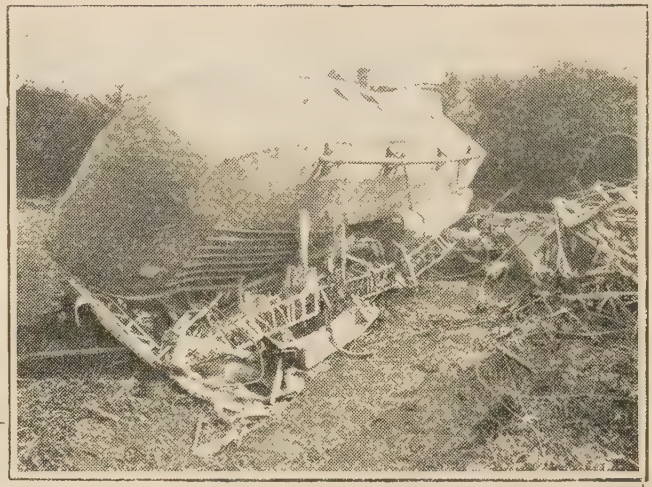
The occupants of the cottage in front of which the Zeppelin came down. Miraculously, they and their cottage escaped injury.

Seen from a distance the wreckage suggested the skeleton of some prehistoric beast sprawling across two fields. Inset above: Exactly a week later, October 1st, 1916, a Zeppelin was brought down in flames near Potter's Bar while attempting to evade our anti-aircraft defences and drop bombs on London.

One Crew Captured and Two Consumed by Fire

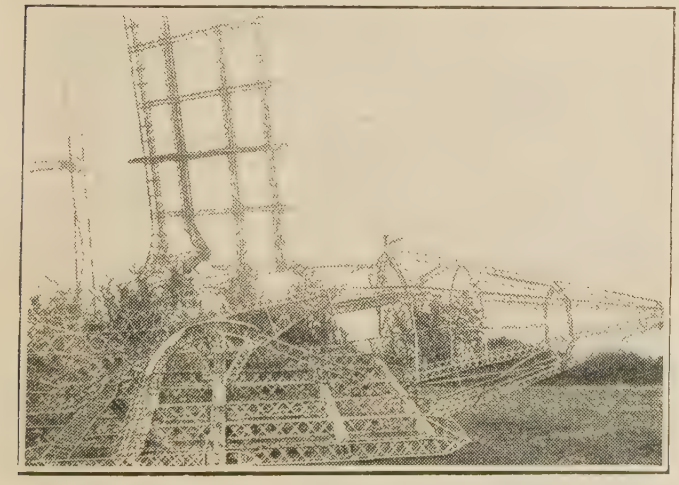
Official Photographs





Gun fire began and an aeroplane completed the destruction of the second Zeppelin brought down on September 23rd–24th, 1916. This picture shows the control and a Maxim.

The Zeppelin was impaled upon an oak-tree, which was stripped bare. It lay a crumpled mass of aluminium, bent out of shape, all the fabric burned off the gaunt ribs. Inset above: One of the gondolas of the ruined airship.



This photograph shows the delicate tracery of the stern and steering-plane frame. Right: The calcined crew were buried in the churchyard of the parish where the Zeppelin fell, the funeral being in charge of men of the Royal Flying Corps.

With the Royal Flying Corps Zeppelin Strafers

Sec.-Lieut. F. Sowrey, awarded the D.S.O. for attack on a Zeppelin.

Group of R.F.C. officers arm-in-arm, including Lieut. Robinson and Lieut. Sowrey.

Lieut. Brandon, awarded D.S.O. for attacking enemy air-craft.

BOTH on the west front and at home our aviators established permanent ascendancy over the enemy. The fact that by October 1st, 1916, four Zeppelins had been brought down in England was calculated to induce the Germans to modify their policy of frightfulness, in spite of the ravings of Count Zeppelin.

This notorious German found it increasingly difficult to justify his hideous invention, and one which had cost his Fatherland several millions—to no real military purpose.

It is significant that where competent German reconnaissance was most needed, on the Somme front, it was conspicuously unsuccessful. Certainly no Zeppelin dared appear over the Franco-British line. That is why Paris was immune from the couriers of hate, and, with the perfection of London defences, the Zeppelin found it increasingly dangerous to approach the British metropolis

Lieut. Robinson's squadron of the Royal Flying Corps on parade at headquarters.

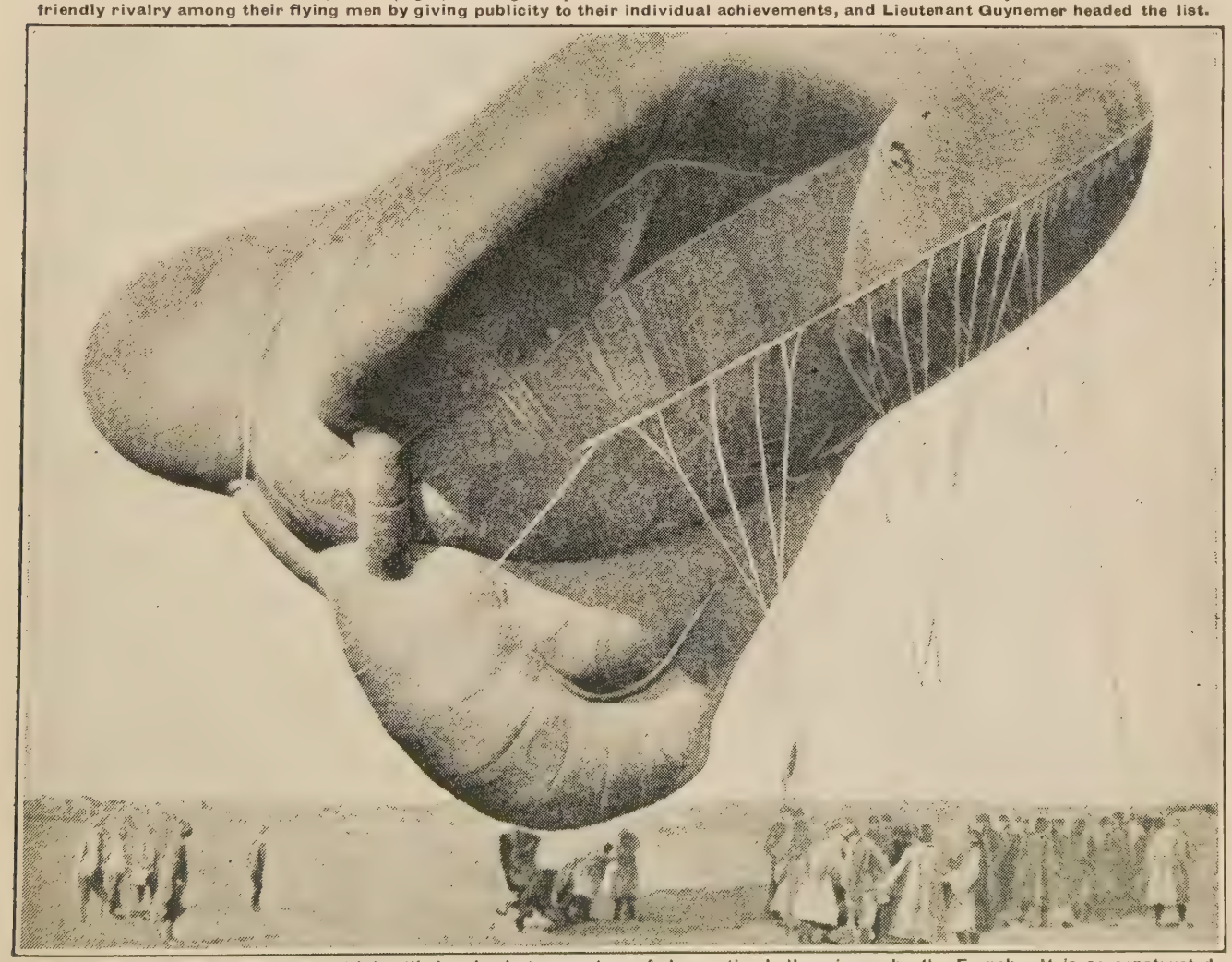
Mark of the Hun! Would-be baby-killer who jumped from Zeppelin at Potter's Bar left this mark on the turf.

Brother heroes of the R.F.C. Left to right: Lieut. Robinson, V.C., Lieut. Tempest, and Sec.-Lieut. Sowrey, D.S.O.

With the French Flying Corps Over the Front

French Official Photographs

Lieutenant Guynemer held the French record for the destruction of enemy aircraft. These photographs show him making a trip in his machine known as "Old Charles," and (right) floating in space while on an excursion. The French military authorities stimulated friendly rivalry among their flying men by giving publicity to their individual achievements, and Lieutenant Guynemer headed the list.



Not a Zeppelin after an encounter with hostile bombs, but a new type of observation balloon in use by the French. It is so constructed that it can remain absolutely steady even if the wind is blowing a gale.

BATTLE PICTURES OF THE GREAT WAR

The Fight of the Flaming Ship

By MAX PEMBERTON

ON the borders of Lake Constance was the ship born, and there upon her they made the sign of the Iron Cross.

A great occasion for the Hun, and celebrated with Hunnish joviality. Fat men were there whose breasts jangled orders; lean men pressed in and out of the crowd and piped their feeble voices. The deuce and all was played with the sausages. Not only must the gasbag be filled, but also the balloons of culture. Looking ahead, the bespangled fire-eaters declared that England was finished. The Zeppelin stood in the heaven and all was well with the world below.

Later on the ship is in another place. It is the same ship but different. The idea that drifted over Lake Constance half a decade ago has become the fact which a hangar in Flanders or the islands shall shelter. It is a wonderful sight, and guarded by sentries most vigilant. Puny man looks up at it from below and stands aghast at its immensity. The child upon a wharf does not regard the sheer sides of a monster liner with greater veneration—yet how different are these twain! The one will house three thousand people. It is an hotel, and again an hotel. Its engine-room is like a church; its crew alone may number a thousand souls.

Not so the Zeppelin. But twenty-eight or thirty will manœuvre this vastness. Here are neither bath-rooms nor lifts, restaurants nor bridge-saloons. The cabins are but enlarged canoes. Men go hazardously with muffled feet upon a single plank. You could not whip a cat in the engine-room. The captain sits apart like the driver of a car in the Tube, his switchboard before him, his instruments ready to his hand. But the seat of his authority is small. The landsman peeps in his cabin with awe and shivers, maybe, when he contemplates his responsibility.

On Murder Bent

Look at the crew—volunteers all, and paid high wages. Years ago, when the motor-car was a new thing upon an English high road, we saw strange animals within them, and perchance the populace jeered. "'Twas not alone the inky cloak, good mother." Men wrapped themselves in many thicknesses, and coat was laid upon coat—fur over all and leather in between. There were hooded varieties, and they were not labelled. The intensity of the cold put Arctic boots even upon the feet of dilettante wanderers. Some such hybrids are the crew of the Zepp. Fur and flannel go to their making. Their boots are felt with a lining of fur. They have the cabbage ears and slit eyes of the Oriental. "Sportsmen," you say—but that is wholly too generous. They have courage, but are without pity. Well they know the object for which the Colossus was built. "Gott strafe England!" is on their lips as they climb the ladders to the cabins which enshroud them. There will be dead women and children in London to-morrow. God save the Kaiser!

The Dream of Dædalus

It is the truth. And yet, Heaven knows the whole thing would be romantic enough if these were the piping times. Here is the dream of Dædalus, and as this dream shall fall, so fell less terribly Icarus, the son. Fifteen hundred years have not changed man at all. Jules Verne put him in a balloon and sent him across Africa. The small boy of a hundred generations had longed for that. To leave the world behind, to make faces at your enemy from a height, to tempt the lion with a sawdust ham and then to run helter-skelter for your ladder and your balloon—what joy!

Zeppelin the Terrible made it all possible. Given petrol and oil, you could cross Africa easily enough to-day, as Jules Verne crossed it—is it not forty years ago? But the peace of it was never in the destroyer's mind. The hope of slaughter and champagne went hand in hand on the feast day; and slaughter alone without the champagne now sends the Zepp. from its hangar across the North Sea to the hated shores. Meteorologists all over the place have said that the barometric conditions are favourable; there will be no dreaded north-easter to-night. The moon, as the old song has it, is behind a tree. A little wraith of mist will smoke about the dragon, and its teeth will be hidden awhile. But there will be no storm and so—let her rip! The men have fed well, and their wool is buttoned close around them. Militarism permits of no cuddled farewells. They climb to their seats, and the captain, with a last look round, takes his place at the wheel. Let her go now! It is day, and the children who will be dead to-night are laughing in the sun.

It is a fair journey, and if it be from the north, will show you something of Holland, perchance, and the fat Dutchmen below. A dull old dog he is, yet with wit enough to fire a gun if fingers be too loudly snapped in his jovial face. The North Sea itself is but a grey waste beyond the coast, and the ships upon it are few. In a more frolicsome mood this grim Hun at the wheel would toss bombs upon them for luck and wish them "God-speed!" But to-day he has other work to do.

Crying for the Dark

Should he have come, not from the north but from the great hangars by Bruges, he will cross our old friend Zeebrugge, and look down upon the batteries which once were golf-links as fine as any in Flanders. They will cheer him there, and cheers are music in ears grown deaf to curses. From a height, it may be, of 5,000 feet at this point, he will see Ostend, white and shining in the curve of the bay, and broken Nieuport beyond it, and La Panne upon the coast, and the desolation of the waters by which Belgium drove his fellows back when the hour was critical. Perchance, too, he may spy out the dim shape of a British warship like a fleck of black upon a cold grey carpet. But all these are without interest to him upon this afternoon of autumn. Now he is crying for the dark to come down. The shadows gather, and sea and shore alike are blotted from his view.

A shaded lamp shows him the face of his instrument-board, and the buttons with which he will release the bombs presently. He pushes on with a luminous compass for his only guide, and anon his bearings trouble him. If London be the goal, he should be somewhere in the neighbourhood of Harwich by this time. He drops a star-shell, and lo and behold! its blinding blue light turns to a cold whiteness, which reveals the mouth of a great river and ships at anchor, and below the Zepp. the houses of a village and the curves of a bay. "It is Felixstowe," says the Hun, and instantly correcting his helm, he hurries on for London—and death.

A Horrible Alternative

He is at a great altitude now. Every effort of his twin engines was needed to lift the weight of bombs as he drew near the white cliffs; and he seeks the shelter of any cloud as though a friendly hand were outstretched to him. The country immediately beyond the cliffs has little interest for him. Here and there a faint shimmer of light will speak of town or village. A deeper glow tells of a railway or shipping in the river. London itself cannot be perceived until the rim of it is crossed. But the clock and the speedometer will tell the fellow where he is, and the river will guide him infallibly. For all that, this is no gay pilgrimage. These marauders go with no laugh upon their lips. The dullest imagination can but speculate upon the "might be." Down and yet down through the darkness, flung like a stone from the sky, brought up at last with a dreadful crash beyond which is night and blackness—that is the mildest penalty of disaster. There is an alternative so horrible that men must clench their hands when they think of it. If this great balloon above them were fired!

[*Continued on page* 2465

AIR SICKNESS. AN EVERYDAY INCIDENT WITH THE SPLENDID MEN OF THE ROYAL FLYING CORPS IN FRANCE.

Owing to the rapid changes in elevation experienced in air by pilot and observer, reaction sets in when they land, and the flying-men require assistance in getting to their rest quarters.

To face page 2464

THE FIGHT OF THE FLAMING SHIP (Cont. from page 2464)

The terror of it is beyond comprehension. They put it from their thoughts, and lick their lips because the prey is at hand. Surely this England whom they would strafe is asleep. But is she ?

In a great garage " somewhere in the silver isle " there has been a note of alarm to-night. Peep into the place and you will see strange doings. Yonder are the sheds, but they are lighted and their doors are open. Before them upon the grass are the hornets whom the winter night will set buzzing. Their wings are already spread and they have eaten. Oddly clad men move about them and test their pennons with tender fingers. There is work to be done, and it requires courage like to none that war has yet called for. The good fellows look above to the blackness of the clouded sky, and tell themselves that the enemy is there. Anon the word to go is given. One by one the engines are started with a roar and a rattle. The hornets spread their wings and skim away and disappear in the darkness. They circle and rise. They are cut off from all things living. The lights of the great city become but a glow beneath them. They, too are thinking of women and children. God, what work to do !

Excitement of the Adventure

And so back to the Zepp. The Hun has not liked it overmuch since he left that fair town of Harwich, and, in truth, his heart has been more than once in his mouth. Objectionable people, swinging the shoulder-pieces of guns deftly, have used the goniometric range-finder, of which he thinks so much, and have peppered him with shrapnel most " demnibly." Profiting by his own instruction books, they have described the sky parallelogram and filled it cheerfully with messages of goodwill. Bullets sing about the monster and the air cracks with detonations. More than once the chief Hun thought that he was hit, and put feverish questions to the crew. But this, after all, is the peril with which habit has made him familiar, and he is willing to take his chances. At the worst he can bring the great ship down and take a rest cure at Donington. It is of that greater danger he will not think until he must. London is now ahead of him, and he circles about it for the objective which he will call military. Shrapnel still follows him, but the excitement of the adventure prevails above the dread of it. He touches a trigger and a bomb falls upon the awakened city. Plainly to the raiders' ears comes the boom of that resounding explosion. Perchance those who were alive ten seconds ago are dead this instant. The crew chortles in its joy—another and another ! Doing well to-night, and undiscovered by those cursed searchlights. A vain boast. The words are hardly spoken when the great silver beam wings up from the blackness below, and the ship is shown as a fairy in a limelight. No more bombing now, be sure of it. Every nerve must be strained, every trick be tried to escape this damning publicity. See how the gigantic snake is wriggling ? Here and there, to the right, to the left, up and down—a rat seeking a hole is not in a greater hurry. For well these fellows know what that revelation means. Already the omens are buzzing in their ears. " A 'plane ! " cry twenty voices. Figures cower and huddle in the depths of the cabin. Is this the end ?

The aviator is alone, and all the living world he has known seems far away. Of his own peril he has no sense. He is cut off from the earth, and in this vast blackness of the ether he sees but one objective. The great path of silver light links earth and sky ; but it shows him the gate of the seventh heaven. If only he can do it ! What joy to the millions awake and awaiting there in the city which has sent him forth ! His gun is ready and the " jolly "-stick is between his legs now. He can give but an occasional hand to it, and that for the swift manœuvre. Clearly he sees the very faces of the Huns. There is the sharp rattle of discharge, but no answer from the monster.

HEROES OF OUR NAVAL AIR SERVICE.

Flight-Lieut. E. Cadbury, D.S.C. (left), and Flight-Sub-Lieut. E. L. Pulling, D.S.O., R.N.A.S., who, with Flight-Lieut. G. W. R. Fane, D.S.C., R.N.A.S., were awarded their honours for distinguished services on the occasion of the destruction of a Zeppelin off the Norfolk coast on November 28th, 1916.

Beginning of the End

He climbs above it with tremendous acceleration of his willing engine, and again he presses his shoulder to the piece. If he can but do it ! His new discharge has helped him no better than the old. He hardly realises at this time that he is in an aeroplane at all. A mad excitement possesses him. In all that vastness of infinity there is but one star—and he must win it. Down he goes and round, the answering bullets singing about him, the roar of the enemy's gun now loud in his ears. A new manœuvre has sent him winging to the rear of Colossus, and putting in his last belt he prays to God that he may get her. Now a sharp rattle follows the speeding of the bullet. He swerves and comes upon a new tack—and so he sees, and who shall find words for him ?

It all began with a little glow of rosy red light at the rear of the tremendous envelope. The light spreads. It is as the coming of the sun upon a lone mountain peak—at first but a pink flush, anon a flame, and then the whole glory of the day. So here shall be the glory of the night. See, now the envelope has burst and with a mighty roar the flame has rushed about it. The doomed men in the cars below, listening to the sounds, utter one doleful, piercing cry when the truth is understood.

In the Furnace of Destiny

An instant later and they are themselves enveloped in that furnace of their destiny. So awful are their cries that the man in the aeroplane wings away for very terror of them. Here and there one, unable to suffer the agony, leaps from the car and crashes over headlong to the black earth beneath. The rest have become but shrivelled trunks, dying helplessly, it may be without consciousness of time or place.

But the Zepp. itself is now a flaring beacon for all the countryside. Men will tell their children in the years to come that they saw it fifty miles from London town. Great crowds throng the streets and point at it. There are those who weep for very joy. But, in the main, it is a glad cry upon the falling. Cheer oh, and again cheer oh ! Read by this splendid lamp the story of the salvation of woman and child. The Zepp. is down, and the man who took her is up yonder somewhere in the flaring heavens—alone—and it may be that, now, he also is afraid.

Crashing to Earth a Meteor of Smoke and Fire

If the aeroplane pilot is unusually brave, the occupant of an artillery observation balloon may be said to be even braver. Those who man these stationary craft, used by all the belligerents, have little or no chance if attacked by aeroplanes. With no effective means of retaliation, their only hope lies in the fragile parachute, which not infrequently fails to act. In these remarkable photographs an observation balloon has just been attacked by an aeroplane. Bombs have sent it crashing to earth, a smoking meteor, but the parachute has got away, and the observer is dropping through space towards terra firma.

Golden Deeds of Heroism

The glorious story of British heroism in battle forms one of the most striking sections of this volume. The native bravery of the sons of the Empire was never more conspicuously shown than in the deeds recorded by pen and pencil in the following thrilling pages. Portraits of British heroes of the cross of courage are given, as well as spirited drawings by famous war artists, illustrating the necessarily brief official records of deeds that will live for ever.

THE BEAUTIFUL SIDE OF WAR.—Actual photograph of a British soldier bringing a wounded comrade out of danger. Though all the time under heavy fire this great hero saved as many as twenty stricken men in this way.

Decorated for Valour: More of Britain's Brave Sons

Flight-Lieut. E. H. DUNNING, R.N.A.S., awarded the D.S.C. for exceptionally good work in observing and photographing in a seaplane.

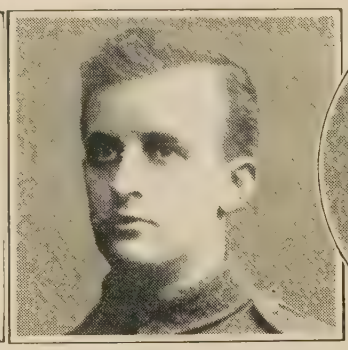
Coy.-Sergt.-Major W. GRIFFITHS, 1st Shropshire L.I., awarded D.C.M. and French Military Medal for saving lives under shell fire.

Pte. T. BYTHEWAY, 2nd Ox. and Bucks. L.I., awarded D.C.M. for rescuing three gassed men and devotion to duty.

Sergt. G. BURNETT, 1st R. Highlanders, awarded clasp to his D.C.M. and Cross of St. George for conspicuous gallantry in action.

Flight-Com. C. H. BUTLER, R.N.A.S., awarded D.S.C. for his splendid observation work while flying low over the enemy's lines.

Corpl. F. G. COUSINS, 187th Coy. R.E., awarded D.C.M. for capturing a German colonel, a captain, and five privates, though quite unarmed.



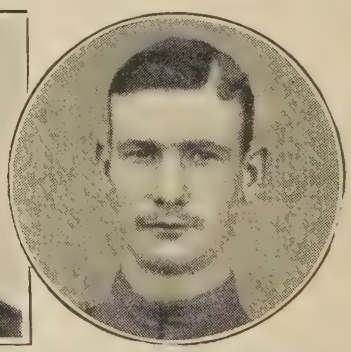
L.-Corpl. C. T. BOLD, A.S.C., awarded D.C.M. for bravery in bringing up supplies. A wheel breaking, he fitted on another under fire.

Flight-Lieut. G. L. THOMSON, R.N.A.S., awarded the D.S.C. for gallant observation service while flying low over enemy positions.

Pipe-Major I. S. HOWARTH, 6th Gordon Highlanders, awarded a clasp to his D.C.M. for great bravery in action at Loos.

Pte. J. RILEY, 1st Worcester Regt., awarded the D.C.M. for saving wounded men under heavy fire at Neuve Chapelle.

Bomb. G. DOUGHERTY, R.G.A., awarded D.C.M. for twice repairing communication lines under fierce fire at Neuve Chapelle.



Sergt. A. CHARLEY, R.F.A., four times mentioned in despatches, and awarded clasp to his D.C.M. for gallantry in action at Loos.

Sec.-Lieut. P. R. FOISTER, 2nd Leicester Regt., gained the D.C.M. near Festubert in 1914, and was given a commission for distinguished service.

Sergt. J. E. FREETH, 1st S. Staff. Regt., awarded D.C.M. for conspicuous service along the enemy's front under fire.

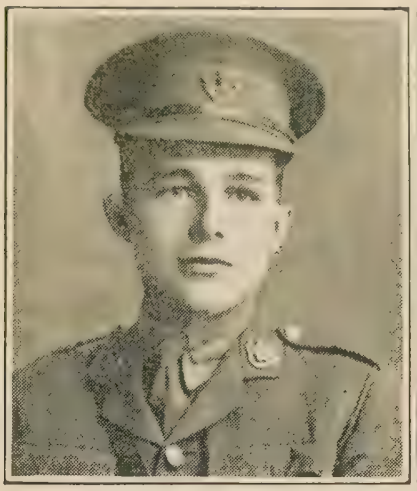
Sergt.-Major J. DUGGAN, 6th S. Staffs. Regt., awarded D.C.M. and Russian Cross of the Order of St. George for bravery in action.

Pte. J. JACKSON, A.S.C., awarded D.C.M. for saving an ambulance with wounded under heavy fire: congratulated by Lord French.

Wounded Hussar Saves Officer in Wheelbarrow

While Private G. Ingle, 4th Hussars, was advancing with his troop during an attack, he was badly wounded in the head from shell fire. Seeing his troop leader, Lieut. Radclyffe, severely wounced and unable to move, he and a non-commissioned officer procured a wheelbarrow from a farm, and in turn they wheeled the officer back to headquarters under very heavy fire the whole time. On reaching there Ingle collapsed from loss of blood. He received the D.C.M. for his bravery.

Coveted Cross for Devotion to Duty and Comrade



Lieut. T. O. L. WILKINSON, North Lancs Regiment, posthumously awarded the V.C. for great courage in driving back the enemy and attempting the rescue of wounded comrades.

Rev. W. R. F. ADDISON, Temp. Chaplain, awarded V.C. for carrying a wounded man to trench cover and assisting several others. He set a fine example to his comrades by his heroic contempt of danger.

Sec.-Lieut. E. F. BAXTER, Liverpool Regt., received V.C. for great devotion to duty, particularly in storming and bombing a German trench. He fell on the field.

Sec.-Lieut. E. KINGHORN MYLES, Welsh Regt., was seen to leave the trenches under heavy rifle fire and rescue a wounded officer and men in circumstances of great danger.

Staff Nurse ETHEL HUTCHINSON, Q.A.I.M.N.S. (R.), who was awarded the Military Medal for exhibiting conspicuous courage in the course of her duty on the battlefield.

Pte. ALBERT HILL, R. Welsh Fusiliers, showed great daring in an attack when he routed 20 Germans. He also assisted to bring back his wounded officer under fire and captured two prisoners.

Sergt. C. C. CASTLETON, Australian Machine-Gun Company, gave his life for his comrades in facing a terrific enemy fire to rescue wounded lying in shell-holes. He went out three times.

Cpl. S. W. WARE, Seaforth Highrs., displayed unusual gallantry. Ordered to withdraw from a trench, he carried one wounded man to cover, and for two hours went to and fro until he had brought in all.

Pte. J. H. FYNN, South Wales Borderers, awarded V.C. for making several journeys into No Man's Land to bandage and carry wounded comrades back to the trenches.

Supreme Self-Sacrifice of Stretcher-Bearers

How dangerous the work of the stretcher-bearers is, this dramatic drawing suggests. The artist inscribed upon it "Homage to the stretcher-bearers, heroes whom fame passes by!" Yet the world seldom hears of their individual deeds of heroism.

Imagination can conceive no situation more poignant than that of a wounded man who, carried to a Red Cross station, finds himself, by the bursting of a shell upon it, the sole survivor of the party, the men who brought him in lying dead around him.

New Members of the Great Company of Heroes

Temp. Capt. ERIC R. WOOD, awarded a bar to his Military Cross for rallying his own men and organising stragglers under heavy fire.

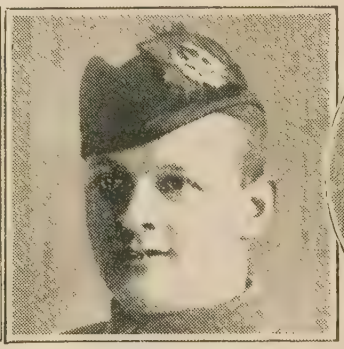
Able-Seaman H. J. BOUTELL, D.S.M. In the Battle of Jutland continued to serve his gun throughout the action, though wounded in both legs.

Rev. Canon C. S. WOODWARD, M.C., Temporary Chaplain 4th Class A. Worked for thirty-six hours tending wounded under very heavy fire.

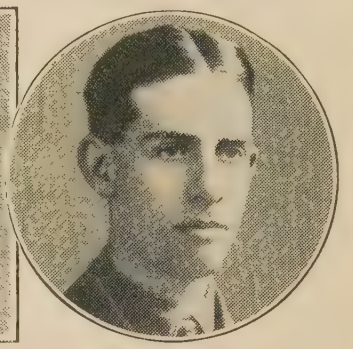
Acting-Corpl. LEO CLARKE, V.C., Canadian Infantry. Heavily attacked while defending a trench, he killed five of the enemy and captured a sixth.

Capt. F. LONGUEVILLE, D.S.O., M.C., Coldstream Guards. Led his company to the second objective through intense barrage.

Lieut. J. A. MANN, M.C., Scottish Rifles and R.F.C. Killed. With his pilot, disposed of eight German aeroplanes in seven days.



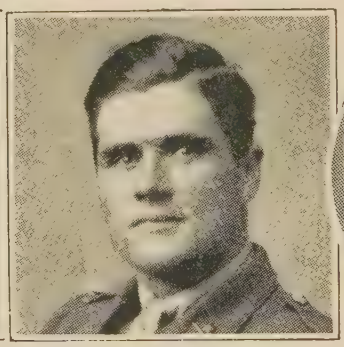
Coy.-Sergt.-Major J. BAXENDEN, M.C., Cameronians. All his officers being wounded, he took command of half the battalion at Martinpuich.



Capt. E. E. WOOKEY, M.C., Gloucestershire Regt. Rewarded for conspicuous gallantry in action. Already twice mentioned in despatches.

Sec.-Lt. J. N. RICHARDSON, M.C., Royal Berkshire Regt. He is son of the Rev. G. F. Richardson, Vicar of St. Paul's, York.

Sec.-Lt. J. S. GRANT, M.C., Gordon Highlanders. Formerly of Broughty Ferry. For reconnaissance work, trench raids, and bringing in wounded.

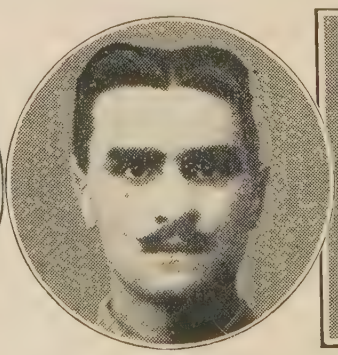


Sec.-Lt. A. H. BLOWERS, M.C., Machine Gun Corps. Fought his Tank with great gallantry, reaching his final objective and assisting infantry.

Capt. A. D. SPARK, M.C., Gordon Highlanders. All the officers of a company being wounded, he assumed command, and covered retirement.

Lce.-Corpl. H. W. LANE, D.C.M., Grenadier Guards. For particularly gallant conduct in the storming of Lesbœufs, which won him "heaps of congratulations" from the officers.

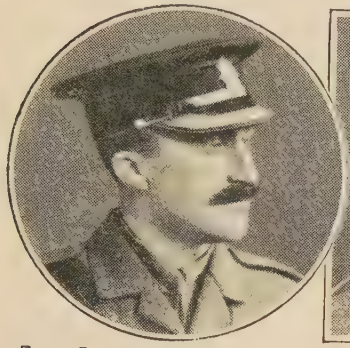
Sergt.-Major FROST, D.C.M., New Zealand Infantry. Killed at Armentieres. Crossed No Man's Land five times, bringing in wounded comrades each time.



Sergt. F. E. GARTON, D.C.M., Leicester Regt. Awarded bar to medal for great bravery, capable command of his platoon, and repeated offers for dangerous work.

Pte. J. WALSH, D.C.M., West Riding Regt. Went to the front early in 1915, was badly gassed, and after months in base hospitals went back and showed distinguished courage.

Sixteen Britons: The Bravest of the Brave



Temp. Lt.-Col. J. V. CAMPBELL, V.C., D.S.O., Coldstream Guards. "For most conspicuous bravery and able leading in an attack."

Capt. W. B. ALLEN, V.C., M.C., M.B., R.A.M.C. Attended wounded under heavy fire though himself hit four times and badly wounded.

Lieut. J. V. HOLLAND, V.C., Leinster Regt. Led bombing-party through barrage, took 50 prisoners, and broke the enemy's spirit.

Sec.-Lt. G. G. COURY, V.C., S. Lancs Regt. "With utter contempt of danger" brought his C.O. in under machine-gun fire.

Sergt. W. E. BOULTER, V.C., Northants Regt. "With utter contempt of danger," severely wounded, bombed a machine-gun team.

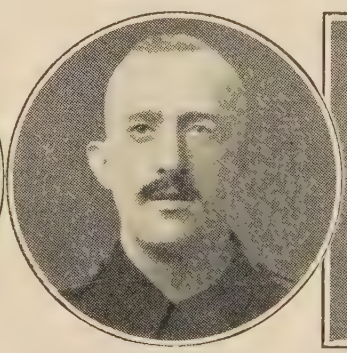
Sergt. D. JONES, V.C., Liverpool Regt. Held a position for two days and nights and inflicted losses on counter-attacking parties.

Temp. Capt. A. C. T. WHITE, V.C., Yorkshire Regt. Held a redoubt for four days and nights, risking his life constantly.

Capt. N. G. CHAVASSE, V.C., M.C., M.B., R.A.M.C. "With courage and self-devotion beyond praise" saved twenty lives under heavy fire.

Pte. T. A. JONES, V.C., Cheshire Regt. Single-handed disarmed and marched 102 prisoners in through a heavy barrage.

Bt.-Maj. W. La T. CONGREVE, V.C., D.S.O., M.C., late Rifle Brigade. For constant acts of gallantry and devotion to duty during 14 days preceding death in action.



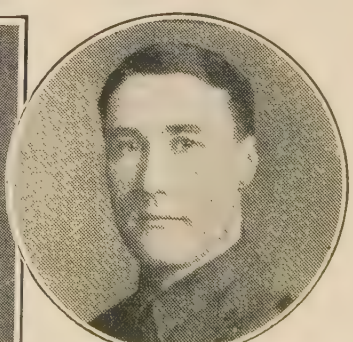
Lce.-Sergt. F. McNESS, V.C., Scots Guards. Led his men through heavy fire, and though severely wounded brought up supplies of bombs through a barrage.

Lieut. B. G. D. JONES, M.C., Welsh Regt. Killed. Did fine work in front-line trenches in command of machine-guns under very heavy fire.

Sec.-Lieut. N. HURST, M.C., Royal Dublin Fus. Organised parties to rush two machine-guns that held up the advance, and took the post and 32 prisoners.

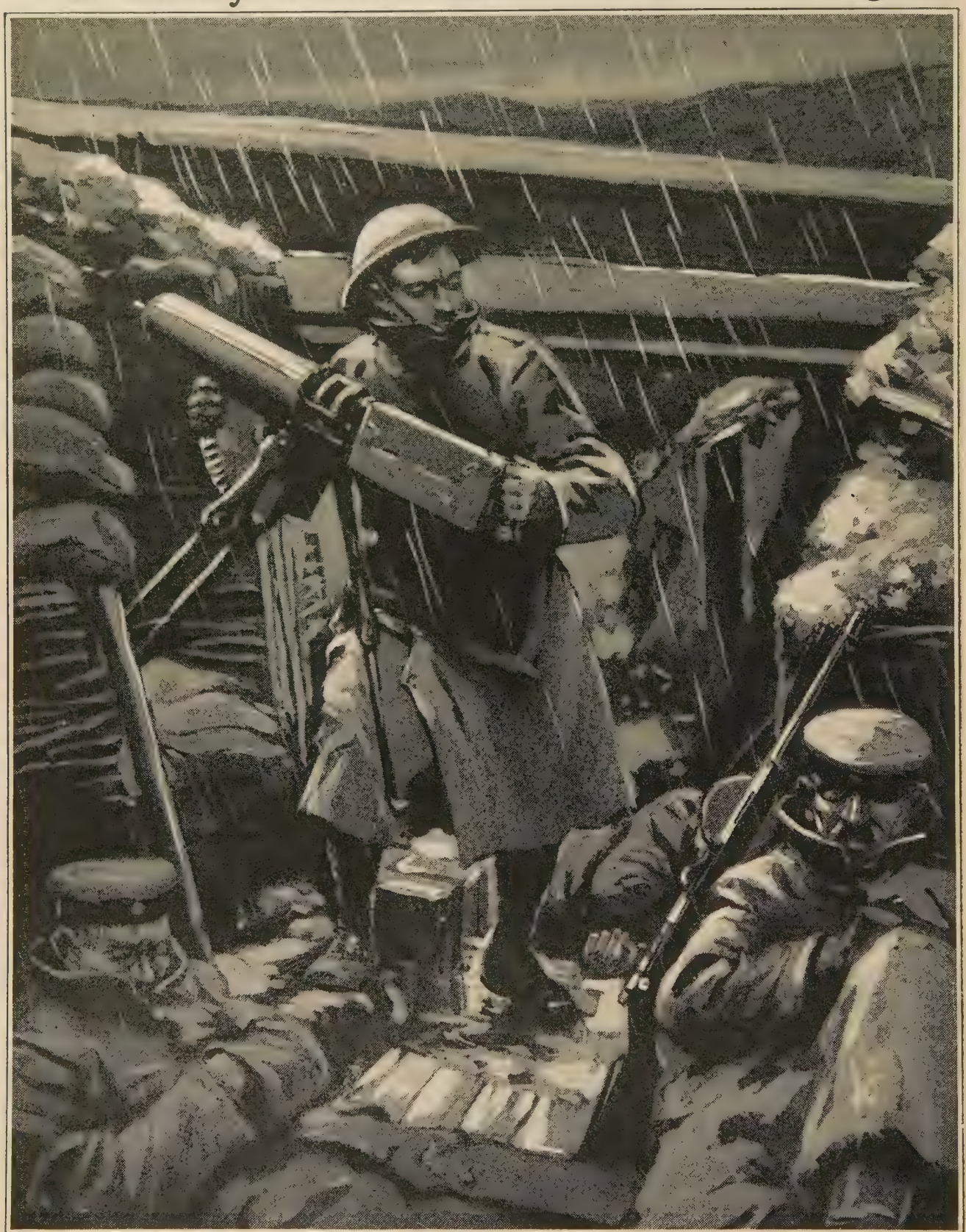
Sergt. G. WARD, D.C.M., Royal Sussex Regt. Led bombing-party through heavy fire, and by personal skill and courage captured and held the enemy trench.

Flight-Com. T. H. ENGLAND, D.S.C., R.N.A.S. For pluck, determination, and skill in a seaplane flight into Syria through constant fire and bombing the station of Homs.



Rev. A. S. CRAWLEY, M.C., Army Chaplains Dept. For bravery and devotion while acting as stretcher-bearer under heavy fire. He went to the front very early in the war.

An Enemy in Their Midst at Dead of Night



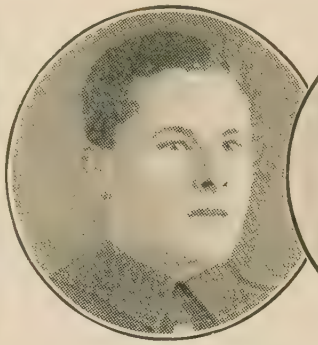
An astonishing instance of daring occurred in the night of November 4th, 1916, immediately before the fighting for the northern half of Zenith Trench, east of Lesbœufs. A young British officer, reconnoitring a position, crawled into a German trench, through a dead black night with spits of rain. He crept along, passing dug-outs packed with men asleep, and came to a machine-gun bay, with the gun under its waterproof covering and the crew asleep near by. This was the point he chose for leaving the trench with the information he had gathered; and he did so, taking the gun with him, and bringing it intact into the British lines.

The Last Alarm of a Hapless German Sentinel

Two parties of the West Yorkshires started on a nocturnal raid on the enemy's trenches after cutting through the German wire. An officer and sergeant came across an enemy sentry oblivious of immediate danger. The sergeant approached, and aimed point-blank, but his revolver missfired. He thereupon sprang at the throat of the sentry, who uttered a piercing shriek. The officer than crept up and endeavoured to club the German, but his weapon went off, the bullet passing through the sentry's neck and the sergeant's hand. By now the Germans were fully alarmed, and the raiders retreated.

Decorated for Valour: More of Britain's Bravest

L.-Corpl. HATHAWAY, South Staffordshire Regt., who was awarded the D.C.M. for courageous work in action at Loos.

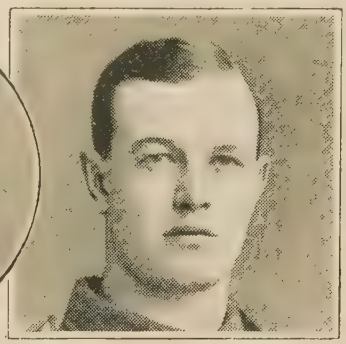


Corpl. R. MORETON, Royal Engineers (T.F.). Awarded D.C.M. for bravery in taking charge of a section under heavy fire, and attending wounded.

Pte. L. E. ADAMS, Army Service Corps. Gained D.C.M. for rescuing wounded under heavy shell fire and saving his ambulance car.

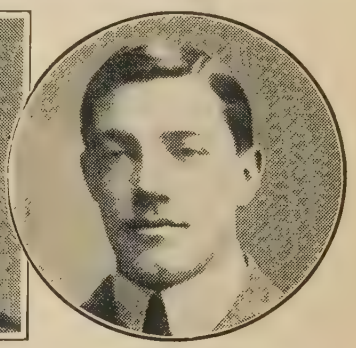
L.-Corpl. W. A. GOODE, Royal Engineers. Awarded D.C.M. for his bravery in repairing telephone wires under fierce fire.

Sergt. J. A. BATE, King's Shropshire L.I. Awarded D.C.M. for his gallant conduct in action with a machine-gun section.

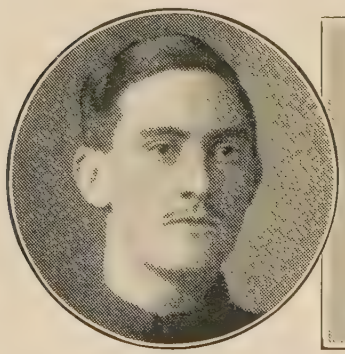


Sergt. H. BARRACLOUGH, R.E. Awarded D.C.M. for bravery in the field. Enlisting at the beginning of the war, he rapidly gained promotion.

Sergt. J. W. COXON, Somerset L.I. Awarded D.C.M. for raiding an enemy trench, shooting two Germans and capturing a third.

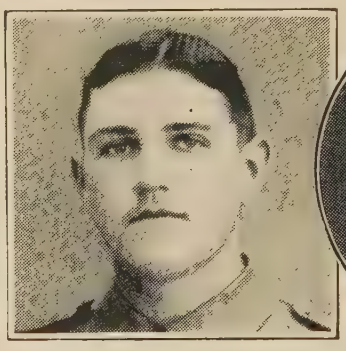


Capt. E. M. MURRAY, Queen Victoria's Own Corps of Guides (I.A.), attached R.F.C. Awarded Military Cross for daring flying.



Sergt. A. T. GRIFFITHS, Coldstream Guards. Gained D.C.M. for gallantly rescuing a wounded officer under heavy fire.

Trumpeter J. MOYLAN, Q.M.O. Hussars. Gained D.C.M. (twice recommended) and Croix de Guerre for stretcher work.



L.-Sergt. W. J. STARLIN, Worcester Regt. Awarded D.C.M. for tending wounded for a night and day, although his battalion had been withdrawn.

Corpl. H. P. WOOD, S. Midland Division. Awarded D.C.M. for the cheerful, energetic and fearless way in which he performed his duties.

Sergt.-Maj. S. POSTON, Notts and Derby Regt. Awarded D.C.M. for gallantry in the field. He also served through the South African War.

Chief P.-O. M. S. KEOGH, H.M.S. Ark Royal. Awarded the Albert Medal for attempting to save the late Capt. Collet, D.S.O., from a blazing aeroplane.

Gunner R. COOMBES, Royal Field Artillery (T.F.). Awarded D.C.M. for brave telephone work at an observation post under fire.

Corpl. T. ADAMS, Royal Engineers (T.F.). Awarded D.C.M. for repairing a trench within forty yards of the enemy

One British Soldier Routs Twenty Germans

Private A. Hill, Royal Welsh Fusiliers, won the Victoria Cross by magnificent conduct. His battalion had deployed under heavy fire for an attack, and when the order to charge was given he dashed forward and bayoneted two of the enemy. Cut off presently, and surrounded by a score of Germans, he killed and wounded many with bombs and routed the rest, afterwards fighting his way back to the lines. There he heard that an officer and a scout were lying wounded outside, and he went back and brought in the officer, the scout being carried in by two other men. In conclusion he captured two Germans and brought them in prisoners.

For Manly Heroism and Womanly Devotion

Nurse Norah Easeby, among the first women to receive the Military Medal for bravery in the field. Nurse Easeby was wounded in the course of her valiant work.

General Joffre, notwithstanding his arduous duties as Generalissimo, still found time to decorate gallant officers of the British Army who took part in the Somme Battles.

Nurse Beatrice Alice Allsop, who was also decorated by the King for bravery in the field. The coveted Military Cross is conferred on women for exceptional bravery.

Honour for a brave Colonial soldier. At an investiture of heroes held in the Garrison of Vincennes, Ve Thank Mong, an Annamite volunteer, received the War Cross and Medaille Militaire, which is accompanied with a pension. (French official photograph.)

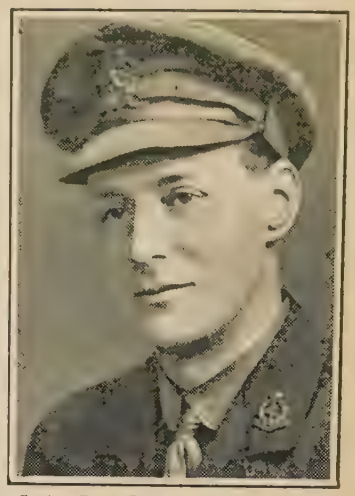
Removing Ammunition from a Flaming Gun-Pit

Splendid and unique acts of heroism were performed by Captain Charles Alexander E. Cadell and Sergeant Coombes, of "C" Battery, 75th Battery, R.F.A. During a violent bombardment from the German guns one of "C" Battery's gun-pits became ignited. Without considering their personal safety, the gallant officer and sergeant entered the flaming pit and removed the ammunition already glowing red-hot and threatening to explode. For these brilliant examples of bravery Captain Cadell was awarded the Military Cross, while Sergeant Coombes was given the Distinguished Conduct Medal

More British Heroes of the Cross of Courage

Capt. E. N. F. BELL, V.C., late Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers. With bomb and rifle stayed counter-attacks single-handed, and "gave his life in supreme devotion to duty."

Driver TOM SPENCER, R.G.A., attached to a trench-mortar battery. In the summer of 1916 there was published a remarkable photograph of this gallant soldier carrying a wounded comrade out of danger. It was officially announced that he saved twenty men this way, but his name had not then been made public.

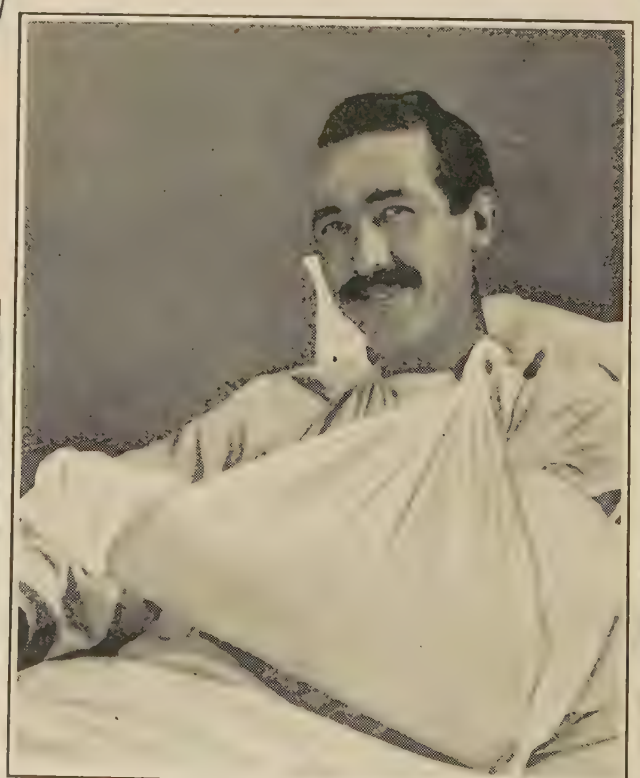


Capt. J. WILKIE SCOTT, M.D., R.A.M.C. Awarded the Military Cross for devoted attention to wounded under heavy fire, and organising the defences of an advanced trench.

Regt.-Sergt.-Maj. L. BONNEY. Awarded D.C.M. for coolness and perseverance in repulsing attacks on a trench for four days, and for devotion and self-sacrifice.

Coy.-Sergt.-Maj. D. COOPER, London Regt. Awarded the Military Cross for rescue of wounded under difficult circumstances after the explosion of an enemy bomb.

Sec.-Lieut. A. S. BLACKBURN, V.C., Australian Infantry. By dogged determination he carried nearly four hundred yards of enemy trench and established communication.



Sergt.-Maj. DELANEY, D.C.M., Royal Irish Fusiliers. Awarded a bar to his medal for leading his regiment into Ginchy, September 8th, 1916. He had the extraordinary experience of being struck on the neck by a German bomb which fell and exploded almost at his feet.

Capt. WILLIAM JOHNSON, M.D., R.A.M.C. Awarded the Military Cross for leading the bearer division of his unit for seven days in heavy fighting, and rescuing wounded under fire.

Rally to the Music of the Huntsman's Horn

The "most conspicuous bravery and able leading in an attack," which won the Victoria Cross for Temp. Lieut.-Colonel John Vaughan Campbell, D.S.O., of the Coldstream Guards, were distinguished by a particularly English touch which will make his deed ever memorable. In a charge the first two waves of the battalion were decimated by machine-gun and rifle fire, and the colonel rallied his men by blowing the horn he used as Master of the Tanat Side Harriers, Shropshire. The men responding at once, the colonel led them against the machine-guns, capturing them, after disposing of the foe in vigorous fight.

One Englishman Takes 100 Germans Prisoner

The annals of the Victoria Cross contain no incident that is not thrilling in its devotion to duty, the splendour of its courage, or the sublimity of its self-sacrifice. Among them all there are few so utterly amazing as the achievement of the soldier which is the subject of this illustration. Private Thomas Alfred Jones, of the Cheshire Regiment, went out against an enemy sniper and killed him, and then shot two more men who were sniping him. He next reached a German trench, and single-handed disarmed no less than a hundred and two of the enemy, including officers, and marched them back to our lines through a heavy barrage.

Fusilier Rescues Wounded Captain Under Fire

The bravery of Captain Russell Roberts, F.R.G.S., and of Private Mauffinades, 10th Royal Fusiliers, makes a vivid story in the annals of British heroism. During a night-time bombing attack on the German lines, Captain Roberts, although twice wounded by rifle fire, picked up a bomb flung by the Germans. Unhappily, it exploded in his hand, and he sustained further severe injuries. Private Mauffinades, on regaining consciousness after being stunned by another bomb, which struck him on the head, but fortunately did not explode, took the captain on his shoulders, and under heavy fire crawled to the British lines.

Superb Indian Soldier Saves the British Line

Naik Shahamad Khan, of the Punjabis, won the Victoria Cross by superb courage. In charge of a machine-gun section in an exposed position covering a gap in our new line, he beat off three counter-attacks and worked his gun single-handed till only two belt-fillers were left unwounded. His gun being knocked out, he and his two belt-fillers held their ground with rifles till ordered to retire. With three men sent to assist him he brought back his gun and ammunition and a badly wounded man. Finally he returned and removed all remaining arms and equipment. His great gallantry saved our line from being penetrated by the enemy.

Records of the Regiments

This stirring section continues from our earlier volumes the accurate and graphic narratives of some of the famous British regiments which distinguished themselves in the war, giving also interesting historical accounts of their origins and past deeds. The striking illustrations of various units which are interspersed with the chapters on famous regiments reveal the British soldier always brave in action and optimistic as to the ultimate issue.

THE WATCH ON THE SOMME.—Cavalry patrol on the watch at twilight, a statuesque impression which is reminiscent of Physical Energy, the colossal bronze man and horse by G. F. Watts in Kensington Gardens, possessing the same symbolism of vitality and valour. (British official photograph.)

THE NORFOLKS

Records of the Regiments in the War.—XX.

THE campaign in Mesopotamia, one portion of which ended in the surrender of General Townshend at Kut, began in November, 1914, when a force from India landed at the village of Fao. This little army, about 20,000 strong, consisted largely of bearded Indian soldiers, eager to fight for the sahibs, but it also included three seasoned battalions of British regulars; one of these was the 2nd Norfolks, from Belgium.

The Norfolks did not take part in the first little engagement with the Turks. On December 7th they helped to capture Kurna, but their first experience of heavy fighting was near Basra in the following April.

The battle there, which lasted for three days, began with an attack made by the Turks on the British entrenched camp, and ended with a British attack on the Turks. As soon as ever the enemy's troops had been beaten back by our men, our generals decided to clear them from the neighbourhood. This, however, was not an easy task. It was found that the Turks were in trenches, and, further, they had chosen the sites for these trenches with extraordinary skill. Behind them were some woods, and in front a plain absolutely without cover, and commanded by the Turkish guns. Moreover, it was very difficult to find out exactly where the trenches were, they were so cleverly hidden. The front was three miles long, and owing to natural obstacles there was only one way of getting at it—by an advance across the plain. The name of the wood was Barjisiya, and on that account the fight is sometimes called the Battle of Barjisiya.

A Norfolk Charge

The day, April 14th, was one of burning heat, trying even to men who had been trained under the Indian sun. But the advance was ordered, and it began, the Norfolks leading one section of the British line. For several hours our men pressed on, rushing forward for a hundred yards or so, and then lying down for a time, while at great risk picked men went back to bring forward water and ammunition to their comrades. All the time (to quote an observer) our shells dropped neatly in front of them, clearing the way.

At length, in the afternoon, the men were near to the Turkish trenches, and all was ready for the final rush. The bayonets were tested, and then it came. The Norfolks dashed into the Turkish trenches. But, whatever his faults, the Turk is a sturdy fighter, and he took a good deal of clearing out. But cleared out he was, and the victory was ours—a real success.

General Melliss, himself a V.C. hero, has described the battle, which added a fresh honour to the long record of the Norfolks: "Splendid dash, combined with resolute courage, alone carried our men across that bullet-swept glacis.

> *"In carrying out these interesting and almost unique operations of war, the chief meed of praise is only justly due to that noble corps, the 9th Foot."*
>
> —C. R. Low, "Life of Sir G. Pollock."

It was a sheer, dogged soldiers' fight, and no words of mine can adequately express my admiration of the conduct of those gallant regiments who won through."

After another pause, the advance up the Tigris was renewed, and the Norfolks were again in the forefront, for they helped to capture Kut-el-Amara in September, 1915. In this campaign the shells and bullets of the enemy were not their only foe, for there was also the terrific heat, and at times the superabundance of floods. On one occasion we are told that the Norfolks disembarked from some boats and were at once up to the waist in mud and water. All night they lay in the wet mud, and when in the morning they advanced against the Turks and their Arab allies their rifles were all choked with mud, so that firing was very difficult indeed. Nevertheless, as before, they won through.

In the West

The 1st Norfolks, the sister battalion, were all this time in France and Flanders, where they were in Sir Charles Fergusson's harassed 5th Division. Their difficulties began in the retreat from Mons, where they were protecting the left of the British line. Near Dour they fought a little battle on August 24th, a day of tremendous heat, when, so one officer calculated, 6,000 shells fell in two hours within a quarter of a mile of the battalion's headquarters, and two days later they fought at Le Cateau. Soon they turned on their pursuers, forced their way across the Aisne and, like the rest of Smith-Dorrien's corps, marched away to Flanders.

On October 22nd the battalion was fighting its way, almost inch by inch, towards Lille; but when they got as far as Violaines they were forced back, and on the 26th they were in action at Festubert, where Sergeant E. S. Grice and Private E. Burton won the D.C.M. During the winter they enjoyed a certain amount of rest, and they only heard from afar the sounds that marked the attack on Neuve Chapelle in March.

Every Man Needed

But in April our generals needed all their reserves, and the Norfolks were again in the line of battle. With the rest of the 5th Division they held a position near Hill 60, and they were there when, on April 22nd, the Canadians faced the waves of German gas. There they remained through those weeks of dreadful carnage, and when the battle died away, this splendid battalion of regulars was, like so many others, but a shadow of its former self. Henceforward the brunt of the struggle against the new barbarian must fall upon the Territorials and the men of the New Armies. The regulars had done their part. Let those who may be inclined to doubt turn to the casualty lists.

The Norfolk Regiment was first raised in 1685, when Monmouth was about to invade England, and was known as the 9th of the Line. Its first experience of war was in Ireland, when it fought at Londonderry, the Boyne, and elsewhere. It won honour and glory at the Battle of Almanza in 1707, and later in the century was in America and the West Indies. In 1792 the regiment was associated definitely with Norfolk, and was called for the next hundred years the East Norfolk Regiment.

Hard fighting in the Peninsular War was their next exploit, and one of their battles there was Corunna. After that fight the Norfolks were given the sad but honourable task of placing Moore's body in the grave, burying him "darkly at dead of night," and they were the last troops to leave the shore. A black line in the regimental lace commemorates his service to-day. At Busaco, in 1810, the regiment finished the day by charging downhill with the bayonet; and at Salamanca, two years later, they showed perhaps greater heroism by just standing still under fire. They were present at three other fierce battles—Barrosa, Fuentes d'Onor, and Vittoria—and when it came to the crossing of the River Bidassoa their gallantry was equally conspicuous.

Thirty years later the Norfolks were in Afghanistan, forcing their way through the Khyber Pass to Kabul. Under Gough they encountered the warlike Sikhs, and then returning to Europe they shared in the Siege of Sebastopol. They were a second time in Afghanistan in 1879, and finished the century with service in South Africa, where they had a considerable share in the victory at Paardeberg, and a good deal of desultory fighting as they marched to Bloemfontein and then to Pretoria.

Those Ardent Souls

This is a fine record, but the crowning glory is still to come. Among the troops sent to Gallipoli were the 5th Norfolks, a Territorial battalion, consisting partly of men in the employ of H.M. the King at Sandringham. They were ordered forward to support the attack at Suvla in August, 1915, and on the 12th, after our first attempt had failed, their division tried to capture the Anafarta ridge. The Norfolks were on the right of the line, and they pressed forward eagerly, while the fighting grew hotter and the country more wooded and broken. Some were wounded, others were exhausted through thirst and fell out of the ranks; but the colonel, Sir Horace Beauchamp, Bart., with sixteen officers and two hundred and fifty men, still kept pushing on, driving the enemy before them. And then, said Sir Ian Hamilton of these "ardent souls," as he called them: "Nothing more was ever seen or heard of any of them. They charged into the forest and were lost to sight or sound. Not one of them ever came back." A noble epitaph for Norfolk men.

Dancing a Highland Fling in Face of the Enemy

A stirring account of the prowess and pluck of the Manchester "Pals" in the advance of July 1st, 1916, is related by a young officer who led a battalion into action. Disappointed that they had not been in any of the raiding parties preceding the advance, the men from Manchester were determined to make up for it when the hour for going forward struck. One sergeant-major was so overjoyed that he actually danced a Highland fling on the parapet of the trench, in full view of the enemy.

THE ROYAL DUBLIN FUSILIERS

Records of the Regiments in the War.—XXI.

THE River Clyde, making her way in the early morning towards the shores of the Gallipoli Peninsula, was surely one of the strangest ships in which British soldiers ever sailed, for in her sides great holes had been cut, and in her bows was a battery of machine-guns, protected, just as if they were on the Western Front, by sandbags. The River Clyde was carrying between her decks about two thousand men, some of whom belonged to the famous Dublin Fusiliers. Just in front of her were some more Dublins, crowded together in little boats which were being rapidly towed by steam pinnaces to the shore.

The Landing in Gallipoli

It was the day of the great and memorable landing in Gallipoli—April 25th, 1915. These men had been ordered to seize the beach marked V on our maps, a sandy strip some ten yards wide and three hundred and fifty yards long, backed along almost the whole of its extent by a low sandy escarpment about four feet high. The plan was for the men in the little boats to land first, and then for the River Clyde to be run ashore. The holes in her sides were made to allow the soldiers to pour quickly out on to the lighters, which would be swung round to make a gangway to the land.

At first everything went well. The wily Turk, cunningly concealed in trenches on the cliffs, made no move as the boats moved over the water to the shore, but as soon as ever the first one grated upon the beach the place was alive with shot and shell. The Dublins were shot down in scores as they stood or lay in the boats or dashed through the shallow water to the land, and only a fortunate few managed to get across the beach to the low cliff under which they were in comparative safety.

Doughty-Wylie's Deed

After great difficulties and heavy losses some of the men from the River Clyde also got ashore and joined the surviving Dublins on the beach. Most of their officers had gone, but Lieut.-Col. Doughty-Wylie, a Staff officer, was there, and he took command. He arranged an attack on the hill above the beach where the Turks were, and led this until he was killed. However, the object was attained and the Turkish position was soon occupied by our troops, Private Cullen, of the Dublins, being the first man to enter it.

But for this success our men, and especially the Dublins, paid a terrible price. Their colonel, R. A. Routh, three majors, and six other officers were returned as dead, while nine more were reported wounded. A little later the names of the men killed and wounded reached England, and in one day's list alone there were no less than one hundred and fifty-seven dead, one of the heaviest regimental totals reported even in this awful war.

All the senior officers had been killed or wounded, so Lieutenant H. D. O'Hara took over the command, and when the Turks broke through he succeeded, with the few men who were left, in driving them back and restoring the line. On March 3rd, 1900, the 2nd Battalion of this regiment had entered Ladysmith only five officers and a handful of men in number; but the 1st Battalion must have been quite as weak when, on April 26th, 1915, the survivors of the landing stood victorious on the hill above Beach V.

> *"For their heroism the Dublin Fusiliers were put in the van of the procession, and it is told how, as the soldiers who lined the streets saw the five officers and small clump of men, the remains of what had been a strong battalion, realising for the first time, perhaps, what their relief had cost, many sobbed like children."*
>
> —Sir A. Conan Doyle, "The Great Boer War."

The 1st Battalion of the Dublin Fusiliers went from Madras to Gallipoli, where it was part of the redoubtable 29th Division. After the severe ordeal of the landing the men were given a rest, but it was only a short one, and they were soon taking part in the attack on Krithia and fighting the Turk at close quarters. From time to time during the terrible months of heat and disease that followed the landing, one heard a little of the Dublins and their deeds. On June 16th, for instance, they won back some trenches taken by the Turks, and a fortnight later one of their corporals, F. McNamara, led sixteen men in a wild charge against a horde of the enemy and rescued a machine-gun which we had lost.

On the Western Front

On the Western Front all this time was the 2nd Battalion of this regiment, the successors of the heroes who did so much to relieve Ladysmith. They joined Sir John French's force during the retreat from Mons, and as part of the 4th Division they fought in the Battle of the Marne. They were at the Aisne, too, when they crossed the river near Missy, and held grimly on to their gains in spite of a tremendous concentration of guns.

The Dublins were in the First Battle of Ypres, their station being near Armentières, and there they beat back one by one the assaulting waves of German infantry. In the Second Battle of Ypres they were sent up from reserve to support the Canadians, and there they came for the first time under poison gas. One of their officers has described his experiences at this time. The attack made by the Dublins near St. Julien was quite successful, a lot of ground being won back from the enemy. Then came the gas-shells—dozen after dozen of them, and the fumes of these he describes as the "very devil." The shelling continued, and a day or two later General Bulfin decided to shorten his line, and a retirement was ordered, but it was only a slight one, and the Dublins drew back but a few yards. Their position was still in the neighbourhood of that place of death known to our men as Shelltrap Farm, and there they remained until the end of the battle. It is well worthy of mention that on April 25th—the identical day on which his comrades of the 1st Battalion were landing in Gallipoli—Sergeant W. Cooke, of the 2nd, "killed about ten Germans and then went out and took prisoner their leader, an officer." Truly an Homeric deed, fit to rank with those performed on Beach V.

Guillemont and Ginchy

But a brief outline of the war-story of these two grand battalions leaves much untold, including the deeds of those Dublin Fusiliers who were in Lord Kitchener's New Army. In the force sent out to land at Suvla Bay in August was the 6th Dublin Fusiliers, and it was part of the division led by that dashing Irish soldier, Sir Bryan Mahon. On August 10th the men landed, and, under a storm of shrapnel, advanced in perfect order towards the enemy. There came a pause, a fatal hesitation on the part of the generals, a failure to provide the drinking water so necessary in that torrid climate, and the chance of victory was lost. Who was to blame for this fiasco we know not. We do know that no share of it belongs to the Dublin Fusiliers and their comrades of the 10th (Irish) Division.

From Suvla the 10th Division was taken away in the autumn, and the men were next heard of at Salonika. They were sent forward into the wild, mountainous land of Greece in order to help, if possible, the harassed Serbians, and there, near Lake Doiran, they were the first British troops to fight the Bulgars.

Next came the "Great Push" on the Somme, for the full story of which we shall have to wait awhile. Meantime it is inspiring to know that there also the Dublins did their share, for Sir Douglas Haig mentioned the gallantry of the Irish regiments in taking Guillemont on September 3rd, and again praised them for their share in seizing Ginchy.

First Honours in India

The Royal Dublin Fusiliers won their first glories in India, where they were raised, and their connection with that country is a long and honourable one. The two battalions bore at first the names of the Madras and the Bombay Fusiliers respectively, and as such were part of the standing army maintained by the East India Company. The Madras Fusiliers helped Clive to seize Arcot in 1751, and both they and the Bombay Fusiliers fought at Plassey.

The same Madras Fusiliers fought against the Mahrattas and the Sikhs, and then came the Indian Mutiny with its linked story of horror and heroism.

Soon after the Mutiny the East India Company was dissolved, and the two battalions were taken into the service of the Queen-Empress. Their part in the South African War can be forgotten by none; how they fought at Colenso, and then made their way inch by inch across the hills to Ladysmith. The regiment which has done this, and which has, moreover, won its way on to Beach V, can hardly hope to win any greater honour, but doubtless the Dublins will try. Good luck to them!

Royal Welsh Fusiliers' Gallantry at Givenchy

In the region of Givenchy the Royal Welsh Fusiliers covered themselves with glory. The Germans sprang an enormous mine under the British trenches, and a furious hand-to-hand struggle for the crater ensued. Though heavily outnumbered, the Royal Welsh Fusiliers resorted to the bayonet and beat the enemy back. One stalwart Welshman accounted for three Germans with his deadly steel, while another knocked out two with bare fists, in the course of desperate fighting.

THE SCOTS GUARDS

Records of the Regiments in the War.—XXII.

VERY early in the morning of Sunday, May 16th, 1915, long before the church bells in peaceful England had begun to peal, the 2nd Battalion of the Scots Guards were awake, dressed and ready for battle, waiting only for the signal to advance. Soon it came, and officers and men dashed forward. The British plan was to attack the German position near Festubert, this being what is now called by everyone a salient, and the part allotted to the 20th Brigade, in which the Scots were, was to advance southward from Rue du Bois, where their trenches then were. The attack was a complete success, and Sir John French was able to telegraph home that the enemy's line had been broken "over the greater part of a two-mile front."

Where the 20th and 22nd Brigades attacked our success was especially marked. Near La Quinque Rue over half a mile of German trenches was quickly taken and then, pushing rapidly on, the men seized another six hundred yards farther to the south, doing this by bombing the enemy out of them. Finally, they crossed the road running between Festubert and La Quinque Rue, and advanced for a mile into the German lines.

A Ring of Dead

It was during the third stage of this attack that the 2nd Scots Guards gained great glory. Past the first line, past the second line, they dashed furiously on, and still advancing the men of one of their companies found themselves right in front of all their comrades. Soon they were cut off from all the others, and surrounded by Germans they must choose between surrender and death. When the attack closed and the roll was called, all that was known of them was that they were missing; the full story came a day or two later.

On the 18th, the following Tuesday, our men made a fresh advance and managed to seize the cross-roads at La Quinque Rue and some other ground thereby. There and then they saw, silent and stiff upon the earth, the bodies of the missing Scots, and around them a ring of dead Germans. Clearly the Scots had refused to surrender, and bayonet in hand had fought on, fought till they fell and died. Everyone who read the story of their heroism must have been reminded of those earlier Scots who fought and died at Flodden four hundred years ago.

The Scots Guards sent two battalions to fight early in the Great War. The 1st went to France at the beginning and fought at Mons and in the Retreat, afterwards sharing in the Battles of the Marne and the Aisne. Transferred to Flanders, they were at Ypres, where day after day they formed part of the thin line which kept the Germans from Calais. When, on November 11th, their General, Charles Fitzclarence, V.C., was killed and the battle came to an end, the four battalions under him, one of which was the 1st Scots, only numbered eight officers and five hundred men altogether.

"By this, though deep the evening fell,
Still rose the battle's deadly swell;
For still the Scots, around their king,
Unbroken, fought in desperate ring."
—SIR WALTER SCOTT, "Marmion."

On New Year's Day, 1915, the 1st Scots were in trenches in the brickfields at Cuinchy, and the wet clay was anything but pleasant as a home. However, it failed to depress their spirits, and when the Germans came on they found the Guards as ready as ever to meet them. At a critical moment the Hon. R. Coke led forward one company just in time to save the day, while Sergeant A. McPherson took command of another when all its officers had been put out of action.

A Scottish Charge

The 2nd Battalion began as part of the 7th Division which, from Zeebrugge and Ostend, marched across Belgium and then took such a glorious part in the First Battle of Ypres. In the earlier days of that grim struggle they were in some trenches near Kruseik, and there on October 24th they had a terrible time. The Germans broke through the British line, and from reserve the Scots were ordered to drive them back. Dashing up, they made it impossible for the enemy to retreat, and, owing to the coolness and resource of Captain C. V. Fox, two hundred Germans, including five officers, were forced to surrender. But this was not the end. Next morning the Germans came on again in great force and drove back the Scots a little way. For some hours the battle swayed to and fro, and when the cavalry came up to help, the Scots Guards had almost all been killed or wounded, and the splendid battalion reduced to less than a hundred men.

A V.C. Won

The battalion was next heard of in December when, having been reinforced from home, it was at Rouges Bancs. There, under Sergeant A. James, some 2nd Scots captured a German trench, and there also one of their privates, James MacKenzie, won the Victoria Cross for his gallant efforts to save wounded men. Unfortunately, like so many of these heroes, he was killed while earning it. At Neuve Chapelle the Scots fought desperately around Pietre Mill, but they had little to do in the Second Battle of Ypres. Then came their heroic deeds at Festubert.

During the summer the Scots and the rest of the Guards enjoyed a certain amount of rest, well-earned rest it was, too, but they took their turn at trench work from time to time. In July, for instance, the 1st Scots were in trenches near Cambrin, and about this time one of their officers, Sec.-Lieutenant G. A. Boyd-Rochfort, won another V.C. for the regiment. A mortar-bomb came flying over the parapet and landed near him. Without a moment's hesitation he picked it up and hurled it back again, shouting to his men to get out of the way of the explosion.

Before the autumn offensive the Guards had been strengthened and reorganised. A new division, roughly 16,000 men, was made up entirely of them, and in the 2nd Brigade of this were the 1st Scots, the 2nd Scots being in the 3rd Brigade. The first part of the Battle of Loos had passed off quite successfully, but then came a check, and Sir John French sent up the Guards from reserve to restore the situation.

The 1st Scots were told off to attack a colliery called Pit 4, and while pressing up a slight slope their colonel was wounded and several other officers killed. However, they won the ground, and under Captain Cuthbert cleared the Germans out of the houses around it, but before night—this was on September 27th—they had to fall back a little way, so they threw up some trenches and made their homes therein.

The Fight for "Big Willie"

The 2nd Scots with the other battalions of the 3rd Brigade were sent through Loos against Hill 70. They reached the town, swept easily through it, and then made for the hill. They got right on to it, but the top was too much exposed, so, like their comrades in the 2nd Brigade, they fell back a few yards and dug trenches on the slopes. A fortnight or more later the 1st Scots were sent to the Hohenzollern Redoubt, and there they were in some severe fighting for the possession of the trench called "Big Willie."

For a long time after Loos little was heard of the Guards, and they took no part whatever in the opening stages of the "big push" on the Somme. On September 15th, however, our men and the French were still pushing, and there was a very stiff bit of work to be done near Thiepval. This gave the Guards their chance, and they and the "tanks" entered the field on the same day. They did what they were asked to do, but at a great price, of which the papers on Friday, October 13th, gave some idea, for on that day a memorial service was held in London for the fallen Scots, when four captains, ten subalterns, and many of the rank and file were commemorated.

The Scots Guards, long known as the 3rd Foot Guards, date from 1662, although a regiment called the Scots Guards was in existence before that date. They first fought abroad under William of Orange, afterwards serving in Spain, under General Stanhope. At Fontenoy their gallantry was most noticeable, and in Egypt in 1801 they lost very heavily in officers and men. At Talavera the regiment was almost destroyed, but it fought on under Wellington, who had great faith in the Guards. At Waterloo two hundred and forty of the Scots fell upon the field, and at the Alma and at Inkerman their losses were nearly as heavy. At that time (1854) they were called the Scots Fusilier Guards, but in 1877 they received their present name. As Scots Guards they fought in Egypt and in South Africa, and as Scots Guards their gallantry is known and admired far and wide.

Anzacs and Scots Guards in the Land of Gaul

A bomb-proof shelter in the trenches. (Official photograph. Crown copyright reserved.)

Summer days with the Australians in France. Scene in a foremost trench. (Official photograph.)

Battalion of Scots Guards on the march through a French village.

Off to duty to martial strains. Scots Guards band playing their regiment through a French town.

A picture for a war artist. Scottish pipers and drummers at a rail-head on the western front.

THE MANCHESTERS

Records of the Regiments in the War.—XXIII.

A DISTINGUISHED Oxford scholar, who was recently killed in Flanders, suggested in one of his letters home that after the war the "front," that tunnelled and blood-stained strip winding from the North Sea to Switzerland, should be consecrated and set aside as a Holy Way. Along it are the bodies of thousands of brave men, and the places where they lie must always be sacred ground.

At Givenchy

If this idea of a "Via Sacra" ever comes to anything, the road will run through Givenchy, a village between Ypres and Lens, where there was some very desperate fighting in October, 1914. At that time the Indian Army Corps, after a rest at Marseilles, had just reached the seat of war. Like the rest of our army, it was divided into brigades, and each brigade was composed of three battalions of native and one of British troops. Among these battalions was the 1st Manchesters, under Colonel Strickland.

The Manchesters arrived on the scene near Givenchy at a critical moment. Some of their Indian comrades had just been driven back, and they were sent forward to turn the scale. In spite of heavy losses they advanced steadily, company by company and platoon by platoon, and by nightfall they had regained the lost trenches which were in and about Givenchy. Then, as so often happens, came a check, due to the strange conditions and the lack of adequate reserves. The Germans had the range of the trenches, and by the light of some burning haystacks they were able to see the Manchesters crossing the open ground to help one of their companies which was in difficulties. The snipers took their deadly toll of the moving men, and the result was that the movement failed, and the various companies of the battalion were cut off from each other.

Nearly Surrounded

On the next day, October 25th, the Manchesters were in the trenches they had regained, but they could get no farther forward. Their position was bad, and of this the Germans took full advantage. They came on in front, worked round the left flank, and after some terrible hours forced our men to retire. But these Huns did not have it all their own way. The retirement was orderly, and the company which covered it succeeded at one time in driving back the enemy. Then Colonel Strickland rallied the whole battalion, and after the Germans had made another savage attack brought it into comparative safety.

These Manchesters had been fighting continuously for thirty hours, and in the engagement they lost some three hundred officers and men, or over a third of their numbers. But everyone agreed that they had done a valuable piece of work. The general commanding the Lahore Division, H. B. B. Watkis, said that Givenchy was the most important point in his line, and Sir James Willcocks added that "by your gallant conduct in holding on to it you rendered greater service than you probably realised."

"The fort was before us. With such arms as the troops had in their hands they had to assault; and silently and swiftly, in the face of the artillery playing upon them, the troops ascended the hill. The men had orders on no account to fire. Taking the colours of the 63rd and bearing them aloft, Sir Henry mounted with the stormers."

—THACKERAY, "The Virginians."

Not far from Givenchy a little later was the 2nd Battalion of this distinguished regiment. Under Lieut.-Col. H. L. James it had crossed from Ireland to Havre at the beginning of the war, and as part of the 5th Division it had suffered very heavily indeed in the retreat from Mons. First of all the men were stationed along the canal, and after the fighting on the Sunday they retreated as ordered to Dour. There on the Monday they fought a rearguard action, and then they got back to Bavai and Le Cateau.

Saving the Day Again

In the stand at Le Cateau the Manchesters had a great share. If the whole army was to avoid disaster, the Germans must be kept back, for a few hours anyhow, and so Colonel James was ordered to turn and fight them as soon as ever they got close enough. Choosing a position, he prepared to obey, and then came a terrible time. As we know now only too well, alas! the Germans had the big guns and the abundant shells and we had not. These were used with great effect against the Manchesters, but, although half the battalion was soon out of action, the survivors held on to their task. At length it was done. The main body had had time to get away, and the rearguard could withdraw. The battalion reached a camp where they could have food and a brief rest, and the worst of the retreat was over. With the rest of the division these Manchesters fell back to the Marne, and when the British troops turned round they made their way as an advanced guard across that river, this time in the right direction.

Leach and Hogan

The last ten days of October were a testing time for these Manchester men. On the 22nd they were hurried up from reserve to prevent a German advance, and Viscount French has placed it on record that they carried out their task. But the 29th was their great day. A German rush carried the first trench, but from the support trenches they were repulsed, and then Sec.-Lieut. James Leach and Sergeant Hogan went forward alone, killed eight Germans, and seized a trench with sixteen prisoners. These two heroes received the Victoria Cross.

Space will not allow us to follow these two battalions through the campaign, but one or two of their deeds can be indicated. The 1st took part in the attack on Neuve Chapelle in March, 1915, and shared in the Second Battle of Ypres in the following April. They came up to St. Julien to take the place of the gassed Canadians, and on the 26th they made an attack on the Germans there. They were sent forward in the daylight against an enemy well supplied with guns and ammunition. Officer after officer fell, and the "London Gazette" contains the account of how, led by some gallant fellow, the men struggled on until there were few of them left. Their colonel, H. W. E. Hitchens, was killed.

No Eight Hours' Day

Another story quite as inspiring can be told of the Territorials from Manchester. As a brigade, four battalions of this force went out to the Dardanelles at the beginning of the campaign there. They were in the fighting for Krithia in June, and about that time they lost their general, Noel Lee. In August they were again attacking in the same neighbourhood, and on the 8th an officer of the 9th Battalion, W. T. Forshaw, performed one of the outstanding deeds of the war, for which he was deservedly awarded the Victoria Cross. Nothing short of the exact words of the award can describe this feat. "He held his own, not only directing his men and encouraging them by exposing himself with the utmost disregard of danger, but personally throwing bombs continuously for forty-one hours." Relief came, but he continued in command of his detachment. "Three times during the night of August 8th-9th he was again heavily attacked, and once the Turks got over the barricade; but after shooting three with his revolver, he led his men forward and recaptured it." Forshaw was assisted among others by Corporal S. Bayley, who also remained at his arduous task for forty-one hours—little short of two whole days. Forshaw and Bayley belonged to a regiment with a long and grand history.

Bunker's Hill and Inkerman

First the 2nd Battalion of the 8th Foot, now the Liverpool Regiment, it became the 63rd in 1758, and with the 96th Foot was formed into the Manchester Regiment in 1881. Its early reputation was won in America in the unfortunate War of Independence. The 63rd were at Bunker's Hill and Brandywine, and in "The Virginians" Thackeray has described how Sir Henry Clinton led them against Fort Clinton in 1776. They remained in America until the end of the war, and then saw a good deal of active service in the West Indies, Flanders, and Holland.

After the long peace the 63rd showed its fighting spirit at Inkerman, when its losses were very heavy indeed, and in Afghanistan. Its 1st Battalion was in Ladysmith, where two of its privates, Pitts and Scott, won the Victoria Cross for defending Cæsar's Camp, and its 2nd Battalion also did very good work in the South African War. Manchester was proud of them then, but she is prouder of them now.

Grenadier Guards Take a Turn with the Pick

Official Photographs

A road-mending party from the British troops along the Somme repairing an important road on the lines of communication. The army behind the army won grateful recognition of its splendid service which, while never spectacular, was essential to victory.

Grenadier Guards helping to keep the roads in order. This happy photograph shows that the Guards applied their superb physique to the use of pick and shovel with as cheerful energy as they applied it to the use of rifle and bayonet.

THE FIFTEENTH HUSSARS

Records of the Regiments in the War.—XXIV.

THERE are few British folk who did not read with quite unusual delight Sir Douglas Haig's message of July 15th, 1916. In it he stated that a squadron of Dragoon Guards had been after the enemy, "the first opportunity for mounted action which has been afforded to our cavalry since 1914." From this it is quite evident that our Hussars and our cavalry generally have not, during the Great War, had anything like the opportunities which their ancestors enjoyed in the Peninsula a century ago. Then, as we know, in the intervals between spirited little encounters with the French —such as the one at Sahagun in December, 1808—they exercised their horses by chasing the fox behind the lines of Torres Vedras.

Nevertheless, like brave men everywhere, our cavalrymen made opportunities, and when made they have used them well. They, almost as much as the infantry, have had their fill of hard fighting, and the story of their deeds is well worth telling. Certainly, he who tries to tell it will not be cut short by any want of material.

All are familiar with the notices of deeds of gallantry which from time to time appear in the "London Gazette." Therein are the names and actions of those officers and men on whom the King has been asked to bestow the Distinguished Service Order or other military decorations. One of the first of these lists —at least, as far as the Great War is concerned—appeared in October, 1914. It was quite a short one, for then the war was only a few weeks old, and it contained in all but twenty-two names, men recommended for the D.C.M. Six of these names, or more than a quarter, however, belonged to the cavalry, and three of those six to one regiment—the 15th Hussars. This is pretty good evidence that the cavalry had been up and doing in those anxious days, for, unlike the Iron Cross, the D.C.M. is not given for merely looking at the enemy.

The First Taste of War

The regiment went to France from Longmoor Camp quite at the beginning of the war to act as divisional cavalry for General Lomax's 1st Division. On August 24th, the Saturday before Mons, they were hard at work, and for his services on that day one of their officers, the Hon. E. C. Hardinge, son and heir of the late Viceroy of India, won the D.S.O. A little later in the war this fine officer was severely wounded and died of his wounds.

The men were worthy of him. This is what is said of Lance-Sergeant A. J. Earl, one of the three just referred to: "For gallantry under fire on the night of August 22nd and 23rd, August 27th and September 10th." About his comrade Corporal W. Darley we were told: "For good reconnaissance on two occasions, when he penetrated the enemy's position." The Hussars then were scouting. They were riding out in troops and patrols trying to find out how many Germans there were in front of our lines, how many guns they had and where they were, and anything else about them which might be of use to French and Haig. They were doing the work for which our cavalry had been trained for generations, and they did it exceedingly well.

A Cavalry Hero

But that was not all. On Monday the retreat began, and on Tuesday the Guards in the 1st Division were heavily attacked at Landrecies. With them were the 15th Hussars, and one of their troops had been cut off from the rest and, in the darkness, surrounded by the Germans. Then Private W. J. Price did his bit. It was night, and the Germans were pouring from the woods into the streets of the little town when Price heard how the troop was situated. He first of all swam a canal, and then made his way through the Germans until he reached his comrades. He told them what the position was, and through his courage and promptness the troop escaped capture.

Two days later, on the Thursday, these 15th Hussars were again to the front. Every history of the war has told the story of how the Royal Munster Fusiliers were left behind and surrounded by Germans, because the despatch-rider who was taking to them the order to move on with the rest of the corps was made prisoner. They do not all, however, tell the sequel; how some of them got away, and how this was owing to the help of the 15th Hussars. Hearing of the impending disaster the cavalry dashed up, fought with those of the Irishmen who remained, and then carried them off through the ring of their foes. For this deed four Hussars received the D.C.M.

Turcos in Form

We must pass now to the First Battle of Ypres, and specially to one of its critical days, November 11th. The Hussars were still serving the 1st Division, assisting in every possible way the hard-pressed infantry. A sergeant of the regiment, E. J. Clark, was one who proved himself a hero on November 11th, the day when the Prussian Guard broke through the British line and General Fitzclarence, V.C., commanding the 1st Brigade, was killed. All was confusion, and every man fought where he was, cavalryman and infantryman, French and British, even white and coloured side by side, hardly knowing where they were. By some strange chance Clark found himself forced into a chateau with thirty Turcos. With a Turco sergeant he took command of these men, and together they kept back the surging Germans for two hours, holding the chateau against attack after attack, very much as a century before the Guards held Hougomont.

Some few weeks later the Hussars ceased for the time being to act as cavalry, and in the Second Battle of Ypres they served, to their eternal honour, in the trenches as infantrymen. They were not there at the beginning of that long and terrible fight, but as it progressed and the infantry became fewer and fewer they were sent up to assist, and early in May cavalry brigades were holding a considerable stretch of the line near Hooge. There, on May 15th, a sergeant of the 15th, E. E. Everest, when a piece of the line had been lost, rallied his troop and took it forward to regain the position. He did this, although in the confusion someone called out to him that an order to abandon it had been received and all around him men were falling back.

But there was a greater trial of fortitude on the 24th. On a beautiful summer morning the Germans sent along their asphyxiating shells, and then loosed a cloud of gas from their infernal cylinders. For nearly five hours this was blown towards our men, but by that time they had respirators, and so they were by no means incapable of action when the Germans came on. In one or two places the enemy broke through, but before the day was out he had been beaten back.

The 15th Hussars were in the thick of this fighting, and one of their captains, C. J. Leicester Stanhope, was specially commended for the way he rallied his squadron and led the men forward at a very critical time indeed. Two non-commissioned officers, B. Durnford and H. F. Borough, were equally daring and useful, and not only their regiment but also the 9th Lancers profited by their gallantry. Both were suffering to some extent from gas poisoning at the time.

The new British armies which got into their stride in the Battle of the Somme have no cavalry with them, and it may well be, in spite of much talk about pushing horsemen through gaps in the enemy's lines, that the day of the cavalry is over. Yet do not let us forget that when Britain needed them they were there, and in her hour of need none served her better than the 15th (The King's) Hussars.

The Birth of a Regiment

This regiment was first raised in 1759, the wonderful year, the year of Quebec and Quiberon, Minden, and Wandewash. At that time it seems that troops of light dragoons were attached to the various cavalry regiments, presumably to move more quickly, and to go in front of their heavier comrades. Then it was decided to form separate regiments of these lighter men, and the 15th Light Dragoons, as it was then called, was one of the first of these. It was raised by Colonel G. A. Elliott, afterwards Lord Heathfield, famous as the defender of Gibraltar.

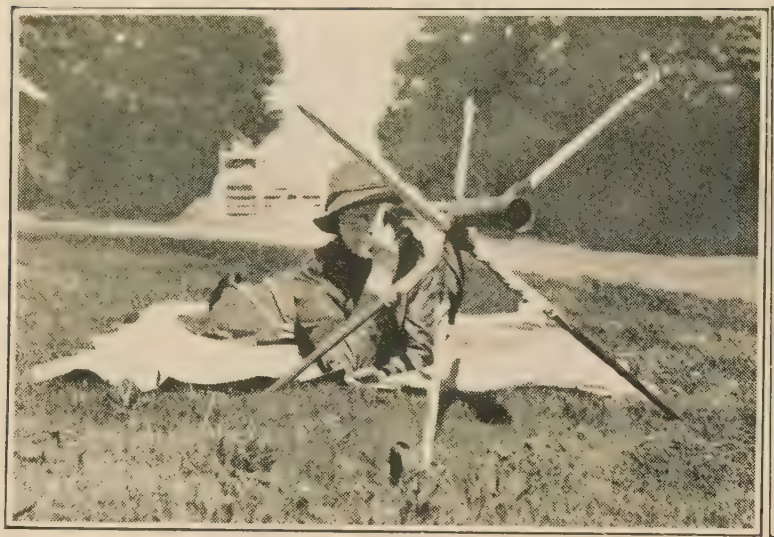
In 1760 the 15th were sent to Germany, and they did good service at Emsdorff and Willems, but their real glories were won in the Peninsula, whither they went in 1808. Their encounter with the French chasseurs at Sahagun was most creditable to them, and they were also allowed to inscribe Vittoria on their colours. From Spain they passed to Belgium, and at Waterloo they did their part in beating the French. Years then passed without any active service, but the Hussars went from one part of the world to another, and in 1878 found themselves detailed for service with the expedition into Afghanistan.

World-wide Echoes of the War

In this interesting section are gathered together pictures of very varied interests. Events at home and abroad, showing the soldier and civilian each "doing his bit," provide a pictorial collection of diversified interest. The soldier enjoying his well-earned convalescence, Tommy at work and at play, and our splendid women on war service—such are some of the items of intensely human interest to be found in the following pages.

"GOOD-BYE, OLD MAN!"—The soldier's farewell to his steed. A touching incident on the road to a battery position in Southern Flanders. (Drawn by F. Matania.)

Women on War Service at Home and Abroad



Member of the Women Signallers Territorial Corps, the object of which is to link up every town by means of signallers, taking a long-distance message.

Leisure moments in the long day's work. British nurses chatting on the steps of an officers' hospital.

Queen Elizabeth visits the Belgian trenches and is agreeably surprised by an impromptu rendering of the "Brabanconne" on the fiddle.

The Queen of the Belgians frequently visited the Flanders front, and this interesting photograph shows her Majesty crossing a river on a tour of inspection of Hun devastation. Inset: Lady Muriel Paget, who worked for the Red Cross in Russia.

Practical Womanhood in War-time Pursuits

Cooks at the headquarters of the Scottish Women's Hospital on the Serbian front tasting a stew of their own making.

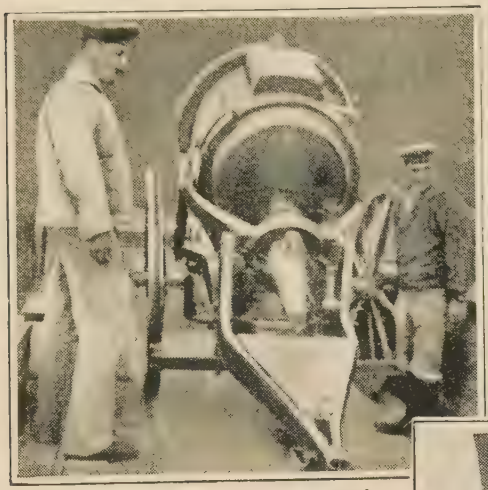
A fair bugler of the Scottish Women's Hospital installed at the Serbian front.

At the wheel of a road-maker. A woman driving a steam-roller on the Cornish roads.

Some of the British Red Cross nurses who were decorated by the King at a heroes' investiture at Buckingham Palace.

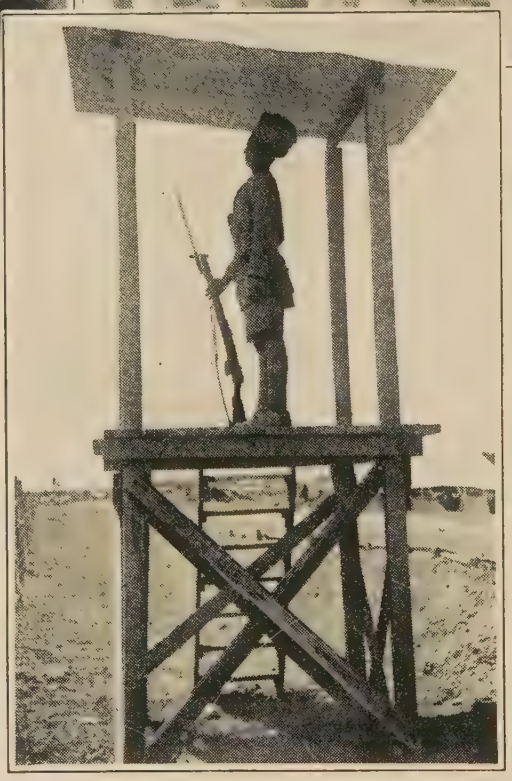
Charity in the name of the Red Cross. A French nurse collecting alms in a first-class railway carriage at a Paris terminus.

Soft-Hearted Fighting Men & Some of Their Pets

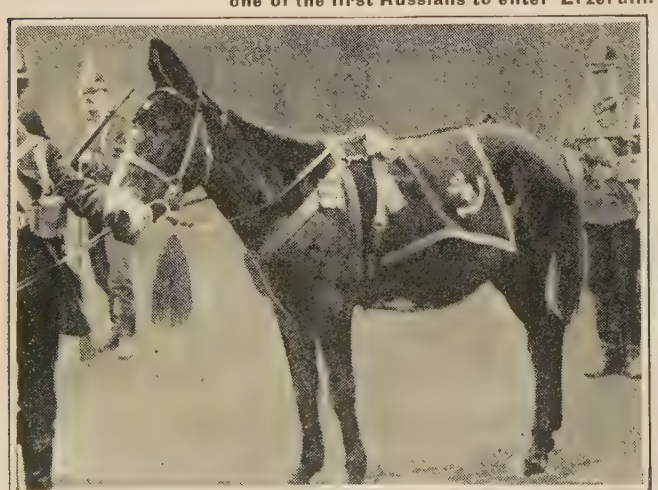


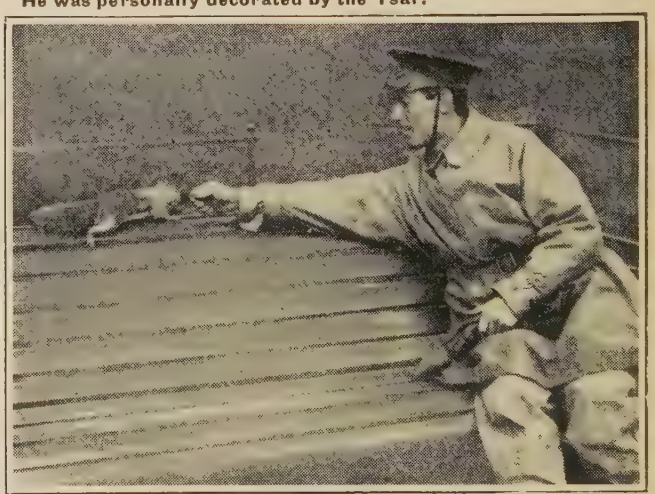
One of the great German search-lights that nightly swept the horizon from Ostend.

British Marines, wearing life-belts in case of accident, on a patrol boat looking for pirate U boats.



Baby gazelle, the pet of a soldier who brought it up by hand. At first it was so weak that it could only lick milk from his lips. Centre: Indian sentry guarding a Turkish prisoners' camp in Mesopotamia. Right: Corporal Tschulkovski, aged fifteen, one of the first Russians to enter Erzerum. He was personally decorated by the Tsar.





One of the heroes of Kut who died that others might live. It wore the medals for three campaigns, and the butcher killed it most reluctantly only when the garrison was starving. Right: A convalescent playing with the squirrels in Regent's Park.

Three Great Generals and Heroes of Mons

General Cadorna sees the point. The Italian leader (in spectacles) laughs heartily at a joke made by one of his Staff officers.

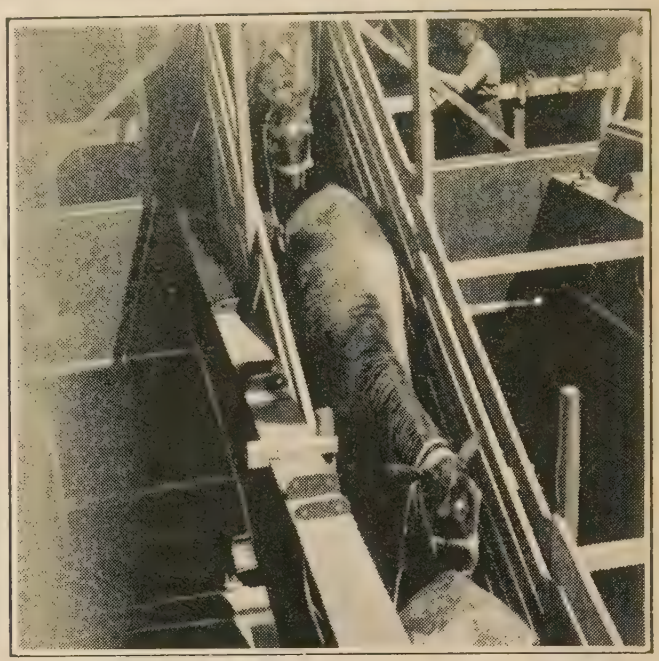
A few of the remnant of the original British Expeditionary Force quartered in the Tower of London. Above: Second-Lieutenant McCubbin, the British pilot who brought down the famous German aviator Immelmann.

General Marchand (right) about to make a flying tour of inspection.

General Gilinsky, commanding Russian troops in France, decorating French munition workers by special order of the Tsar of Russia.

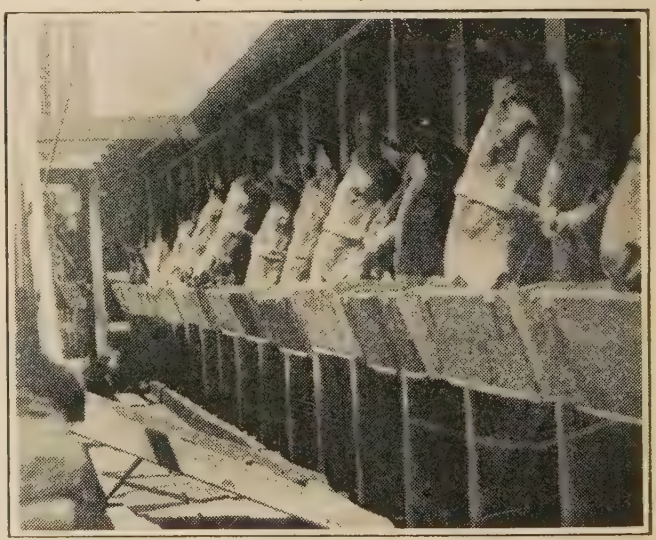
The Faithful Quadruped Goes on War Service

Dropping a dead horse in the Indian Ocean during a transport's voyage from Australia to Bombay.



Horses going down to 'tween decks on a transport. The animals suffered terribly from the journey when the sea was rough.

Horses for the war zone coming aboard ship. Everything to mitigate the discomforts of the voyage was done.

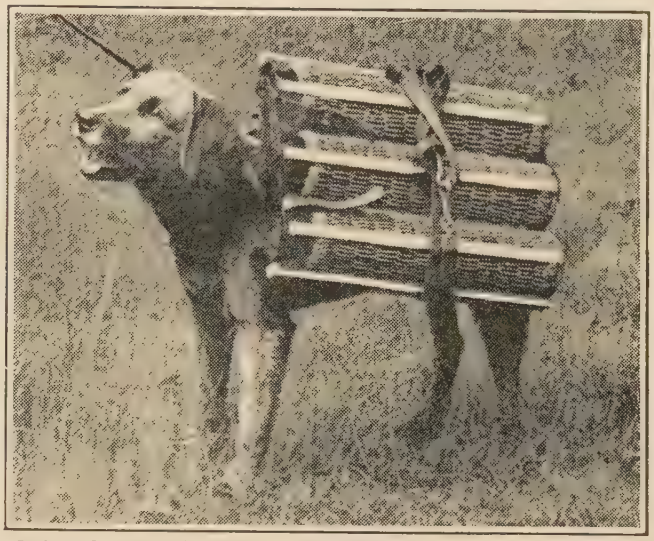


Feeding time on a transport. Horses in their specially-constructed stalls.

Horses at Brisbane, Australia, being got ready for transhipment to France and Flanders. The problem of a supply of these animals for war service was not so acute as it was expected to be, owing to the development of siege warfare, and to the use of motor-vehicles, which fortunately minimised the need of man's four-footed friend on the battlefield.

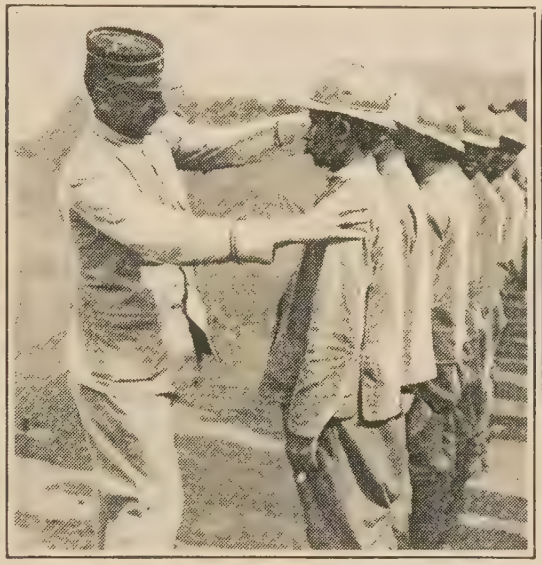
Lull After Battle: Pictorial Notes of War

Wounded member of New Zealand Mounted Rifles, with Rona, mascot of the regiment. The dog had been under fire.



A dog of war. Airedale terrier trained to carry a load of shells for the use of the light field artillery.

Private of the Irish Rifles accompanying himself on trench-made fiddle.



Annamites, coloured natives from the French colony, in training for the first line.

Serbian bagpipes made from lamb-skin, a gourd, and rubber piping.

In a Berlin street. British and Belgian officers accompanied by a German non-com.

Members of the Canadian Red Cross Hospital. Left to right—Miss Gamble, Miss Spanner, and Colonel R. A. Roberts, all from Toronto University.

A Spaniard's Impression of the British Front

Specially Written

By E. GOMEZ CARRILLO

The Famous Author and Traveller

It is at all times a wholesome tonic to hear what an unprejudiced witness has to say about ourselves. "To see ourselves as others see us" is an excellent antidote to self-satisfaction, and at no time in our national history has it been more necessary for us as a people to hearken to the foreign critic. Some of the opinions which the foreigner may entertain of us will probably seem absurd to the British reader—in the second paragraph of the following article there is an amusing instance of this—but let us remember that we are equally liable to harbour similar delusions concerning other peoples.

Senor Gomez Carrillo, who lives in Paris, is one of the most eminent Spanish authors of to-day, of a type that has no counterpart in literary England, being at once a brilliant novelist, essayist, travel writer, and journalist. He has wandered widely and written quite a library of works about many nations of the world. During the war his articles about the French front had myriads of readers in the Press of Spain, Italy, and South America, and a collection of his most notable war sketches, "Among the Ruins," has been issued in English.

Knowing that Senor Gomez Carrillo had been on a visit to the British front, I asked him in the autumn of 1916 to contribute an impression of what he saw, and received from him the following interesting and characteristic article.—EDITOR.

To be perfectly frank, until three months ago I did not have a very high opinion of the British Army. Like everyone else, I knew that the officer in the Army of his Britannic Majesty was a perfect type of chivalry and courage, a kind of knight-errant or adventurer in the noblest sense of the word—a gentleman, in fine, who welcomed danger, strife, and sacrifice as an aristocratic sport. But I considered the great mass of ordinary soldiers little fitted to play an important part in the tragedy now being enacted.

The blame for these opinions of mine must be attributed to those in Britain and out of Britain who have popularised the idea of a Tommy endowed with more bravery than discipline, and fonder of his own comfort than of prolonged military efforts. Who has not heard the story of the famous khaki-clad troops who dropped their rifles when the clock struck five, although the battle was at its height, because it was time to go and have tea? Have we not all heard it affirmed that any self-respecting British trooper requires at least two servants, one for himself and the other for his horse?

I know now that these are fairy-tales, but I did not know it until a short time ago, when I had the honour of paying a visit to the British front in the company of my friend, Lord D——.

A Hurricane of Heroism

The Battle of the Somme, in which the warriors of Sir Douglas Haig reached the German second line at a single bound, was just commencing. Every day the Tommies were gaining some ground in territory which the German strategists considered absolutely impregnable. The whole world, somewhat surprised, paid well-merited tribute to that magnificent hurricane of heroism which little by little was overthrowing the great barriers erected on French territory by the Kaiser's General Staff.

"This afternoon," said my companion, when we reached the neighbourhood of Albert, "you will see the regiments who have captured Pozières after a wonderful fight."

My mind went back to some other troops—French, not British—which suddenly came in sight one spring morning, singing martial airs, as they returned from a victorious attack. Their faces showed how proud they felt at their success, and their eyes shone with the light of duty nobly done. But, Dios mio! What a state they were in; uniforms torn and covered with mud, helmets battered and dented; and how terribly weary they looked!

And I expected to see the same thing again.

But what was my astonishment at seeing approach along the road a column of warriors apparently coming off parade! The fighting helmets had been left behind in the trenches, and the regulation cap was set jauntily on their fair heads. Their uniforms were clean. Their faces looked as though they had shaved less than an hour ago.

"But," I asked my guide, "have they not been to some reserve camp since the battle?"

"No," he replied, "these men are coming straight from the trenches they captured two days ago. There they have cleaned, shaved, and tidied themselves as best they could."

That scene explained better than any careful study the real psychology of the British fighter who, even in the most tragic moments of the campaign, preserves his smartness, sang-froid, and spirit of moral and material dandyism.

Gomez Carrillo

Shortly afterwards, when visiting a rest camp where two regiments were waiting their turn to go forward again into the fight, I was able to probe more deeply into the character of the Tommy. They were as calm and indifferent as though they had been enjoying a country holiday in peace time.

Democratic Camaraderie

All those young athletes, frank of eye and pleasant mannered, were engaged in their favourite amusements. I saw tennis-courts, reading-rooms, mess-rooms, chapels, barbers' shops, bars, and even a concert-room. And as the officers have their quarters on the spot, I at once noticed the truly democratic camaraderie, such as exists in France, between plain soldiers and the higher ranks of all grades.

"This discipline does not resemble the German discipline," I said to Lord D——.

He merely smiled, and murmured: "Naturally——"

And quite true. For a free race, a worthy race, a race of men

[*Continued on page* 2504

In Lovely Lucerne After Trenches and Prison

British and French soldiers interned in Switzerland being entertained at the Polytechnic Chalets, Seeburg, Lucerne. These men were undergoing treatment at the Lucerne Hospital, which was specially arranged for operations rendered necessary by German maltreatment when the men were taken prisoners and interned in Germany.

Group of interned Britons entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Robert Mitchell at the Polytechnic Chalets, with some French Red Cross nurses who were taking a brief rest as guests of the Hotel Schweizerhof, Lucerne. The party had just completed a trip on the Lake of Lucerne.

A SPANIARD ON THE BRITISH FRONT

(Continued from page 2502)

conscious of their rights as citizens, would never submit to the regimen of terror and humiliation unending which makes the Germanic hordes into an iron machine. Read, for example, in the Paris newspapers the following telegram referring to one of the recent battles, and then say whether it would be possible for the Staff of General Joffre or of Sir Douglas Haig to act in this way:

"In the recent fighting round Metzeral the Germans were compelled to make a bayonet attack; behind them were crouched a line of men with orders to turn their machine-guns on any columns which did not advance quickly."

No, neither British nor French could be treated in this way. Therefore, if the perfect military type is the German, the British are not and never will be a military nation. But, happily, the present war has shown that the superiority of Germany was only in her material preparedness, and never in her human elements.

How often have we heard asked: "Is there really a British Army?"

"The First 100,000"

To this question there is no clearer reply than the results of the Battle of the Somme. Would it, in fact, be possible to carry out so formidable an enterprise, fighting against the nation whose preparations for war were the cleverest, if no Army existed?

But I quite understand that military experts, when they ask this question, mean: Has Britain, in spite of her individualistic traditions and her antipathy to conscription—in fine, in spite of the spirit peculiar to her—has she already succeeded in creating the homogeneous nucleus of officers and men which constitutes what is called an army?

Even in this sense there can be no doubt that the British should be extremely proud of what they have done.

When the war broke out the British troops were not numerous. The book which tells the story of the campaigns in Belgium is entitled "The First 100,000." And this figure, in a tragedy like the present, is so insignificant that it would not suffice now to hold a sector. But when one remembers the enthusiasm with which men of all classes have voluntarily enlisted right from the beginning, until they have formed the present formidable nucleus of three or four million Tommies, one cannot but admire the real spirit of national and democratic discipline which animates this wonderful people.

Britain's Stupendous Achievement

That other countries, where conscription is the established system, should possess large armies is not to be wondered at. But that the necessary elements have been found from which to improvise what it has taken an empire like Austria centuries to accomplish, is indeed extraordinary. And this is what Great Britain has done, creating a stupendous Army while a war raged.

Naturally I saw something more than the mere size of the Army. During the few days I spent on the northern front I was able to appreciate the fighting qualities and chivalrous spirit of the British soldier. How many millions of soldiers are fighting there? I cannot tell. How many new heavy guns are smashing the German lines? I do not know. But this I do know: When we asked ourselves whether Kitchener's men could play an important part in this tragedy we showed supreme ignorance of the virtues of the British race.

With officers such as I saw, going into battle unmoved and fearless as if it were a friendly match, with generals such as received me, showing a tranquil consciousness of the duty they are doing, with soldiers like those who calmly performed their toilet after the Battle of Pozières, a country can sleep peacefully, sure of victory.

German naval battery in position near Westende, on the coast of Belgium. British monitors played havoc with these gun-positions and upon the extreme right flank of the German army resting near the sea.

COALING THE FLEET DURING A GALE. HOW SACKS ARE SENT BY CABLE FROM THE COLLIER TO THE WARSHIP STEAMING AT TWELVE KNOTS.

The Roll of Honoured Dead

These pages contain a large gallery of portraits of the gallant British officers who fell on the field of honour fighting for their King and Country. The whole Empire cherishes the memory of these splendid heroes who made the great sacrifice, and their names are inscribed for ever on the scroll of fame in the Golden Book of British Chivalry. They are representative of every regiment and rank.

Corner of a military cemetery in a pine-wood, and (inset) an alley in a military graveyard at the front.

WHERE BRITAIN'S HONOURED DEAD ARE SLEEPING.—One of the British military cemeteries at the front in charge of the Director of Graves' Registration and Inquiries. (British Official. Crown copyright reserved.)

BRITAIN'S ROLL OF HONOURED DEAD

Lieut.-Col. H. E. BRASSEY, Household Cavalry.

Capt. J. P. FORSTER, Northumberland Fusiliers.

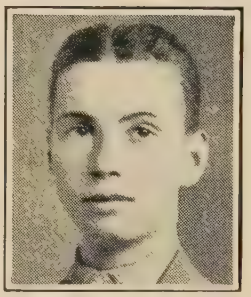
Capt. J. A. BENJAMIN, Duke of Wellington's.

Capt. R. L. HOARE, London Regiment.

Capt. the Hon. R. E. PHILIPPS, Royal Fusiliers.

Lieut. M. L. W. MATTHEWS, West Kent Regiment.

Capt. R. G. TASKER, Worcester Regiment.



Lieut. L. A. LEA-SMITH, East Kent Regiment.

Capt. H. E. CLIFFORD, South African Infantry.

Capt. W. J. HENDERSON, Loyal North Lancs.

Captain the Hon. Roland Erasmus Philipps was the only surviving son of Lord St. Davids, this nobleman's elder son having fallen in action in May, 1916. Educated at Winchester and New College, Oxford, he joined his regiment (Royal Fusiliers) in September, 1914, and was promoted captain in February, 1915. Captain Philipps won the Military Cross for devotion to duty April, 1916.

Captain Herbert E. Clifford, South African Light Infantry, died of wounds received in action. He served throughout the South African War and was mentioned in despatches. On the outbreak of the South African Rebellion he joined General Botha's army as lieutenant, and was promoted to captain. Subsequently he went to Egypt, and finally to the western front.

Captain William J. Henderson, Loyal North Lancashire Regiment, was educated at Forest Hill School and Dulwich College, He also gained a classical scholarship at Corpus Christi College, Oxford. For some years a member of the Dulwich O.T.C., he received a commission in September, 1914, and just prior to his death was mentioned in despatches and awarded the Military Cross.

Lieutenant (Temporary Captain) Arthur H. Hales, Wiltshire Regiment, was the eldest son of the late Major-General Hales. He was an Oxford rowing "Blue." In March, 1915, Lieut. Hales gained the Military Cross for leading his men after being twice wounded in rescuing injured soldiers under fire.

Lieut. P. D. ROBINSON, Northumberland Fusiliers.

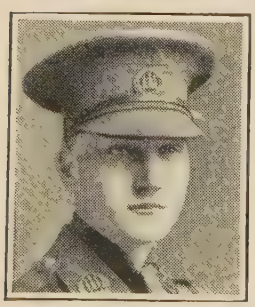
Lieut. D. J. J. HARTLEY, Dragoon Guards.

Lieut. A. P. GREEN, Norfolk Regiment.

Lieut. J. F. HEALY, Royal Irish Rifles.

Lt. and Adjt. G. S. CATHER, Royal Irish Fusiliers.

Lieut. A. H. HALES, Wiltshire Regiment.



Sec.-Lieut. F. G. B. LYS, Northants Regiment.

Sec.-Lieut. T. S. W. WARREN, Durham Light Infantry.

Sec.-Lieut. E. H. ROGERS, Royal Warwicks.

Sec.-Lieut. H. H. HODGES, Leinster Regiment.

Sec.-Lieut. A. B. COOK, Royal Fusiliers.

Portraits by Lafayette, Elliott & Fry, Chancellor, Swaine.

BRITAIN'S ROLL OF HONOURED DEAD

Lt.-Col. R. J. DOUGLAS, C.M.G., Cameronians.

Lieut.-Col. A. E. SHAW, Canadian Mounted Rifles.

Major P. P. BALLACHEY, Canadian Infantry.

Major P. R. HARDINGE, Cameronians.

Maj.-Gen. E. C. INGOUVILLE-WILLIAMS, C.B., D.S.O.

Capt. H. D. RILEY, East Lancs.

Capt. H. C. DRUMMOND, A. and S. Highlanders.

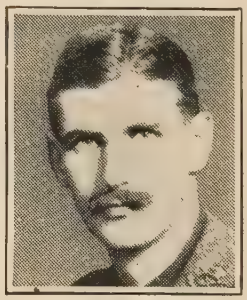
Capt. GUY DICKENS, King's Royal Rifles.

Capt. M. PARTRIDGE GAMON, Lancs Fusiliers.

Capt. J. W. JACKSON, South African Infantry.

Lieutenant-Colonel Robert J. Douglas, C.M.G., saw active service in South Africa, gaining the Queen's Medal with five clasps. Major-General Edward Charles Ingouville-Williams, C.B., D.S.O., had a long Staff and active service record. He fought in the Battles of Atbara and Khartoum, and took part in the Relief of Ladysmith, was present at the actions of Spion Kop, Vaal Krans, and Tugela Heights. Major Patrick Robert Hardinge was the only child of the Hon. Robert and Mrs. Hardinge, Brockworth House, Gloucester. Only twenty-three, he attained proficiency and promotion, and won the Military Cross.

Captain Maurice Partridge Gamon was one of the heads of the publishing house of S. W. Partridge & Co. On the outbreak of war he received a sub-lieutenantcy in the Lancashire Fusiliers. One of the survivors of the first German gas attack, he was promoted to captain and attached to the Intelligence Dept., but took part in the advance, and fell leading his men on July 1st, 1916. Lieutenant Donald Campbell, Coldstream Guards, was the eldest son of Captain the Hon. John Beresford Campbell, D.S.O. (himself reported missing since January, 1915). Thus two heirs of Lord Stratheden and Campbell have fallen on the field of honour. Lieutenant Henry Webber, J.P., South Lancs Regt., volunteered for foreign service at the age of 68. Second-Lieutenant A. S. H. Barrett was a grandson of Wilson Barrett, the eminent actor, and son of Mr. A. Wilson Barrett, editor of "Colour." He fell gallantly leading his men to victory at Mametz.



Capt. J. L. GREEN, V.C., R.A.M.C.

Lieut. R. M. DOINBRAIN, Indian Army.

Sec.-Lt. M. H. BLACKWOOD, Seaforth Highlanders.

Lieut. DONALD CAMPBELL, Coldstream Guards.

Lieut. HENRY WEBBER, J.P., South Lancs Regt.

Lt. G. T. LOVICK ELLWOOD, Leicester Regt.

Lieut. M. N. SCHIFF, Scots Guards.

Sec.-Lieut. N. BARNARD, King's (Liverpool Regt.).

Sec.-Lieut. A. S. H. BARRETT, Royal Welsh Fusiliers.

Sec.-Lieut. G. G. WILLIAMS, Duke of Cornwall's L.I.

Sec.-Lt. C. SUMMERSCALES, Connaught Rangers.

Portraits by Walter Barnett, Elliott & Fry, Lafayette, Russell & Sons, Swaine.

BRITAIN'S ROLL OF HONOURED DEAD

Lieut.-Col. O. S. FLOWER, Royal Welsh Fusiliers.

Major W. W. MOORS, Canadian Infantry.

Major G. W. BARCLAY, Rifle Brigade.

Major C. H. SMITH, Yorks and Lancs.

Major G. E. VENNER, Sherwood Foresters.

Capt. P. S. B. HALL, The Buffs.

Capt. BASIL HALLAM RADFORD, Royal Flying Corps.

Capt. M. WILLIAMS, R.M.A.

Capt. P. B. K. STEDMAN, London Regt.

Capt. F. D. FRASER, Canadian Infantry.

Lieutenant-Colonel Oswald Swift Flower joined the Royal Welsh Fusiliers in 1892, and served in Crete, Malta, China, Burma, and India. He was at the Relief of Tientsin, Peking, and other actions in China; was mentioned in despatches and received a medal with clasp. Rejoining the Army on the outbreak of war, he helped to raise and train new battalions of his old regiment. Lieut.-Colonel Flower was mortally wounded in the Somme offensive. Major Geoffrey William Barclay was a prominent sportsman and Master of the Eton College Hunt. He received the Military Cross for conspicuous bravery at Ypres, during an action in which he was badly wounded. Recovering from his injuries, Major Barclay returned to France and fell in the advance of 1916.

Captain Percy Shene Bernard Hall, the Buffs, attached Hampshire Regiment, was educated at Eton and Sandhurst, where he gained the Military History prize, passing out tenth. He joined his regiment in 1906, and in August, 1914, was gazetted captain. Captain Hall was wounded in the early days of the war, and subsequently held a Staff appointment for some time. Captain the Hon. John B. Campbell, D.S.O., was the son and heir of Lord Stratheden and Campbell. Missing since January, 1915, Captain Campbell's death was reported in 1916. His son, Lieut. Donald Campbell, also fell on the field of honour.

Captain Basil Hallam Radford was the original "Gilbert the Filbert," perhaps the most popular character created in modern revue. He scored his first notable success in "The Blindness of Virtue." Captain Radford met his death in France through a parachute apparatus failing to open.

Capt. Hon. J. B. CAMPBELL, D.S.O., Coldstream Guards

Lt. A. F. Baron de RUTZEN, Yeomanry.

Lieut. A. S. LLOYD, R.F.A.

Lieut. W. H. V. NELSON, Sherwood Foresters.

Lieut. R. J. E. TIDDY, Oxon and Bucks L.I.

Lieut. J. A. J. BLAKE, R.F.A.

Sec.-Lieut. ERIC GOLDING, D.C.M., Middlesex Regt.

Sec.-Lieut. G. G. LAUDER, King's (Liverpool Regt.).

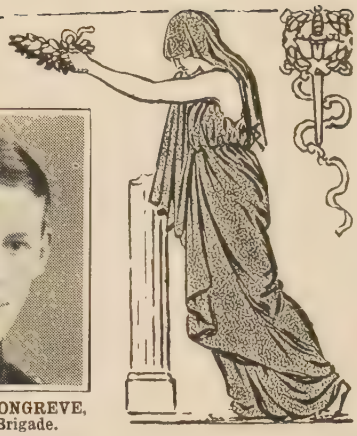
Sec.-Lieut. A. V. STANFIELD, West Surrey Regt.

Sec.-Lieut. H. BARROW, Royal Fusiliers.

Sec.-Lieut. FAWCETT HILTON, Lincs Regt.

Portraits by Elliott & Fry, Lafayette, and Swaine.

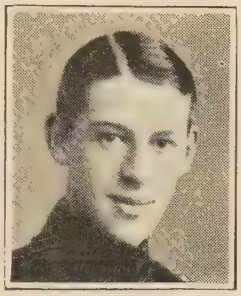
BRITAIN'S ROLL OF HONOURED DEAD



Brig.-Gen. the EARL OF LONGFORD, Life Guards.

Lieut.-Col. A. C. ANNESLEY, D.S.O., Royal Fusiliers.

Major W. J. DOBSON, Canadian Infantry.



Major W. La T. CONGREVE, D.S.O., Rifle Brigade.

Captain J. FOLEY, Northumberland Fusiliers.

Capt. E. V. BRISCOE, Royal Warwicks.

Major A. YOUNG, Canadian Infantry.

Capt. C. R. LIMBERY, South Staffords.

Capt. A. S. THOMSON, Argyll and Sutherland H.

Capt. P. W. T. MACGREGOR-WHITTON, Royal Scots Fus.

Brig.-General Lord Longford, "wounded and missing" in Gallipoli since August, 1915, now officially reported killed, succeeded to the title in 1887, in which year he received his first commission in the 2nd Life Guards. He served in South Africa as captain of the 45th Imperial Yeomanry and as lieut.-colonel of the Irish Horse.

Lieut.-Colonel Albemarle Cator Annesley, D.S.O., Royal Fusiliers, served in South Africa, was three times mentioned in despatches, and awarded the Queen's Medal with six clasps. He served in the Military Police in India, and received the thanks of the Indian Government five years in succession. He commanded a battalion of the Royal Fusiliers at the front since May, 1915, and in April, 1916, was awarded the D.S.O.

Major William La Touche Congreve, D.S.O., Rifle Brigade, eldest son of Lieut.-General W. Congreve, V.C., C.B., was A.D.C. to Major-General Hamilton, commanding the 3rd Division, and later served as General Staff officer and brigade major. He won the Military Cross and was appointed Chevalier of the Legion of Honour. Only two months before his death he married Pamela, daughter of Mr. Cyril Maude.

Captain Edward Villiers Briscoe, Royal Warwickshire Regiment, killed on patrol duty, was present at the retreat from Mons, the Battles of the Marne, Aisne, and at Ypres.

Lieut. Raymond Asquith, Grenadier Guards, the Prime Minister's eldest son, was born in 1878, and after a brilliant scholastic career at Winchester and Oxford, was called to the Bar in 1904. He was married in 1907 to Katherine, younger daughter of Sir John and Lady Horner, and leaves a son and two daughters.

Capt. J. A. H. BROWN, Gordon Highlanders.

Lieut. H. J. QUANBURY, Canadian M. R.

Lieut. RAYMOND ASQUITH, Grenadier Guards.

Lieut. N. S. STEWART, Rifle Brigade.

Lieut. G. S. WALLEY, K.R.R.C.

Sec.-Lieut. T. J. A. O'BRIEN, R.F.A.

Sec.-Lieut. A. C. BOYD, Royal Sussex Regt.

Sec.-Lieut. E. J. PUSCH, Royal Warwicks.

Sec.-Lieut. W. O. E. MORRIS, Liverpool Regt.

Sec.-Lieut. L. L. MOODY, Royal Sussex Regt.

Sec.-Lieut. A. H. PAGE, Suffolk Regt.

Portraits by Speaight, Elliott & Fry, Lafayette, Lambert Weston, Russell, Swaine.

BRITAIN'S ROLL OF HONOURED DEAD

Lt.-Col. the EARL OF FEVERSHAM, King's Royal Rifle Corps.

Capt. W. J. MASON, Gloucester Regt.

Capt. E. G. C. BAGSHAWE, Yorkshire Regt.

Capt. H. J. SIMKIN, King's (Liverpool Regt.).

Lieut. B. N. FITZGIBBON, Royal Irish Regt.

Capt. JOHN LEADBEATER, Australian Infantry.

Capt. DOUGLAS HURD, Middlesex Regt.

Capt. H. T. ROWLEY, Royal Berks.

Lieut. H. Q. CARVER, King's (Liverpool Regt.).

Capt. S. D. SOMERVILLE, Yorkshire L.I.

Lieut.-Colonel the Earl of Feversham, who fell while leading his battalion of the King's Royal Rifle Corps on Sept. 15th, 1916, succeeded his grandfather in January, 1915. Born in May, 1879, and educated at Eton and Oxford, he was elected M.P. for the Thirsk Division in 1906. He saw service with the Yorkshire Hussars at Ypres. He married in 1904 Marjorie, daughter of the Earl of Warwick, and left two sons and a daughter.

Captain Douglas William Hurd, Middlesex Regiment, was the eldest son of the well-known author and economist Mr. Percy Hurd, and on active service displayed all the promise and initiative which won honours for him at Marlborough and Oxford. He was in his twenty-second year. Captain John Leadbeater, who fell while leading his men on the Somme, had seen nearly twenty years' active service. He went through the Boer War, was present at Suvla, went to Egypt, and thence to France. Captain S. D. Somerville, Yorkshire Light Infantry, was the elder son of Major S. J. Somerville. He was educated at Lancing College, and was articled to the law. He joined the Territorial Force in 1911.

Ireland lost one of her most brilliant sons and University College, Dublin, a distinguished member of its staff in Professor T. M. Kettle. He enlisted at Fermoy in January, 1915, and was given a commission in the Leinsters. Later he transferred to the Dublin Fusiliers. He was born in 1880, and was M.P. for East Tyrone from 1906 to 1910.

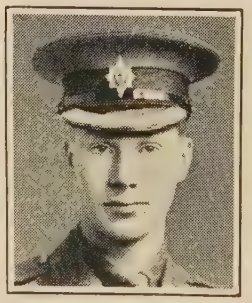
Lieutenant Brian Normanby FitzGibbon, Royal Irish Regiment, was educated at Rugby and won a history scholarship at Keble College, Oxford. On the outbreak of war he obtained a commission and went to the front in December, 1915, as a machine-gun officer.

Lieut. R. E. MELLY, King's (Liverpool Regt.).

Lieut. C. H. RUDDLE, Australian Infantry.

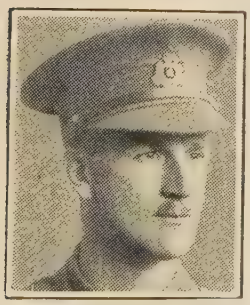
Lieut. F. MORAN, Royal Munsters.

Sec.-Lieut. H. C. DAVIS, Royal Berks, att. R.F.C.



Lt. J. S. WILMOT-SITWELL, Coldstream Guards.

Lieut. J. F. LADELL, Middlesex Regt.



Sec.-Lieut. W. H. PACKARD, Suffolk Regt.

Sec.-Lieut. A. B. PHILLIPS, London Regt.

Prof. Lieut. T. M. KETTLE, Dublin Fusiliers.

Sec.-Lieut. S. R. F. EMPEY, Royal Irish Rifles.

Sec.-Lieut. G. H. GRIMSHAW, Loyal North Lancs.

Portraits by Elliott & Fry, W. H. Horne, Lafayette, Russell, Swaine.

BRITAIN'S ROLL OF HONOURED DEAD

Brig.-Gen. C. E. STEWART, C.M.G., Black Watch.

Capt. J. V. HYNDMAN, Royal Irish Rifles.

Capt. F. S. GILLESPIE, Royal Sussex Regt.

Capt. G. E. H. KEESEY, Rifle Brigade.

Capt. P. L. LEIGH, R.G.A.

Capt. J. R. SOMERS-SMITH, London Regt.

Capt. T. G. GRICE, Scottish Rifles.

Capt. DAVID WILSON, R.F.C.

Capt. G. W. EATON, Royal Irish Fusiliers.

Sec.-Lieut. H. HANDCOCK, Leinster Regt.

Brigadier-General Charles Edward Stewart, C.M.G., Black Watch, entered the Royal Highlanders in 1889. In 1908 he received his majority, and just after the outbreak of war was promoted to lieutenant-colonel. Early in 1916 he was appointed to the Staff, and given command of a brigade. He saw much service in South Africa, notably at Kimberley and Paardeberg, was mentioned in despatches, and received the Queen's and the King's Medals with six clasps. For service in the Great War he was made a C.M.G.

Captain David Wilson, of the Royal Flying Corps, who was a grand-nephew of the first Lord Nunburnholme, gained the Military Cross in May, 1916.

Lieutenant Kenneth Lotherington Hutchings, Liverpool Regiment, attached Welsh Regiment, was the famous Kent cricketer, and accredited one of the most remarkable batsmen of the generation. He was a member of the Tonbridge eleven for five years, heading the batting for three seasons in succession, but his most brilliant record was made in 1906, when he was acclaimed by all an England cricketer.

Lieutenant-Colonel Arthur F. Townshend was educated at Haileybury College. He was gazetted to the 2nd Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) in 1894, and served with the 4th Scottish Rifles in the South African War. From 1903-6 he was Military Consul in Turkey. In 1915 Lieut.-Colonel Townshend left with his regiment for the front and was twice wounded, and mentioned in despatches on November 30th, 1915. In January, 1916, he was appointed to command the Royal West Kent Regiment, and was fatally wounded on the 15th of the same month.

Lieut. H. G. M. MANSEL-PLEYDELL, Dorset Regt.

Lieut. R. S. de BLABY, Loyal North Lancs.

Lieut. K. L. HUTCHINGS, Liverpool Regt.

Lt.-Col. A. F. TOWNSHEND, Scottish Rifles.

Sec.-Lt. T. R. H. DORMAN, Royal Munsters.

Sec.-Lieut. J. FISH, Worcester Regt.

Sec.-Lieut. N. H. COLLINS, Royal Inniskillings.

Sec.-Lieut. D. C. O'CONNELL, Connaughts.

Sec.-Lieut. W. DRAKE, R.H.A.

Sec.-Lieut. F. R. HOGGETT, Queen's (R.W. Surreys).

Sec.-Lieut. F. A. J. BROWN, Leinster Regt.

Portraits by Bassano, Elliott & Fry, Hawkins, Brooke Hughes, Lafayette, Swaine.

BRITAIN'S ROLL OF HONOURED DEAD

Capt. CHARLES NEVILLE, Sherwood Foresters.

Capt. C. H. WOOLLATT, Queen's (R. W. Surreys).

Lt.-Col. A. J. B. ADDISON, York & Lancaster Regt.

Lt.-Col. C. P. MURTEN, West Yorks Regt.

Capt. H. E. F. CREED, South African Infantry.

Capt. and Adjt. G. R. LANE, Coldstream Guards.

Capt. Hon. R. P. STANHOPE, Grenadier Guards.

Capt. G. G. HERMAN-HODGE, R.F.A.

Lieut. C. P. COTTON, Canadian Artillery.

Lieut. A. H. BROWN, South African Infantry.

Captain Claud Humpston Woollatt was the second son of the late Randal Woollatt and Mrs. Woollatt, of Ditton Hill, Surbiton. He was educated at Cheltenham College, and joined the Army at the beginning of the war. His younger brother, Sec.-Lieut. P. R. Woollatt, who was also in the Queen's (Royal West Surrey Regiment), was killed five weeks earlier.

Captain George Ronald Lane was the only son of Major-General Sir Ronald Lane, of Carleton Hall, Saxmundham. Educated at Eton and Sandhurst, he was gazetted to the Coldstream Guards as second-lieutenant in 1913; he went to the front in September, 1914, and was wounded at the Battle of the Aisne. Promoted captain in March, 1916, and passed fit for active service, he went out again in August, and was killed in action on September 15th. Captain Lane was a Page of Honour to King Edward VII.

Captain the Hon. Richard Philip Stanhope, killed in action September 24th, 1916, was brother of Earl Stanhope and heir-presumptive to the title. In 1914 he married Lady Beryl le Poer Trench, daughter of the Earl of Clancarty.

Lieutenant Joseph Lamb, New Zealand Engineers, had been with the N.Z. forces since August 21st, 1914, and saw service in Egypt, Gallipoli, and France. He was mortally wounded on his twenty-fourth birthday, and died the following day.

Sec.-Lieut. T. O. Whitlock, Northumberland Fusiliers, was son of Mr. T. T. Whitlock, of Nottingham. He was attached to the Tyneside Scottish as Lewis-gun officer, and was killed in action on August 24th, 1916.

Lieut. R. B. THORBURN, South African Infantry.

Lt. H. H. C. WILLIAMSON, Coldstream Guards.

Lieut. M. M. GRONDIN, Canadian Infantry.

Lieut. H. M. HIRTZEL, South African Infantry.

Lt. and Adjt. W. E. DAVY, Cheshire Regt.

Lieut. J. O. LATER, Machine-Gun Corps.

Lieut. JOSEPH LAMB, New Zealand Engineers.

Sec.-Lt. G. V. NOAKS, Northamptonshire Regt.

Sec.-Lieut. N. L. GIDDY, Northamptonshire Regt.

Sec.-Lieut. G. THOMSON, Argyll & Sutherland Highrs.

Sec.-Lt. T. O. WHITLOCK, Northumberland Fusiliers.

Portraits by Walter Barnett, Elliott & Fry, Hills & Saunders, Lafayette, and Swaine.

BRITAIN'S ROLL OF HONOURED DEAD

Col. G. E. RIPLEY,
Northampton Regt.

Lt.-Col. C. E. FISHBOURNE,
Northumberland Fusiliers.

Maj. T. M. D. BAILIE,
Irish Guards.

Maj. A. C. HUDSON,
Royal Fusiliers.

Capt. S. LUDLOW,
Royal Warwick Regt.

Capt. A. K. S. CUNINGHAME,
Grenadier Guards.

Capt. W. C. F. V. BARKER-MILL, Rifle Brigade.

Capt. H. H. BURN, M.C.,
Coldstream Guards.

Capt. H. M. GREEN,
Royal Fusiliers.

Capt. J. A. RITSON,
South Lancs Regt.

Captain J. A. Ritson, South Lancashire Regiment, killed in action July 23rd, 1916, was only child of Dr. and Mrs. Ritson, of Reading. Educated at Rugby and Trinity College, Cambridge, he received a commission directly after the outbreak of war, and was given his captaincy in February, 1915. He was a noted oarsman, rowing in the First Trinity Eight, 1912-14, the University Eight which defeated Oxford in 1914, and at Henley.

Lieut. H. Douglas Vernon, Grenadier Guards, killed, was educated at Charterhouse and Magdalen College, Oxford, where he got his Soccer Blue as a freshman, and played against Cambridge in 1913 and 1914. Still an undergraduate when war broke out, he obtained a commission in the 7th Liverpool Regiment, and later transferred to the Grenadier Guards.

Sec.-Lieut. Gerald Archibald Arbuthnot, Grenadier Guards, killed in action September 25th, 1916, was only son of late Major-General W. Arbuthnot, C.B. Born in 1872, he entered the Navy, but left the service in 1902. He took a great interest in politics; he represented Burnley from January to December, 1910, was Vice-Chancellor of the Primrose League and Chairman of the Lancashire and Cheshire Federation of Junior Unionist Associations.

Percy Robert Herbert, Viscount Clive, Welsh Guards, died of wounds received September 11th, 1916, was elder son of the Earl of Powis. Born in 1892, he was educated at Eton and Sandhurst, and gained his first commission in the Scots Guards. He went to the front early in the war, but was invalided home, and later transferred to the Welsh Guards. Viscount Clive was the 56th heir to a peerage to lose his life in the war up to November, 1916.

Capt. E. R. DONNER,
Rifle Brigade.

Capt. W. D. DRURY-LOWE,
D.S.O., Grenadier Guards.

Lieut. H. D. VERNON,
Grenadier Guards.

Sec.-Lt. G. A. ARBUTHNOT,
Grenadier Guards.

Lieut. C. S. BELL,
South African Infantry.

Lieut. M. H. O'DONOVAN,
Royal Munster Fusiliers.

Lieut. Viscount CLIVE,
Welsh Guards.

Sec.-Lt. CYRIL CLARKE,
East Surrey Regt.

Sec.-Lieut. H. WYNDHAM THOMAS, Rifle Brigade.

Sec.-Lt. A. D. WILSON,
Royal Munster Fusiliers.

Sec.-Lt. J. T. ROBERTS,
Royal West Surrey Regt.

Portraits by Elliott & Fry, Lafayette, Swaine, Brooke Hughes.

BRITAIN'S ROLL OF HONOURED DEAD

Brig.-Gen. F. J. HEYWORTH, C.B., D.S.O.

Major G. E. VANSITTART, Canadian Field Artillery.

Capt. H. D. BROUGHTON, Cheshire Regt.

Capt. E. E. C. WELLESLEY, Norfolk Regt.

Capt. I. A. G. FERGUSON, Royal Scots.

Capt. J. E. ROSS, King's (Liverpool Regt.).

Capt. A. C. BURNELL, Rifle Brigade.

Capt. G. Y. GROSS, Royal West Kent.

Capt. F. E. GANE, Canadian Infantry.

Capt. C. J. HUGHES, Connaught Rangers.

Captain I. A. G. Ferguson, of the Royal Scots, was only eighteen years of age, having received his commission in September, 1914.

Lieut. Cyril Charles Henry, Worcestershire Regiment, who fell in action on the memorable night of the Loos advance, September 26th, 1915, was the only child of Sir Charles and Lady Henry. On the outbreak of war Lieut. Henry was a second-lieutenant in the Hussars, and attached to the Worcestershire Regiment.

Lieut. Bryce Stewart, Seaforth Highlanders, came of a military stock, his father being Col. Bryce Stewart, D.S.O. Obtaining his first commission in September, 1913, he was promoted to a lieutenancy in November, 1914.

Lieut. Douglas Tweedy-Smith, R.F.C., died at Netley Red Cross Hospital from illness contracted in the pursuance of his duties at the front. Member of the London University O.T.C., he received a commission in the Middlesex Regiment, and subsequently transferred to the R.F.C., doing technical aviation work, such as inspecting aeroplanes at Farnborough. Later he went to France, and met with the fatal accident which brought about his untimely death.

Second-Lieut. Charles Noel Crawford, Northampton Regiment, was the only son of Mr. James Adair Crawford, of the Indian Civil Service (retired). He was educated at Haileybury College, and was a Scholar of Magdalene College, Cambridge. He obtained a temporary commission in November, 1914, and was killed in action on April 9th, 1916.

Lieut. O. A. Mann, King's Own (Royal Lancaster Regiment), received his commission in September, 1914.

Lieut. C. C. HENRY, Worcestershire Regt.

Lieut. BRYCE STEWART, Seaforth Highlanders.

Lieut. D. TWEEDY-SMITH, Royal Flying Corps.

Sec.-Lieut. F. W. BATTLEY, Royal Sussex Regt.

Lieut. T. HATTON, Canadian Infantry.

Lieut. O. A. MANN, King's Own (R. Lanc. Regt.).

Sec.-Lieut. C. N. CRAWFORD, Northamptonshire Regt.

Sec.-Lieut. J. C. SMITH, Royal Fusiliers.

Sec.-Lieut. J. L. WALKER, Royal Irish Rifles.

Sec.-Lieut. M. R. L. ARMSTRONG, Royal Engineers.

Sec.-Lieut. R. D. TIBBS, Indian Army.

Portraits by Lafayette, Lambert Weston, Elliott & Fry, Vandyk.

DIARY OF THE AUTUMN CAMPAIGN OF 1916

Progress of Events in all Theatres of the War from the Opening Battles of the Somme to the Fall of Bukarest

1916

AUG. 1.—The British hold their gains north of Bazentin-le-Petit against the enemy's attempts to drive them out.

French capture a German trench between Estrées and Belloy-en-Santerre. A new German attack at Verdun, west and south of the Thiaumont Work, repulsed.

Russians cross the Koropiec River, just north of the Dniester.

AUG. 2.—**French Gains on the Somme.**—North of the river the French capture a strongly-fortified enemy work between Hem and the Monacu Farm. South of the Somme they occupy an enemy trench in the Estrées region. At Verdun, west and south of the Thiaumont Work, and in the ravine south of Fleury, they carry German trenches, taking 800 prisoners.

AUG. 3.—Zeppelin raid on Eastern and South-Eastern Counties; one airship hit.

French Successes at Verdun.—They retake the village of Fleury, and, towards Thiaumont, all the trenches between it and Fleury as far as the south-east of the Thiaumont Work and the approaches of Hill 320.

Casement hanged.

AUG. 4.—After being driven from Fleury and the Work of Thiaumont, the French regain possession of both positions.

Turk Attack on Egypt.—An enemy force, 14,000 strong, attacks our positions near Romani, 23 miles east of the Suez Canal, but fails disastrously.

AUG. 5.—**New British Advance.**—North of Pozières an attack, in which the Australians and New Army troops take part, penetrates the German main second-line system on a front of over 2,000 yards. A later despatch states that during August 4-5 we pushed our line north and west of Pozières some 400 to 600 yards over a frontage of about 3,000 yards.

Suez Canal Victory.—Our forces start the pursuit of the Turks at dawn, and by the evening take more than 2,500 unwounded prisoners, four mountain guns, and a number of machine-guns.

AUG. 6.—Germans counter-attack north-west of Pozières, and in one attack, by the use of liquid fire, temporarily force us back along one of the trenches we had captured. Later we recover all but some forty yards of lost ground.

AUG. 7.—Italian success on Isonzo front; 4,000 prisoners announced to have been taken since Aug. 4.

Announced that pursuit of Turks in Egypt pressed for eighteen miles, and the Katia-Elm-Aisha basin cleared of invaders.

In German East Africa Van Deventer's men reported now on the Central Railway at three points, the enemy retreating to the coast.

French troops carry a line of trenches between Hem Wood and the Somme to the east of the Monacu Farm.

AUG. 8.—**Great Italian Gains.**—Officially reported that on the Lower Isonzo the Mt. Sabotino and the Mt. San Michele strongholds are completely in the possession of the Italians.

General Lechitsky reported to have driven the enemy back along the whole line on the south of the Russian front, and to be ten miles from Stanislau.

British right wing moves against Guillemont, our line having been advanced about 400 yards south-west of the town.

Portugal decides, on the invitation of the British Government, to extend her co-operation to Europe.

AUG. 9.—**Fall of Gorizia.**

Zeppelin raid on East Coast; eight persons killed, seventeen injured.

French artillery bombards Doiran.

1916

North-west of Pozieres the Australians advance our line 200 yards on a frontage of 600 yards.

AUG. 10.—**Russians occupy Stanislau.**

British again advance north-west of Pozières, and the French north of Hem Wood.

AUG. 11.—The French follow up their bombardment of Doiran by occupying Hill 227, south of the town.

Great British Air Offensive.—Our squadrons bomb airship sheds at Brussels and at Namur, and railway sidings and stations at Mons, Namur, and Busigny.

AUG. 12.—**French attack the third German position** from east of Hardécourt as far as the Somme opposite Buscourt, carry all the trenches to a depth of 1,000 yards, and penetrate into the village of Maurepas.

Enemy retreat in Galicia. Count Bothmer driven out of his fortified positions west and south-west of Tarnopol.

Seaplane attack on Dover; one officer, six men slightly injured.

AUG. 13.—**Important British Advance.**—Our troops progress north-west of Pozières, gaining 300 to 400 yards on a front of over a mile. Enemy trenches captured on the plateau north-west of Bazentin-le-Petit towards Martinpuich.

French progress on the slopes of Hill 109 to the south-east of Maurepas.

Continued Italian advance. Our allies press on east of the Nad Logem (Hill 212), and pierce another strong line of enemy entrenchments.

H.M.S. destroyer Lassoo torpedoed or mined off the Dutch coast.

AUG. 14.—South of the Somme the French extend their positions south-west of Estrées. On the British front west of Pozières the enemy gain a temporary footing in a portion of the trenches captured by us on Aug. 13.

AUG. 15.—Announced that British retake nearly the whole of the remainder of the trenches in which the enemy gained a footing on the 13th.

At Verdun the French force back the German lines close to Fleury.

Russians occupy Jablonica, two miles from the Carpathians crest.

AUG. 16.—Announced that King George has spent a week with his Army in France.

French Advance on Somme Front.—They carry a line of trenches on a length of almost a mile, and at certain points reach the Guillemont-Maurepas road. They occupy all the enemy positions east of the Maurepas-Clery road.

Russians publish the total of their captures from June 4 to Aug. 12: 7,757 officers, 350,845 men, 405 cannon.

AUG. 17.—British line pushed forward both west and south-west of Guillemont.

Reported that the Arab town and military coastal station of Bagamoyo, thirty-six miles north of Dar-es-Salaam, occupied by naval forces.

AUG. 18.—**New Allied Advance.**—The British and French attack all along the front from Pozières to the Somme. Our troops carry strong positions and gain ground towards Ginchy and Guillemont. The French carry a further great part of Maurepas village.

AUG. 19.—**North Sea Naval Fight.**—German High Seas Fleet comes out, but retires in face of British forces in considerable strength. We lose two light cruisers, the Nottingham and the Falmouth, which were torpedoed. One enemy submarine destroyed, another rammed.

1916

Submarine E23 torpedoes and sinks German battleship of the Nassau class.

Thiepval Ridge Captured.—Sir Douglas Haig reports capture of the western outskirts of Guillemont, and the ridge south-east of and overlooking Thiepval, and the northern slopes of the high ground north of Pozières.

AUG. 20.—British gain more ground north of Bazentin-le-Petit.

Activity in Balkans.—Bulgarians reported advancing on Kavalla. On Struma front our cavalry in touch with the enemy.

AUG. 21.—Sir Charles Monro succeeds Sir Beauchamp Duff as Commander-in-Chief in India.

German counter-attacks in the region of the High Wood. Our guns severely damage the enemy's trenches south of Thiepval, causing a conflagration in one of the enemy's batteries.

General Smuts, moving on Dar-es-Salaam, supported by warships operating at sea. Deventer defeats a German force near Kidete Station.

AUG. 22.—Sir Douglas Haig reports progress near Pozières, in the Leipzig salient, and south of Guillemont.

Russian and Italian troops in Macedonia.—Announced that troops of our allies have landed at Salonika, the Russians arriving on July 30, the Italians on Aug. 11.

Occupation of Kilossa, East Africa.

AUG. 23.—British troops gain another 200 yards of German trench south of Thiepval.

War Office issues communiqué dealing with position in Macedonia, in which the enemy line east of the Struma is defined.

Zeppelin raid on East Coast.

AUG. 24.—Several Zeppelins carry out raid on East and South-East Coasts, one reaching outskirts of London; eight killed, many injured.

French take Maurepas, and progress beyond the village.

British troops push forward 300 yards towards Thiepval.

Russia reports her troops have retaken Mush.

AUG. 25.—Admiralty announces H.M. armed yacht Zaida sunk; four officers and nineteen men of her crew prisoners of the Turks.

H.M. armed boarding steamer Duke of Albany torpedoed and sunk in North Sea.

Naval aeroplanes bomb airship sheds at Namur.

Prussian Guard's Defeat.—In the Thiepval salient a determined attack by the Prussian Guard repulsed by Wiltshire and Worcestershire troops.

AUG. 26.—British gain 200 yards of German trench north of Bazentin-le-Petit, and make headway north-west of Ginchy.

Russian troops gain fresh ground on the frontier heights near Mt. Kowerla.

AUG. 27.—**Rumania Declares War on Austria-Hungary.**

British troops gain ground north-west of Ginchy.

AUG. 28.—**Italy at War with Germany.**

Bulgarians announced to have reached the Ægean coast at Kavalla.

British long-range guns successfully fire on troops and traffic between Bapaume and Miraumont.

British monitors bombard Bulgarian forces at the mouth of the Struma.

Zeppelin raid on Bukarest.

AUG. 29.—**Rumania in Action.**—Rumanian Army moves in the passes of the Transylvanian Alps. South of Kronstadt Austrian troops compelled to retire by "an encircling movement."

Officially announced that the total prisoners captured by British since July 1 are: 266 officers, and 15,203 other ranks, with 26 guns, 160 machine-guns.

AUG. 30.—Lechitsky's troops, advancing in the Carpathians, capture Mt. Pantyr.

General von Falkenhayn dismissed from post of Chief of General Staff; he is succeeded by Von Hindenburg.

Turkey declares war on Rumania.

AUG. 31.—British launch discharge of gas "over a broad front" near Arras and near Armentières, with good results.

Russian troops march across the Dobruja Delta; Rumanian Army twenty miles into Hungary.

SEPT. 1.—Allied naval demonstration at Athens. Twenty-three warships, with seven transports, anchor four miles outside the port of Piræus.

A revolt of Greek troops in Salonika results in the surrender of the garrison to General Sarrail. Insurrection breaks out in various parts of Macedonia, and a "Committee of National Defence" is appointed.

General Smuts announces enemy in full retreat both east and west of the Uluguru Mountains, south of Mrogoro.

Rumanian victory at Orsova, on the Danube.

1916

SEPT. 2.—Russians capture the Ploska Height, just north of the Jablonica Pass.

Allied warships enter port of Piræus and seize three German vessels. The Allied Governments demand the control of posts and telegraphs, the banishment of enemy agents, and punishment of Greek subjects in collusion with the Germans.

SEPT. 3.—**British capture Guillemont** and part of Ginchy. French capture the village of Forest and Cléry.

Zeppelin destroyed near London.—Hostile airship, one of thirteen raiding Eastern Counties, attempting to approach the London area, is brought down by Lieut. W. L. Robinson, R.F.C., at Cuffley, near Enfield. Lieut. Robinson was later awarded the V.C.

Russians conquer new ground on the Zlota Lipa front, in Galicia.

SEPT. 4.—**Great French Advance.**—South of the Somme our ally attacks over a front of twelve miles, from Barleux to the district south of Chaulnes. As the result, their new line runs from Barleux, touches Berny, comprises Soyecourt, sweeps through the western part of Chaulnes Wood, and includes the village of Chilly. Unwounded prisoners exceed 2,700.

Surrender of Dar-es-Salaam to British naval forces.

British air raid on Mazar, Sinai Peninsula.

SEPT. 5.—From Mouquet Farm to the junction of our line with that of the French our troops carry the whole of the German second line, and gain a footing in Leuze Wood. East of Cléry the French reach the Bouchavesnes-Cléry road.

Russians in touch with German-Bulgarian forces in the Dobruja.

British air raid on El Arish.

SEPT. 6.—British capture whole of Leuze Wood.

General Brussiloff's troops in a new attack towards Halicz capture a fortified position and take 4,500 prisoners.

SEPT. 7.—Russians capture bridge-head of Halicz.

French gain at Verdun. Attacking the German line on the Vaux-Chapitre Wood—Le Chenois front, they carry it to a length of 1,600 yards, taking 250 prisoners and ten machine-guns.

Rumanians sustain a reverse at Tutrakau (Turtukai) on the south bank of the Danube.

British naval forces and Marines, with military landing-parties, occupy the ports of Kilwa Kivinje and Kilwa Kissiwani (German East Africa).

British naval aeroplanes raid enemy's aerodrome at St. Denis Westrem.

SEPT. 8.—Four massed attacks by the Germans between Vermandovillers and Chaulnes repulsed by the French.

Capture of Orsova by Rumanian troops officially announced.

SEPT. 9.—Sir Douglas Haig reports the whole of Ginchy village now in our hands.

Bulgarian and German invaders of the Dobruja reported driven back.

On the Euphrates a mixed British force from Nasiriyeh drives Turkish irregulars northwards, killing 200.

SEPT. 10.—Reported fall of Silistria to a German-Bulgarian force.

A British Headquarters despatch summarises our gains during the week Sept. 2-9. We advanced on a front of 6,000 yards to a depth varying from 300 to 3,000 yards. The ground between Ginchy and Leuze Wood is also captured.

SEPT. 11.—The British operating on the Salonika front cross the Struma, and drive Bulgarians out of villages east of the river.

M. Zaimis, the Greek Prime Minister, resigns.

SEPT. 12.—Brilliant French advance. Our ally carries Hill 145, the village of Bouchavesnes, the woods of Marrières, and all the enemy trench system up to the Bapaume-Péronne road, capturing 1,500 prisoners.

Russians win a considerable success in the capture of the Kapul Mountain, with a number of other Carpathian heights.

Austrian air raid on Venice.

SEPT. 13.—Continued French advance. They carry by assault the Farm of L'Abbé Wood, 600 yards east of the Béthune road, and hold the German third line.

Italian air raid on Trieste.

SEPT. 14.—French increase their gains south-east of Combles by storming Le Priez Farm. South of the Somme they progress by the use of grenades to the east of Belloy-en-Santerre.

Activity on the Salonika Front.—British troops move forward through Machukovo, and capture a salient in the enemy's line north of the village.

Serbians push forward towards Monastir, taking Garnichevo and most of the Malka Nidje ridge.

SEPT. 15.—**Great British Advance on the Somme.**—Our attack is made on a front that goes from a point north of the

1916

Albert-Bapaume road to Bouleaux Wood, a distance of six miles. We advance at various places some 3,000 yards, and take Flers, Martinpuich, and Courcelette, with most of Bouleaux Wood, and the whole of High Wood. Announced that we use for the first time a new type of heavy armoured car ("tanks"). Over 2,300 prisoners taken.

Italian stroke on the Carso. Our ally storms enemy positions east of the Vallone, and takes 2,117 prisoners, thus taking a long step farther on the way to Trieste.

SEPT. 16.—Sir Douglas Haig reports continued progress, and estimates total number of prisoners captured at 4,000. Our line now runs 500 yards to the north of High Wood.

Russian victory north of Halicz.

Russo-Rumanian forces in the Dobruja retire to strong positions between Rasova and Tuzla.

The allied forces in Macedonia drive the Bulgarians before them, and capture the heights overlooking Florina.

The Italians advancing in the Carso capture the height of San Grado and strong entrenchments towards Loquizza and east of Oppacchiasella.

SEPT. 17.—Sir Douglas Haig reports we have improved our position near Mouquet Farm, and beaten off counter-attacks.

The French advance south of the Somme, capturing the villages of Vermandovillers and Berny.

In Macedonia French troops take Florina by storm.

A mobile column, comprised of Anzac mounted troops, camel corps, with artillery, surprises the Turks at Bir-el-Mazar, 65 miles from the canal, penetrates their trenches, inflicting considerable casualties.

SEPT. 18.—North-west of Combles we straighten our line by the capture of a strongly-fortified German work.

French troops carry the whole of the village of Deniécourt, and advance towards Ablaincourt.

SEPT. 19.—French troops make progress east of Berny. Five enemy attacks against Russian detachments in Champagne repulsed.

Reported heavy fighting in the Defile of Merisov, in Transylvania. The Rumanians are moving towards Hatszeg.

SEPT. 20.—Great German attacks upon the French lines in the salient which cuts the Béthune-Péronne road between Le Priez Farm and the Farm of the Abbé Wood repulsed with very heavy losses.

Sir Douglas Haig in a despatch quotes an order by Falkenhayn while he was Chief of the German General Staff which refers to the enemy's shortage of guns and ammunition.

Allies declare a blockade of the Greek coast from the mouth of the Struma to the mouth of the Mesto.

SEPT. 21.—Enemy makes strong counter-attacks south of the Ancre against the New Zealand troops, all of which are beaten off with severe loss to the enemy.

East of Gorizia the Italians occupy a new position near Santa Caterina.

Rumanian Victory in the Dobruja.—Bukarest officially announces that the Battle of Dobruja, which began on Sept. 3 (16th), ended on Sept. 7 (20th) in the defeat of the enemy.

SEPT. 22.—**British Line Advanced.**—On a mile front, between Martinpuich and Flers, our troops carry two lines of enemy trenches.

Hostile seaplane attack on Dover; three bombs dropped, no damage caused.

SEPT. 23.—British advance to the east of Courcelette, where a strongly-fortified system of enemy trenches is captured and our line advanced on a half-mile front.

Great Zeppelin Raid on London and the Eastern, South-Eastern, and East Midland Counties. Two Zeppelins brought down, one in South Essex, the crew being destroyed. The crew of the other set fire to their craft and surrender. Casualties: 38 killed, and 125 injured.

Italians take the summit of the Gardinal, south of the Avisio.

SEPT. 24.—**British Cross the Struma.**—Officially reported from Salonika that British troops cross the Struma in three places.

Air Raid on Essen.—Two French airmen—Capt. de Beauchamps and Lieut. Daucourt—drop bombs on Krupps.

SEPT. 25.—**Forward move on the Somme.**—The British and French, after a long and violent bombardment, resume their offensive. Our troops take Morval and Lesbœufs, and practically sever the enemy's communications with Combles.

Crisis in Greece.—M. Venizelos leaves Athens with a number of highly-placed officers and many supporters.

Zeppelin raid on Northern and North-Eastern Counties; 36 killed, 27 injured.

SEPT. 26.—**Thiepval and Combles Captured.**—The British take the former, and, in conjunction with the French, the latter.

1916

Reported that the Rumanians are again masters of the Vulkan Pass.

SEPT. 27.—**British Gains Extended.**—North of Flers, on a 2,000 yards front, we advance to the eastern side of Eaucourt-l'Abbaye. North-east of Thiepval the British capture the Stuff Redoubt.

Naval aeroplanes attack enemy airship sheds at Evere, Berche, St. Agathe, and Etterbeck, near Brussels.

SEPT. 28.—British line advanced north and north-east of Courcelette.

Text of the Proclamation of the Greek Provisional Government published, signed by M. Venizelos and Admiral Condouriotis.

SEPT. 29.—British gains south-west of Le Sars, on the Bapaume Road.

SEPT. 30.—Completion of three-months' Battle of the Somme.

OCT. 1.—**British Forward Move.**—Attacking the German lines in the Somme area, our troops capture the whole of their objective on a front of 3,000 yards, and take Eaucourt l'Abbaye.

Zeppelin raid on East Coast; one airship brought down in flames at Potter's Bar.

Renewed Russian offensive south-west of Brody and north-east of Halicz. In latter area our ally takes 112 officers and 2,268 men.

Rumanian diversion across the Danube between Ruschuk and Tutrakan.

OCT. 2.—Germans regain a footing in some of the buildings of Eaucourt l'Abbaye.

Russians defeat enemy counter-attacks south of Brzezany, on the Zlota Lipa.

Naval aeroplanes attack enemy airship sheds near Brussels.

OCT. 3.—Russians continue their offensive in Volhynia, attacking on both sides of the main road from Lutsk to the enemy's fortified base at Vladimir Volynsk.

British recapture Eaucourt l'Abbaye.

French success near Rancourt, 120 prisoners taken.

OCT. 4.—General Haig's comprehensive review of the Somme operations states that to the end of September the British had taken 26,735 prisoners, and engaged 38 German divisions.

Rumanian Campaign.—Our ally captures 13 enemy guns in Dobruja. The Rumanian forces which had crossed the Danube withdrawn. The Rumanian Second Army at Fogaras retreating.

Greek Cabinet resigns.

Transport Franconia sunk in the Mediterranean by enemy submarine.

French troopship Gallia torpedoed in the Mediterranean, 600 soldiers missing.

OCT. 5.—British advance north-east of Eaucourt l'Abbaye.

General Sakharoff attacks General Bochm-Ermolli between Brody and Tarnopol railway lines on a twenty-five-mile front.

Rumanian retreat towards Brasso continues; withdrawal in the Fogaras-Vladeni sector.

OCT. 6.—British make further progress towards Seres.

OCT. 7.—**British capture Le Sars.**

French carry their line forward over 1,300 yards north-east of Morval.

Reported that British troops have established a bridge-head ten miles in width across the Struma towards Seres.

OCT. 8.—Rumanian forces in Southern Transylvania are withdrawing to the frontier from Orsova to Predeal. Enemy claim to have retaken Brasso (Kronstadt).

Hundredth Day of Battle of the Somme.

OCT. 9.—British make progress, and establish posts east of Le Sars, in the direction of Butte de Warlencourt.

Falkenhayn in his attack on the frontier between Transylvania and Rumania reported to be approaching the defensive positions in the mountains, and reaches Torzburg.

Reported from New York that eight vessels torpedoed off Nantucket Lightship by German submarines.

M. Venizelos arrives at Salonika.

OCT. 10.—War Office reports that British cavalry patrols in Macedonia have reached the Demirhissar-Seres railway at some points.

French attacking south of the Somme, between Berny-en-Santerre and Chaulnes, take the hamlet of Bovent, and hold the outskirts of Ablaincourt and most of the woods of Chaulnes.

Italian Advance on Three Fronts.—On the line from the River Vippacco and south of Oppacchiasella the Italians captured all the entrenchments of the enemy and over 5,000 prisoners. In the Julian Alps, just south of Gorizia,

1916

the Austrian line has been broken. By a third thrust in the Trentino the enemy is ejected from the northern slopes of Mt. Pasubio.

Oct. 11.—In Macedonia the French carry the first Bulgarian lines on the heights west of Ghevgeli.

Allied Ultimatum to Greece.—It demands surrender of Greek Fleet, except three warships. Greek Government complies under protest.

Oct. 12.—**Fresh British Advance.**—Our troops attack the low heights between their front trenches and the Bapaume-Péronne road, and secure successes.

Both in the Gorizia area and on the Carso the Italians materially increase their gains. Officially announced that since August 6 they have taken in all 30,881 prisoners.

Oct. 13.—Despatch from Lt.-Gen. Sir Percy Lake relative to operations in Mesopotamia, Jan. 19-April 30, 1916, published.

Franco-British squadron of 40 aeroplanes raids Mauser Works at Oberndorf, on the Neckar.

British advance their lines between Gueudecourt and Lesbœufs.

Rumanian retreat in the Torzburg Pass.

Oct. 14.—South of the Ancre British improve their position in the neighbourhood of the Schwaben Redoubt.

West of Belloy-en-Santerre the French take the first German line on a front of a mile and a quarter, the hamlet of Génermount, and the sugar refinery, 1,300 yards north-east of Ablaincourt.

Oct. 15.—British line advanced slightly north-east of Gueudecourt. Progress at Stuff Redoubt.

French enter Sailly-Saillisel.

Austro-German attacks on the passes between Transylvania and Rumania continue, the enemy making progress in the Torzburg Pass.

In the Black Sea, near the Bosphorus, Russians seize the 6,000-ton Turkish armed transport Rodosto.

Oct. 16.—French consolidate themselves in the captured portion of Sailly-Saillisel, and carry a small wood between Génermount and Ablaincourt.

Flame attack on British at Schwaben Redoubt repulsed with heavy loss.

Russian communiqué reports an Austro-German offensive with strong forces near the point in the Carpathians where the Russian and Rumanian armies join. Enemy captures Gyimes Pass.

Oct. 17.—**Allied Landing at Athens.**—Troops to the number of about 1,200 land to help the police in keeping order, and occupy municipal buildings and railway stations.

Rumanians check enemy in the Gyimes Pass.

Italians carry the Tooth of Pasubio, in Southern Trentino.

Oct. 18.—**Allied Advance North of the Somme.**—British extend the front north of Gueudecourt and towards the Butte de Warlencourt. French take the whole of Sailly-Saillisel. South of the Somme they capture the whole of the front between La Maisonette Chateau and Biaches.

Bukarest announces enemy repulsed in the Buzau Valley. Serbian advance on the Tcherna; Brod taken.

Oct. 19.—Slight British progress at the Butte de Warlencourt. British Headquarters review of fighting on our front since the beginning of October gives our total captures since July 1 at 28,918.

General Smuts reports main forces of the enemy driven into the Rufigi Valley.

Fighting at Goioasa, twelve miles from within the Gyimes Pass; enemy repulsed at Oitoz Pass to Polana Sarata. New offensive by Mackensen in Dobruja.

Announced that a reconnaissance has been made against the Turks at Maghara, in the Sinai Desert.

Serbians occupy Veliselo.

Oct. 20.—German attacks on Schwaben and Stuff Redoubts defeated.

Rumanian withdrawal in the Buzau Pass.

German Note to Norway on her submarine policy.

Oct. 21.—**British advance on a three-mile front** between Schwaben Redoubt and Le Sars, and capture Stuff and ReginaRedoubts. Our prisoners total 1,018.

French success in the region of Chaulnes.

German cruiser of the Kolberg class torpedoed by British submarine.

Assassination of Count Sturgkh, Austrian Premier.

Rumanians evacuate Tuzla.

British Camel Corps detachments and armoured cars sweep the Dakhla and Baharia oases, in the western Libyan desert, taking 175 prisoners.

Oct. 22.—Aeroplane raid on Sheerness. Later in day it is shot down and destroyed at sea by naval aircraft.

1916

French carry whole of Ridge 128, west of Sailly-Saillisel.

Fall of Constantsa.

Oct. 23.—British right wing advances east of Gueudecourt and Lesbœufs.

H.M.S. Genista, a mine-sweeper, torpedoed and sunk. All her officers and 73 men lost.

Hostile aeroplane raid on Margate.

British air raid on blast furnaces of Hagondange.

On the Transylvanian frontier the enemy take the village of Predeal.

Oct. 24.—**French Victory at Verdun.**—Enemy's line pierced along a front of five miles to a depth of two. Douaumont village and fort, the farm of Thiaumont, and the quarries of Haudromont captured. Prisoners total 3,500.

Oct. 25.—Russo-Rumanian retreat in the Dobruja. Enemy troops occupy Cerna Voda, the Danube bridgehead of the Bukarest-Constantsa railway. On the Transylvanian front Falkenhayn's armies capture the Vulkan Pass.

Oct. 26.—Officially announced that the pressure of the enemy in the Dobruja has weakened. On the Transylvanian frontier the chief pressure of the enemy is being exercised in the passes south of Brasso, and mainly in the Torzburg and the Predeal.

German Raid on Channel Transports.—Ten destroyers attempt a raid on our cross-Channel transport service. One empty transport, the Queen, is sunk, two of the enemy destroyers believed to be sunk, and the rest driven off. H.M.S. Flirt missing, and H.M.S. Nubian disabled by a torpedo and grounded.

Oct. 27.—French closing round Fort Vaux.

Rumanians repulse enemy attacks in the Valley of Pravatz, and advance in the Uzal Valley, taking 900 prisoners.

Oct. 28.—British reconnaissances to the north-east of Lesbœufs result in the capture of several important enemy trenches.

At Verdun French troops carry a quarry which had been organised by the enemy north-east of Fort Douaumont.

British liner Marina sunk by submarine; American sailors believed drowned.

Oct. 29.—British make further advance north-east of Lesbœufs.

French progress in the regions of Sailly-Saillisel and Biaches. The Germans penetrate the Chateau of La Maisonette.

Successful Rumanian Actions.—Our ally continues her offensive in the Jiul Valley (north-western front).

Oct. 30.—North and south of the Somme the French win two successes. North of the river their troops carry a system of trenches north-west of Sailly-Saillisel. East of Sailly they advance towards Saillisel.

North of Veliselo the Serbians engage German-Bulgarian troops and score some successes.

Oct. 31.—Rumanians surprise and repulse the enemy on Mount Rosca, and occupy it.

Nov. 1.—British, in conjunction with the French, make a local attack east of Lesbœufs, and gain ground. The French carry a strongly organised system of trenches on the western outskirts of the St. Pierre Vaast Wood.

British strengthen hold on the Seres-Demirhissar railway by the capture of Barakli Djuma.

Vaux Fort abandoned by the Germans.

Italian Thrust on Carso.—An advance is made over a six-mile front, from east of Gorizia to beyond the Oppacchiasella-Kostanjevica road; 4,731 prisoners taken.

Successful raid on Pola by Italian torpedo-boats.

Nov. 2.—Dutch vessel Oldambt, being taken to Zeebrugge by a German prize crew, captured by British scouting craft.

Italians continue their advance from Gorizia to the sea, and take strong defences and 3,498 prisoners.

Nov. 3.—French carry their lines forward as far as the outskirts of Vaux village.

Nov. 4.—French take all the village of Vaux, and occupy Damloup.

Nov. 5.—**New Somme Blows.**—French take most of Saillisel, and British in their centre progress on a front of about 1,000 yards, and take the high ground near the Butte de Warlencourt.

German Dreadnought torpedoed by British submarine in North Sea.

Nov. 6.—Lieut.-General Sir Bryan Mahon appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Forces in Ireland in succession to Lieut.-General Sir John Maxwell, who takes the Northern Command.

P. and O. liner Arabia torpedoed in Mediterranean, all passengers saved.

British troops forced to relinquish part of ground gained in central region near the Butte de Warlencourt.

1916

Conquest of Darfur.—Our mounted troops round up the rebels, capturing 200 prisoners. Ali Dinar, the ex-Sultan, killed.

Nov. 7.—French take all the villages of Ablaincourt and Pressoir, push east of Ablaincourt, capture the strongly-fortified cemetery, and advance as far as the approaches to Gommécourt.

Officially announced that from July 1 to November 1 Franco-British troops, in Somme fighting, take 72,000 prisoners.

Admiralty reports that submarine officer claims to have hit two German battleships of the Kaiser class.

Russia reports success in the Carpathians; south of Dorna Watra over 800 prisoners captured.

Nov. 8.—Violent enemy artillery bombardment in the Prahova Valley, where Rumanians repulse an infantry attack. In the Dobruja they advance towards the south.

Serbians repulse three Bulgarian attacks in the loop of the Tcherna.

Russian southern flank advanced five miles into Transylvania.

Nov. 9.—Rumanians report they have re-occupied Hirsova (Dobruja), with assistance of gunboats on the Danube.

East of Armentières the British discharge gas, and bomb the enemy's trench line.

Prime Minister of Portugal announces Portuguese Army ready to leave for the European battlefields.

Nov. 10.—British naval aeroplanes attack the harbour and submarine shelters at Ostend and Zeebrugge.

Air Squadrons in Action.—A pitched battle takes place between a British and a German squadron on the west front, each of 30 machines or more. Enemy squadron broken up and dispersed, 15 of his machines fall out or driven down, 7 British machines missing.

Fast German destroyers shell Baltic Port, west of Reval. In their retreat the majority are sunk by Russian fleet.

Reported that allied force has driven enemy from Dumarea, at the Rumanian side of Danube bridge at Cerna Voda.

Dutch mail steamer Konigin Regentes captured by enemy and taken to Zeebrugge.

British storm and capture eastern portion of Regina Trench on a front of 1,000 yards.

Serbians storm the Chuke Heights and carry the village of Polog, taking 600 prisoners.

Nov. 11.—French recapture greater part of Saillisel.

British deliver gas attack south of Ypres.

Nov. 12.—**French take whole of Saillisel.**

Rumanians report they have advanced in the Dobruja as far as the Topalu (Danube), Iuan-Cisme, Caranasuff (Black Sea) front.

Nov. 13.—**Capture of Beaumont-Hamel.**—Our troops attack on both sides of the Ancre, and penetrate the German defences on a front of nearly five miles, taking the strongly-fortified village of St. Pierre Divion, Beaumont-Hamel, and over 3,300 prisoners.

Further Serbian Successes.—Continuing their offensive towards Monastir, they drive the Bulgarians out of Iven, fifteen miles east of Monastir, taking 1,000 prisoners.

Rumanians admit yielding ground in the region of Sarcinesti, to the south of the Roter Turm Pass.

Nov. 14.—**The Victory on the Ancre.**—Sir Douglas Haig reports continued success, our troops capturing Beaucourt-sur-Ancre, and advancing east of the Butte de Warlencourt. Prisoners to date number over 5,000.

Aeroplane raid on Cairo, a number of civilians killed and wounded.

Nov. 15.—Sir Douglas Haig reports our troops establish the positions gained north and south of the Ancre.

Heavy German attacks on the French north and south of the Somme. Enemy sets foot in Pressoir, but repulsed everywhere else.

Rumanian retreat in the western valleys south of the Roter Turm and Vulkan Passes.

British air raid on Ostend and Zeebrugge.

Bulgarians abandon Kenali line.

Nov. 16.—French drive Germans out of Pressoir.

Rumanians admit retirements in the valley of the Aluta and in the region of the Jiul.

Nov. 17.—**Flight-Captain de Beauchamps bombs Munich,** then flies across the Alps. landing north of Venice, making a non-stop flight of 437½ miles.

British naval aeroplanes make another raid on Ostend and Zeebrugge.

1916

Nov. 18.—British advance north and south of the Ancre, and reach the outskirts of Grandcourt.

Germans claim to have broken the Rumanian front in the western valley of the Jiul.

Capture of Monastir by allied troops.

Nov. 19.—Sir Douglas Haig reports a total of 6,962 prisoners taken since Nov. 13.

Ultimatum to Ministers of the enemy Powers at Athens to leave the capital by Nov. 22.

Nov. 20.—Allies pursuing enemy from Monastir; advance on Prilep.

Officially reported that in the valley of the Jiul the Rumanians continue to retire towards the south.

Nov. 21.—**Death of Emperor Francis Joseph.**

German troops occupy Craiova, the chief town in Western Wallachia.

British hospital ship Britannic sunk by mine or torpedo in the Zea Channel, in the Ægean Sea; 1,106 survivors, over 100 lost.

Germans raid British front south-west of Cité St. Elie (north-west of Hulluch). A part of our front-line trench is obliterated, and 26 men missing.

Nov. 22.—Hostile artillery active in the Beaumont-Hamel and Ypres areas. We bombard the enemy's lines near Ransart (south of Arras), east of Angres, and north of the La Bassée Canal.

On the western shore of Lake Prespa (west of Monastir) French troops occupy Leskovetz (about 10 miles south-east of Ochrida), and continue their advance towards the north.

Zeebrugge raided by British naval aeroplanes, an enemy destroyer hit.

Nov. 23.—Petrograd reports that on Oct. 20 the Russian battleship Imperatritsa Maria was sunk as the result of internal explosion; 64 dead, 152 missing.

Naval Raid on South-East Coast.—Six German destroyers during the night attempt to approach the north end of the Downs, fire about twelve rounds, and steam off at once. One shell hits a drifter without injuring any of her crew. It is denied that shells hit Ramsgate, as the enemy's communiqué reports.

Nov. 24.—British hospital ship Braemar Castle announced mined or torpedoed in Ægean Sea; all on board saved.

Mackensen reported to have forced the Danube. Rumanians give up Orsova and Turnu Severin, and continue retreat.

Nov. 25.—Bukarest admits her troops retire on the left bank of the Alt, in the direction of Dragasani and Slatina.

Nov. 26.—Falkenhayn's army has come into touch with Mackensen's, which has crossed the Danube at Zimnicea. German advance continued in south-western part of Wallachia.

Zouaves carry by storm Hill 1,050, north-east of Monastir.

German sea raid near Lowestoft; armed trawler Narval sunk.

Nov. 27.—**Rumanian Retreat.**—Our ally abandons the line of the Olt (Aluta), and falls back. Alexandria, on the Vedea River, reported in German hands. On the Rumanian right, Rymmk, on the Olt River, has fallen to the enemy.

Zeppelin Raid on Northern Counties.—One airship brought down in flames into the sea off the coast of Durham.

Serbians carry a height north-west of Grunishta. Zouaves storm a crest east of Hill 1,050.

Nov. 28.—Another Zeppelin which took part in the raid on the night of Nov. 27 brought down in flames nine miles out at sea off the Norfolk coast.

Mid-day Raid on London.—Enemy aeroplane drops six bombs, nine persons injured, material damage slight. Later in day the same machine brought down by the French off Dunkirk.

March on Bukarest.—Germans holding Giurgevo, on the Danube, almost due south of Bukarest, and Curtea de Arges in the north.

Russian success in Carpathians. Our ally seizes heights four miles west of Worochta, in the region of Wakarka, and in the region of Kirlibaba gain possession of a ridge of heights east of Kirlibaba, compelling the enemy to retire from their positions, capturing 800 prisoners.

Nov. 29.—**Important Naval Changes.**—Sir John Jellicoe becomes First Sea Lord; Sir David Beatty is appointed to command the Grand Fleet.

Nov. 30.—Mackensen reported attacking 12 miles from inner forts of Bukarest. Rumanian Government removed to Jassy.

Greek Government refuses Admiral du Fournet's demand for the surrender of arms.

1916

DEC. 1.—Allied troops land at Athens, and are attacked by Greek troops; many casualties.

War Office issues statement recording the defeat and dispersal of enemy force in German East Africa, which, driven out of Tabara by the Belgians in September, attempted to join the German troops in the south-central region of the territory. The force has been divided into two parts, one of which surrendered.

DEC. 2.—Rumanian troops turn in their retreat and oppose the enemy's advance. Latter driven back on the road from Bukarest to Alexandria. Rumanians recapture Comana and Gostinari.

DEC. 3.—Announced that Government is to be reconstructed.

Rumanians defeated at battle of the Arges.

DEC. 4.—Petrograd announces Rumanians under uninterrupted enemy pressure retiring in the Pitesci-Targovistea area.

Russians storm a height two miles south-west of Tablonitza.

Serbians carry by assault the village of Staravina.

DEC. 5.—**Mr. Asquith resigns Premiership,** and Mr. Lloyd George resigns as Secretary for War.

Continued Rumanian retreat towards the east; enemy advancing towards Ploesti.

DEC. 6.—Mr. Lloyd George to form a National Government.

Fall of Bukarest.

Russians lose again the commanding height of the Jablonica Pass.

Germans attacking at Verdun win slight gains on Hill 304.

DEC. 7.—**Mr. Lloyd George, Premier.** He accepts the King's offer of the post of Prime Minister and First Lord of the Treasury, and kisses hands upon his appointment.

Germans announce Rumanian rearguard at Orsova forced into engagement on River Olt, and obliged to capitulate with 8,000 men.

DEC. 8.—Admiralty announces German armed raider sighted in the North Atlantic on December 4.

Russians attack three miles south of Jawornik, in the south-east corner of Galicia.

Allied Blockade of Greece.

DEC. 9.—British raid enemy trenches at Neuville St. Vaast and Souchez.

French make successful coup de main against a German salient in the region of the Butte du Mesnil.

1916

DEC. 10.—British bombard heavily various points behind the enemy's line.

Russians report that in Wallachia the Rumanian troops, under unceasing hostile pressure, continue to retire eastward.

DEC. 11.—Names of the new "War Cabinet" announced.

Allied raid on Zeebrugge.

Russians reported to have advanced in the Carpathians in the region of Kirlibaba and in the valley of the Trotus River.

DEC. 12.—French troops carry five small Bulgarian posts south of the Lumnitza River (S.W. of Ghevgeli).

Germany's Peace Move. At a specially summoned meeting of the Reichstag, the Chancellor makes a speech outlining Germany's willingness to open peace negotiations. Overtures for such negotiations to be made through neutral Governments by the four enemy powers.

Rumanian retreat continued; enemy in possession of Urziceni and Mizil.

DEC. 13.—**Changes in French Higher Command.** General Nivelle to command in the field on the Western front. General Joffre becomes "technical military adviser" to the new French War Committee. Vice-Admiral Gauchet to command Allied Fleet in the Mediterranean in place of Admiral du Fournet.

Advance on Kut. British troops advance from the south on the Hai River. Crossing to the west bank of the river, they clear the Turkish trenches and hold a position 2½ miles from Kut.

DEC. 14.—Near the Jablonica Pass, Russian artillery bombards Kövösmezo.

French report enemy's artillery bombards the whole of the Serbian front and the town of Monastir.

DEC. 15.—**Great French Victory at Verdun.** Attacking the enemy on the east bank of the Meuse, to the north of Douaumont, our ally breaks his front over a depth of two miles, taking Vacherauville and Louvemont, and the works of Hardaumont and Bézonvaux. Prisoners amount to 7,500.

Allies' Ultimatum to Greece results in compliance of latter.

British outposts pushed on to within three-quarters of a mile of the Tigris, south of Kut.

DEC. 16.—French victory at Verdun extended. The village of Bézonvaux carried, and prisoners now total 10,000.

British troops near Kut extend their hold over the Hai.

KAMERADEN AT THIEPVAL.—A dramatic incident in the glorious capture of Thiepval on September 26th, 1916, was the advance into the open of No Man's Land of a troop of Germans with hands high above their heads. The enemy in this manner passed unmolested right through General Haig's oncoming men, the debris of barbed-wire and broken terrain, and the shower of shell to the British lines

End of Volume vii.

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